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THE

ENGLISHMAN IN INDIA.

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BY

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PREFACE.

THE 'Englishman in India' was written for publication, and published in 'The Monthly Packet.'—My special aim and object in writing these papers has been to interest young readers in the prominent events and persons belonging to the history of British India. If I could have done this without treading on ground consecrated by the pen of Lord Macaulay and Mr. John Kaye, I should for my own sake have avoided a position of disadvantage. But in order to embrace the whole subject before me, it was necessary to walk on paths already partially trodden by abler men. That I have so ventured is the best proof I can give of my sincere wish to improve and to interest my readers.

I would ask them to bear in mind the dates given in the Chronological Table, which is the key to all the earlier chapters of this little book.

The last three chapters are reprinted from one of my former works,* and with this object. If I succeed in interesting any young student of Indian History so

* Notes on the N. W. Province of India.

far as to induce him to put to himself the question, 'Shall I go to India?' he will here have a short but, I believe, a true description of the sort of work he may expect in that distant sphere of action.

CHARLES RAIKES.

NETHERAVON: *May*, 1867.

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CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

It was the month of May—a month, as we all know, full of sweet sounds, pleasant sights, and budding joys in England, but in the plains of India a season of heat, glare, and dust, when the earth is baked, and the air on fire. Instead of the song of the thrush, you have the husky note of the crow, who, with open beak, sits protesting against the weather. Instead of the burst of buds and flowers, there is a general drought, and a brown parched world out of doors.

Such a day as this, in Upper India, a young Englishman seated under the punkah,* and within the influence

* Punkah, a large light frame, generally covered with calico and fringed, suspended from the ceiling, and pulled so as to swing backwards and forwards, and agitate the air. In private houses the man who pulls the punkah rope is usually not in the room, but in a passage or virandah, the rope passing through the wall. The night punkah, which secures sleep and banishes musquitoes, has, of late years, contributed much to the health of Europeans in India.

of the wetted mats * of fragrant grass, which make the Indian bungalow pleasant enough during the hot winds, was in earnest conversation with a Mahomedan gentleman, a native of Lucknow. After a pause the Mahomedan rose to take leave, the Englishman politely walking through the anteroom to the door, and escorting his guest into the virandah.

As he left the house door the open air struck like the blast from a furnace. The Mahomedan, before he got into his palanquin, made sundry polite salaams to the young magistrate, for that was the Englishman's office, then glancing at his fair complexion and waving brown hair, and pointing to the howling waste beyond, said,

'Did the Almighty ever intend that you English gentlemen should come to live in such a climate as this?'

The question, especially for a Mahomedan, was a natural one. The physical contrast between the climate of India and the English temperament is striking; greater still the distance between the Anglo-Saxon and the Asiatic morale. However, as it has pleased the Almighty to place the men of England in direct sway over some 150 millions of Indian souls, we may believe that it is for no small or temporary object that so great a revolution has taken place. My purpose is to show the gradual development of this great fact, the British Government of India, and to enquire what lessons for the future may be gained from the experience of the past.

* Tatties or mats, of the kus-kus grass, thoroughly wetted and exposed to the wind, will reduce the thermometer some fifteen or twenty degrees.

CHAPTER II.

DISCOVERY OF THE SEA ROAD TO INDIA, BY VASCO DE GAMA.

To understand the early history of British India, we must first, for a few moments, watch the dawn of European power on the coast of Malabar. Foolish people sometimes look slightingly at trade, forgetting that commerce is the pioneer, not only of civilisation, but even of religion. It was trade that opened out India to Europe. The silks, the ivory, the spices, drugs, and other rich produce, whether of the Indian peninsula, or of the islands in the Indian seas, have for ages past dazzled the merchants of Europe, and led them into communication with the traders of Asia.

To go back to the sixth century of the Christian era and the reign of the Roman emperor, Justinian. The pious Christian merchant of Alexandria, Cosmas,* describes in those days the ships of Persia laden with the pepper, the cinnamon, the precious gems, and flowered silks of India, covering the seas between the Persian Gulf and the coast of Malabar. For many centuries the Arabs and these Persian fire-worshippers held a monopoly of this Indian trade. The furious zeal with which they eventually took up the narrow bigotry of their false prophet, Mahomed, checked but did not sus-

* Surnamed Indico-pleustes, owing to his Indian voyages.

pend the trade between the Persians and the merchant princes of Europe. Arabs and Persians brought the produce of India from the Malabar coast to the Egyptian ports of the Red Sea. Here the Egyptian factors purchased, and transported to Alexandria. To the bazaars of Alexandria flocked the merchants of Venice, Genoa, and Pisa, who, buying at high rates, carried their precious wares across the Mediterranean Sea, and dispersed over Europe the produce of India.

But every bale of drugs, silks, and spices, whether sold in the bazaar of Alexandria, or sent away to the warehouses of Italy, Lubeck, Bruges, Antwerp, or London, had been carried on camels, mules, or porters, across the plains of Asia, and the sands of the Desert. Indian goods were rare and costly, owing to the difficulties of land transit, and the monopoly of the Indian sea trade. A skein of silk, in the days of Justinian, brought its weight in gold, and other Eastern produce was dear in proportion. Even in the fifteenth century the prices of Indian goods were enormous. There was first the Arab, then the Egyptian, then the Italian, all these merchants to take each their share of profit, besides inland duties and inland carriage to be paid, before a bag of spice, or bale of silks, could find vent in the European market.

Such was the state of affairs when, on May 20, 1498, three ships of strange rig bore up for Calicut, on the Malabar coast, and cast anchor within sight of the land. It was Vasco de Gama, with his brave Portuguese, who had doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and shown the Western World the sea road to India. This was his little fleet. 'Boldly leaping into his boat, with twelve stout men, he pulled straight to the shore, and marched off to salute the astonished native chief, or Zamorin, of

Calicut. His reception* was civil, presents were interchanged, and thus direct communication by sea between Europe and India had begun.

The rude shouts of the Portuguese sailors, who welcomed their chief on his return to the fleet, sounded the death knell of the great commercial republics of Genoa and Venice. The trade, which for fourteen hundred years had passed through Italian hands into Europe, was now to diverge. The Portuguese, the Dutch, and eventually the English, were henceforth to carry round the Cape of Good Hope the riches of India. The merchant kings of Venice and Genoa, in the West, were to give way to a grand empire of merchants in the East.

* In 1808, Dr. Claudius Buchanan saw the ruins of the palace of the Zamorin, in which Vasco de Gama was first received. He remarks, with his usual pious and earnest feeling, 'The empire of the Zamorin has passed away; and the empire of his conquerors has passed away; and now imperial Britain exercises dominion. May imperial Britain be prepared to give a good account of her stewardship when it shall be said unto her, "Thou mayest be no longer steward."'

CHAPTER III.

GRADUAL PROGRESS OF EUROPEANS IN INDIA—EARLY ENGLISH ADVENTURERS AT GOA IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

CAN I transport you, my reader, to India without the ceremony of a voyage? Well, then, suppose the voyage over, and landing either at Calcutta, Madras, or Bombay, walk with me into this long whitewashed flat-roofed building. This is the custom-house. You see that row of busy penmen in robes of white muslin: these are native Indian clerks. I have no more to say of them just now, but want your particular attention to another group. Observe well those lanky scribes in white jackets and washed-out nankin trowsers—and excepting a fringe of black hair, and a heavy pair of black and yellow eyes, of a generally washed-out nankin hue. One is De Souza, another Rosario, a third De Sylva, and so on—descendants all of Vasco de Gama and his illustrious Portuguese, earning two shillings a day as copyists at the desk. Go where you will in India, you will find these quiet, sleepy, half-caste Portuguese, hanging about the European cantonments, cheapening their rice and vegetables in the bazaar, trudging, umbrella in hand, to their daily clerk's work, vegetating rather than living, with the vices of the European added to the superstitions of the heathen. This degradation is due to three centuries of inter-

mixture of European and Indian blood; so that little remains to the modern Indo-Portuguese to connect him with Europe, save his name and his nankin trowsers.

Let us return to the nobler spirits who sailed with Vasco de Gama to Calicut.

Their progress at the court of the Zamorin was checked at once by the intrigues of the Moorish and Arab traders, who dreaded and hated their European rivals. After an absence of little more than two years, Vasco de Gama returned to Lisbon, where Emanuel received him with due honour, and declared him 'Admiral of the Indian, Persian, and Arabian seas.'

The king despatched a second fleet under Pedra Alvares de Cabral, who sailed to Calicut, and founded there the first European settlement in India. Soon after Cabral's departure, this humble factory was destroyed by the natives. The Portuguese were cruelly murdered. For this treacherous act a fearful revenge was taken. The court at Lisbon hastened to send out Vasco de Gama to India. Instead of the olive branch, this time the Portuguese admiral stretched out the sword of the avenger. A cannonade of the town of Calicut, a blockade of the port, a general execution of the unfortunate native sailors who fell into the hands of the Portuguese, proved that the blood of Europeans could not be spilled without enquiry and retribution. Much of the violence of these early adventurers is due to this miserable beginning; and it is only just to remark that the Asiatics set the bad example of treacherous cruelty, which the strangers were ready enough to follow.

Some thirty miles to the south of Calicut, on the Malabar coast, is the Port of Cochin. The boundaries of this Cochin territory were adjacent to Calicut; and

the native chiefs lived, as often happens under such circumstances, in a state of chronic hostility. The Portuguese took up the cause of Cochin; and in return for their services got, in 1502, leave to build a factory, under the auspices of Gama. The following year Alfonso Albuquerque built a fortress, and began his career of victory and aggression. In 1510 the port of Goa was taken, and the Portuguese authority firmly established on the Malabar coast, from Goa to Cape Comorin. 'O Marte Portuguez'—the Portuguese Mars, as Albuquerque was called—became the hero of the day, and planted the flag of Portugal on the Spice Islands, Malacca, Ceylon, and Ormuz. Under his successors, the Portuguese extended their conquests to Macao and Japan. The Isle of Diu, at the entrance of the Gulf of Cambay, also fell into their hands, as well as the important isle and harbour of Bombay.*

At last, from Indus to Ceylon, these bold Lusitanians reigned masters of the sea coast. The riches of India were poured into the lap of Portugal. Indian ambassadors were seen in the streets of Lisbon; whilst the growth of European civilisation, churches,† castles, and palaces, sprung up along the coast of India.

As the sailors and soldiers of Portugal were thus seizing a noble prey, her priests and poets followed close behind. Camoens wedded the exploits of Vasco de Gama to 'immortal verse' in his 'Luciad,' and with his own sword helped to achieve that Eastern Lusitanian empire which his pen so gloriously described. Xavier,

* Ceded by the Mogul to the Portuguese, A.D. 1530.

† The churches of the province of Goa numbered more than two hundred, and the priests two thousand, at the time of Buchanan's visit. Many of these churches were magnificent: the chapel of the palace is built on the model of St. Peter's at Rome.

the first-fruits of Loyola's mission, and the noblest as well as the first-born missionary of the 'Societas Jesu,' agonised for the souls of the heathen, and hurried impetuously from Goa to Comorin, to Ceylon, to Malacca, and even to Japan, converting, after his fashion, thousands of souls, and dying in his struggle to add China to his visionary conquests. I say visionary, because—though I heartily respect the zeal of this ardent Jesuit—I more than doubt his wisdom.

Having often witnessed the anxious care bestowed by the missionaries of the Church of England on each single enquiring soul, the days of teaching, the nights of prayer—knowing also, as I know, how much the adult heathen has to unlearn as well as to learn before baptism, I look upon the hasty admission of thousands of bewildered ignorant men to the Church of Rome as a merely visionary and enthusiastic proceeding.

One trait, however, in Xavier's character deserves unmixed admiration—his heart and soul entire devotion to what he thought the path of duty. But in spite of his efforts and example, the Portuguese in India grew every year more arrogant and cruel. Luxury and pride begat a spirit of relentless bigotry; and as time passed on, whilst Jesuits and Dominicans swarmed in the streets of Goa, hundreds of innocent men rotted in the dungeons of the Inquisition, or perished at the stake.

To turn to the early struggles of our own countrymen to reach India by the long sea route.

The letters, journals, even the songs, of the early English sailors, teach us that the Portuguese were more feared than respected by the British mariner* of the sixteenth century.

* As a specimen of this feeling, take Robert Baker's poetical description of his voyage to Guinea, A.D. 1563. Comparing the tender mercies of

However, the first Englishman that found his way to India round the Cape of Good Hope, sailed in a Portuguese ship, and belonged to the Jesuit mission at Goa. Thomas Stevens, a native of Wiltshire, educated at New College, Oxford, has given us the earliest, and perhaps the best, account of the long sea voyage from Europe to India. As the incidents of such a voyage are much the same now as then, I shall make some extracts from the letter which Stevens wrote to his father from Goa, on November 10, 1579. He begins thus:—

'After most humble commendations: these shall be to crave your dayly blessing, with like commendations unto my mother.'

His motive for an enterprise, in those days so rare, is thus quietly explained:

'The cause of my departing in one word I may conclude, if I do but name obedience.'

Five ships sailed from Lisbon on April 4 for Goa, 'Wherein, besides shipmen and souldiers, there were a great number of children, which in the seas beare out better than men: and no marvell, when that many women also passe very well.

'The setting foorth from the port I need not to tell how solemne: it is with trumpets and shooting of ordi-

the Moors in a certain locality to the Christians, he says, or rather sings—

'There Portingals do lie,
And christened men they be:
If we dare trust their curtesie,
The worst is hanging glee!

'Their galleys may perhaps
Lacke such young men as we;
And thus it may fall in our haps
All galley-slaves to be.'

nance; you may easily imagine it, considering that they go in the manner of warre.'

After encountering a roving Englishman—'a shippe very faire and great,' which the Portuguese ship drove off when she had 'layed out her greatest ordinance'—they passed the 'Canarian Iles, and good leisure we had to woonder at the high mountaine of the island—Tenerif.'

The calms and heats, between the sixth degree of north latitude and the equator, are duly reported:—'For sometimes the ship standeth there almost by the space of many dayes, sometime she goeth, but in such order that it were almost as good to stand still.'

The Medusa is thus described:—'Along all that coast (Guinea), we often times saw a thing swimming upon the water, like a cock's combe (which they call a ship of Guinea*), but the colour much fairer; which combe standeth upon a thing almost like the swimmer of a fish in colour and bignesse, and beareth underneath, in the water, strings, which save it from turning over.'

On May 30, they passed the equinoctial line with 'contentation;' and when they had reached the thirty-third degree of south latitude they steered for the Cape of Good Hope.

Stevens then describes the trouble they had in sailing from west to east, because 'there is no fixed point in all the skie where by they may direct their course.' He goes on to explain how, by watching the various sorts of sea-birds, consulting accounts of former voyages, and, above all, watching the variation of the compass, they guessed at their longitude.† As to sea-birds, he writes:

* Physilia Pelagica. The English sailors call these 'Portuguese men-of-war' to this day.

† It was not till a much later period that chronometers, or even less perfect instruments for determining the *longitude*, came into use.

—'As touching our first signes, the neerer we came to the people of Afrike, the more strange kinds of fowles appeared. . . . . .'As good as three thousand fowles of sundry kindes followed our ship; some of them* so great, that their wings being opened from one point to the other, contained seven spannes, as the mariners sayd.

'A marvellous thing to see how God provided, so that in so wide a sea these fowles are all fat, and nothing wanteth them. The Portugals have named them all, according to some propriety which they have: some they call rush-tailes, because their tailes be not proportionable to their bodies, but long and small like a rush; some forked-tailes, because they be very broad and forked; some velvet-sleeves, because they have wings of the colour of velvet, and bowe them as a man boweth his elbow. This bird† is always welcome, for he appeareth nearest the Cape.'

So much for the birds. Our friend Stevens also was a close observer of the fish, as witness the following graphic and true description of the shark:—

'There waited on our ship fishes as long as a man, which they call Tuberones: they come to eat such things as from the ship fall into the sea—not refusing men themselves; and if they find any meat tied in the sea, they take it for theirs. These have waiting on them six or seven small fishes (which never depart),

* Doubtless Stevens here alludes to the albatross, or in Portuguese, alcatraz. This bird measures from point to point of its wings twelve feet, and weighs twenty pounds or more. They are caught with line and hook baited with pork.

† Probably what English sailors call the Cape pigeon. They are caught with a small hook, or entangled in thin lines. When pulled first on board ship, like their biped persecutors, they suffer violently from sea sickness, and 'bowe them as a man boweth,' &c.

with gardes blew and greene round about their bodies, like comely serving-men; and they go two or three before him,* and some on every side. Moreover, they have other fishes which cleave always unto their bodie, and seem to take such superfluities as grow about them.† The mariners in times past have eaten of them; but since they have seene them eat men, their stomachs abhore them.‡ Neverthelesse, they draw them up with great hooks, and kill of them as many as they can, thinking that they have made a great revenge.'

Stevens, arriving at Goa, disposes of the natives in a summary manner—thus:—

'The people be tawnie, but not disfigured in their lippes and noses, as the Moores and Caffres of Ethiopia. They that be not of reputation, or at least the most part, go naked, save an apron of a spanne long; and thus they think themselves as well as we with all our trimming.'

Although unfortunately we have no more letters from this quaint Jesuit of Wiltshire, we learn by chance that he was able and willing to lend a helping hand to his distressed countrymen a few years later.

The following letter§ from 'Master Newberie' is worthy of our attention, showing, as it does, that in the

* The sailors call these 'comely serving-men' pilot-fish. It is curious to watch their distress when their master—the shark—is dragged out of the sea.

† The remora, or sucking-fish.

‡ English sailors are not so nice.

§ See also Ralph Fitch's letter, who, speaking of Stevens and another priest, writes thus:—'If they had not stuck to us—if we had escaped with our lives, yet we had had long imprisonment.' This companion of Master Newberie, who arrived at Goa in November, came to a curious conclusion as to the climate. Says he in January, 'The summer is almost all the year long, but the chiefest at Christmas!'

latter part of the sixteenth century the Englishman had a worse chance in India than 'the Almain, Jew, Gentile, or Moscovite.'

Master Newberie—his (third) letter to Mr. Leonard Poore, written from Goa, date January 20, 1584—complains bitterly that, after being imprisoned at Ormuz by the Capteine of Ormuz, 'And although we be Englishmen, I know no reason to the contrary but that we may trade hither and thither as well as other nations; for all nations doe, and may come freely to Ormuz as Frenchmen, Flemmings, Almains, Hungarians, Italians, Greekes, Armenians, Nastaranies, Turkes and Moores, Jews and Gentiles, Persians and Moscovites; and there is no nation that they seeke for to trouble except ours:—wherefore it were contrary to all justice and reason that they should suffer all nations to trade with them, and to forbid us.'

Again, being sent on to Goa (he arrived at Goa on November 20, 1583), 'Had it not pleased God to put into the minds of the archbishop, and other two Padres Jesuits of St. Paul's College, to stand our friends, we might have rotted in prison. . . . . The two good fathers of St. Paul, who travelled very much for us, the one of them is called Padre Marke, who was borne in Bruges, in Flanders; but the other was borne in Wiltshire, in England, and is called Padre Thomas Stevens.'

These curious letters are taken from Hakluyt's Voyages.

'Who ever,' says he, addressing Sir Francis Walsingham, Principal Secretary to Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth, 'who ever heard of Englishmen at Goa before now?'

But the time was approaching when Englishmen were to be 'heard of,' not only at Goa, but in every port and in every city of India, until their power stretched from Ceylon to the Indus.

To that period I must hasten on.

CHAPTER IV.

ENGLISHMEN OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY IN INDIA.

VOLTAIRE tells us, that whilst 'the Portuguese and the Spaniards were employed in the discovery and the conquest of new worlds, the French were amusing themselves with tournaments.'* He declares further, that Louis XIII., at his accession to the crown of France in 1610, did not possess a single ship.

London, in the year 1540, possessed no more than four ships of above 120 tons burden, exclusively of the royal navy. Many years later, the Venetians sent their argosies to England, laden with Turkish, Persian, and Indian merchandise;† indeed Venice herself was too deeply involved in the trade by way of Egypt and Syria to accredit the new track; and her rival, Genoa, had never affected long sea voyages.

The Dutch as yet were deep in the herring fishery, and had not recovered from that Spanish tyranny, which, by its stern discipline, had been preparing them for a future great career.

It thus happened that the Portuguese had not only the glory of the discovery of the great sea road to India,

* Introd. *Siècle Louis XIV.*, quoted by Robert Grant in his sketch of the history of the E. I. Company.

† Robert Grant's sketch.

but also the exclusive benefit of the direct trade for nearly a hundred years.*

But the day had come at last, when the English, the Dutch, and eventually the French nations, were to assert their claim to a share of this great Indian trade.

During the vigorous reign of Queen Elizabeth, what may be called the 'commercial interest' began to flourish in England. Lord Bacon, on the accession of Villiers to the office of prime minister, gave rules for encouraging commerce, and assumed justly the first principles of the mercantile theory.† That splendid example of the courtier merchant, Sir Walter Raleigh, drew the eyes of his countrymen to mercantile adventure. Merchant companies were formed for trading in various directions. In 1581, the Turkey Company‡ was established, with the object of supplanting the Venetian merchants in their trade with England. Drake and Cavendish sailed round the world. Men's minds began busily to speculate on the advantages of the long sea route to India; the mariners of the southern English coast had strange tales to tell of the great East Indian carracks, stranded on their shores, or captured from the Spaniard, and of the mines of wealth shut up in their holds.

In 1595, the Dutch sailed to India by the Cape of Good Hope.

* In 1580, Philip II. of Spain, by seizing on the throne of Portugal, made himself master of the trade between India and Portugal.

† 'Care being taken that the exportation exceed in value the importation; for then the balance of trade must of necessity be returned in coin or bullion.'—*Letter to Sir George Villiers.*

‡ Their ships traded with Candia, Chios, Cyprus, Tripoli, and the coast of Syria, exporting woollen cloths, leather, tin, &c.; and importing silks, camlets, rhubarb, sweet oil, cotton, spices, and muscadels, and various Greek wines.

In 1598, Queen Elizabeth sent an envoy overland to the court of the Mogul Emperor, to prepare the way for future commercial enterprise. To crown all, on the last day of the sixteenth century a royal charter was issued, granting to George Earl of Cumberland, and 215 knights, aldermen, and merchants, for fifteen years, exclusive liberty of trading in the East Indian seas.

And thus, by the patriotic spirit of Queen Elizabeth, and by the enterprise of the merchants of London, the English India Company was formed—an association destined to influence the fortunes of the world, to do much, suffer much, for two and a half centuries, and then in exchange for the royal charter of Queen Elizabeth to surrender the Empire of the East to Queen Victoria.

The celebrated privateer, Sir James Lancaster, was chosen to command the Company's first fleet, which, consisting of four ships, the largest of 600 tons burden, and a small pinnace for conveying stores, sailed for India on April 22, 1601.* Lancaster formed treaties of commerce with the Kings of Achen and Bantam, left agents, and bought spices. He also, with the aid of the Dutch, captured a large and richly laden Portuguese carrack.

After the death of Queen Elizabeth, King James alternately tormented and patronised the India Company. He stopped the sale of their pepper, until a lot of his own (probably the royal share of the cargo of some prize ship) was sold; he licensed Sir Edward Michelborne,† and other traders, to trade with Cathai

* The Dragon, the Hector, the Swan, the Ascension, the Guest. They cost 45,000*l.*, and carried out cargo valued 27,000*l.*, and were manned by 480 able seamen.

† A.D. 1604.

(China), Japan, Corea, Cambay, and other places, in violation, as the India Company declared, of the charter of Elizabeth. On the other hand, he granted in 1609 a new charter with enlarged privileges, attended the launch of a new ship, of 1,100 tons, which he named the Trade's Increase, and dined with his nobles on board.

The Company some years before had sent an envoy to the Great Mogul, and had obtained permission from Jehangir, the reigning monarch, to establish factories on the shores of Cambay. It was resolved to attempt a settlement on this coast at Surat. Captain Best commanded the expedition, entered the road of Surat, and, with the consent of the local Mogul governor, established the first British factory in India. The Portuguese viceroy of Goa, furious at this intrusion, despatched four great galleons and twenty-six galleys, with 5,000 men, and 130 heavy guns. This powerful fleet attacked the little squadron of the Company at Swally;* but after four severe fights, Captain Best skilfully and gallantly beat off the Portuguese with heavy loss.†

Here, then, is another great epoch. The courage of Captain Best, and his successful diplomacy on the coast, actually and materially established and originated the British power on the soil of India. From the day that our victorious flag was hoisted at Surat, the national banner has never ceased to wave over India, though we shall often see it dimly enough (as at Swally), midst the smoke and dust of battle.

At Surat, I may here mention, was the chief British Indian settlement and seat of government, from this time till the year 1686, when it was supplanted by

* Swally is the roadstead connected by a river and estuary with Surat.
† A.D. 1612.

Bombay. But we should never have taken root at Surat if we could have made our position good against the Dutch in Sumatra, Java, and the Spice Islands.

It was in spite of ourselves, if I may so speak, that we Englishmen turned to the great Indian Peninsula, from that insular India, which was the first object of our eastern ambition. We lost the pepper and spice trade, to gain the throne of the Great Mogul. It is true that at Bantam and Batavia the English Company long struggled to share the spice trade with the Dutch, but the sturdy Hollanders maintained the advantages which their early enterprise had given them, and kept the best part of the trade in their own hands.

Soon after Best's exploit, Sir Thomas Smith, who, with twenty-four directors, had been originally placed at the head of the India Company, persuaded King James to depute Sir Thomas Roe as a royal ambassador to the Mogul, with the object of asking for favour to the infant British settlement at Surat.

Before we accompany Sir Thomas to the court of the Emperor of India, I must say a few words about this haughty potentate, the Great Mogul, and about the country over which he held sway.*

The Indian Peninsula, when compared with northern Asia, is a country by nature fertile and rich. The bulk of the inhabitants, especially in the valley of the lower Ganges, are deficient in courage and energy. The temptation to the northern races, bold, barbarous, hungry men, to overrun this rich country, and to override these weaker tribes, was irresistible. Accordingly, we find in the early part of the fifth century the Scythian

* The descendant of the Great Mogul, the last king of Delhi, has just died in exile. He was banished by the Indian government for his treachery during the mutiny of the Sepoys in 1857.

Getes (the Jats or Juts of Hindostan,) pouring into India, tribe after tribe, from the banks of the Oxus and the Jaxartes, and from the regions west of the great Indus river. These Jats worked their way rapidly towards Bengal; but were overtaken, and in their turn overrun by the Caliphs, Turks, Persians, Affghans, Mogul Tartars, and other fanatics, who, in the name of their false prophet, Mahomed, took possession of the land a few centuries later.* Gradually the power of these Mahomedan conquerors of India had extended, until at the time of which I am now writing, when James of England sent an embassy to India, the Great Mogul, or Mahomedan emperor, was one of the most absolute and perhaps the most powerful monarch in the universe. Jehangir (the conqueror of the world), grandson of the great Akber, and ninth in regular descent from Teimur,† was upon the throne when Sir Thomas Roe, with his suite, arrived at Ajmere, and delivered his credentials. The king's letter was quaintly addressed: 'To the high and mightie Monarch, Selim Shagh, the great Mogor, King of the orientall Indies,' &c.‡ Sir Thomas was well received, and remained urging his cause from December 23, 1615, to the end of 1618, following the court as well as he could, during the long journeyings of the king. Jehangir had a passion for pictures, toys, and above all desired English horses and 'dogges.'§ Roe

* The first Mahomedan invasion was about A.D. 685.

† Teimur, or Tamerlane, who with his Tartar host sacked Delhi, and ravaged Upper India, A.D. 1398.

‡ We have also a copy 'of the grand Moghor, his letter (answer) to the king;' it begins thus:—'Unto a king, rightly descended from his ancestors, bred in military affairs, and commander worthy of all command; strong and constant in religion, which the great Prophet, Christ, did teach, King James, whose love hath bred such impression,' &c.

§ The king said to Roe, 'I only desire you to help me to a horse of

conducted himself with dignity,* yet with such gentle and judicious demeanour, that he became a great favourite of the king, who used to send for him, give him presents of game killed with his own hand, and order him to drink, from a golden goblet, wine strong enough to make the ambassador sneeze. The best days of the Mogul dynasty had passed before Jehangir; and though the pomp and magnificence of the court surpassed all description, the country was evidently no longer ruled as in the days of Akber. I shall extract from Roe's journal one description of oriental manners at the court of Jehangir. The king is just going into camp.† I alter the quaint spelling only:—

'The second November, the king removed to his tents, with his women and all the court, about three mile. I went to attend him; coming to the palace, I found him at the *Furago* window, and went up on the scaffold under him, which place not having seen before, I was glad of the occasion.

'On two tressels stood two eunuchs, with long poles headed with feathers, fanning him; he gave many favours, and received many presents: what he bestowed, he let down by a silk rolled on a turning instrument; what was given him, a venerable fat deformed old matron, hung with gymbals like an image, pluckt up

the greatest size, and a male and female of mastiffes, and the tall Irish greyhounds, and such other dogges as hunt in your lands,' &c.

* He refused to make abject prostrations, and amuses himself by describing the Persian ambassador, who, after presenting nine mules faire and large, seven camels loaded with velvet, twenty camels of wine of the grape, &c., prostrated himself on the ground, and knocked with his head as if he would enter in.

† I note here that, in order to persuade the mass of the camp followers to leave their homes, and to follow the royal progress, the town of Ajmere, from which this progress was made, was *burnt to the ground*; Roe among the rest being burned out of his abode.

at a hole with such another clue. At one side, in a window, were his two principal wives, whose curiosity made them break little holes in a grate of reed that hung before it, to gaze on me. I saw first their fingers, and after laying their faces close, now one eye, now another, sometime I could discern the full proportion; they were indifferently white, black hair smooth up; but if I had had no other light, their diamonds and pearls had sufficed to show them; when I looked up they retired, and were so merry that I suppose they laughed at me. Suddenly the king rose, and we retired to the Durbar (hall of audience), and sate on the carpets attending his coming out. Not long after, he came and sat about half an hour, until his ladies at their door were ascended their elephants, which were about fifty, all most richly furnished, principally three with turrets of gold, grates of gold wire every way to look out, and canopies over of cloth of silver. Then the king descended the stairs, with such an acclamation of "Health to the King!" as would have out-cried cannons. At the stairs foot, where I met him, and shuffled to be next, one brought a mighty carp, another a dish of white stuff like starch, into which he put his finger, and touched the fish, and so rubbed it on his forehead—a ceremony used presaging good fortune. Then another came and buckled on his sword and buckler, set all over with great diamonds and rubies, the belts of gold suitable. Another hung on his quiver, with thirty arrows and his bow in a case; on his head he wore a rich turban, with a plume of heron tops, not many but long: on one side hung a ruby unset, as big as a walnut; on the other side a diamond as great; in the middle an emerald like a heart, much bigger. His sash was wreathed about with a chain of great

pearls, rubies, and diamonds, drilled; about his neck a chain of most excellent pearls, thrice double, so great as I never saw: at his elbows armlets set with diamonds, and on his wrists three rows of diamonds of sorts: his hands bare, but almost on every finger a ring; his gloves, English, stuck under his girdle; his coat of cloth of gold without sleeves, upon a fine semian, (whatever that may be), as thin as lawn; on his feet a pair of embroidered buskins with pearl, the toes sharp and turning up.'

I have given in the words of our ambassador the Mogul's dress, as the best description extant of the 'get up' of an eastern potentate; and because Roe is a most accurate and careful narrator, and rejects the tales of fabulous wealth and magnificence, which Hawkins, Coryat, and other travellers of the day narrate.

Thus 'armed and accommodated,' the king got into his English coach; his new English coachman in a dress 'as rich as any player, and more gaudy,' driving four horses English fashion, except that the animals were '*trapped* and *harnished*' in gold velvet. Then came the spare carriages, led horses, twenty 'elephants royal' for the king's own use, so richly trapped, that in stones and furniture they 'braved the sun;' on every elephant flags of silver cloth, gilt satin, and taffeta. The noblemen left to walk afoot, which, says Roe, 'I did to the gate, and left him.' His wives were carried on their elephants 'like Parakitos,' half a mile behind him. And so the procession moved on, until the royal party reached the encampment.

The king's tents were walled in with a coarse stuff like arras, in the form of a fort, half a mile in compass. In the inside a throne of mother-of-pearl, with canopies of gold cloth, and rich carpets. The circuit of

the camp was little less than twenty English miles—equal, says Roe, to almost any town in Europe. This moving city, moving too over mountainous and forest tracks, is modestly called by our ambassador, 'one of the wonders of my little experience.' He had a hard time of it, with his poor shabby tent and humblé retinue. 'Thus,' cries he, 'were we every way afflicted—fires, smokes, floods, storms, heats, dust, flyes, and no temperate or quiet season.' Again: 'There was not a misery nor punishment, which either the want of government, or the natural disposition of the clime, gave us not.'*

After being thus dragged about at the king's heels for years, Roe bribed an influential minister, Asoph Khan, with a valuable pearl, and the affair of the treaty between James and the Mogul was at once settled. But for the pearl, Roe might have followed his chaplain (my Minister, Master Hall, a man of most

* Sometimes Sir Thomas loses all patience, as on one occasion:—'I arrived at the king's tents, but found him gone with few company ten dayes a hunting, no man to follow without leave. The camp divided, and scattered into parts; ill water, dear provisions, sickness, and all sorts of calamity accompanying so infinite a multitude; yet nothing removes him from following this monstrous appetite.' On another occasion, says our ambassador, 'a lion and a wolf used my house, and nightly put us in alarm, fetching away sheep and goats out of my court, and leaping a high wall with them. I sent to ask leave to kill them, for that no man may meddle with lions but the king.' Poor Roe sat up to kill the lion, who came and carried off his pet dog. The zeal of the Mogul against lions appears very great; but in Bernier's travels we learn the secret of this seeming prowess. Some days before the hunt, an ass is tied near the lion's haunt. This is devoured, and another ass supplied. This goes on for several days, until the king's camp is at hand. The day before the king comes, an ass, down whose throat a lump of opium has been forced, forms the lion's feast. The king appears on his elephant, barbed with iron; a net is placed between his majesty and the sleeping drugged lion. Then the king shoots with a musquetoon, and so destroys the beast in safety.

gentle and mild nature, religious, and of unspotted life) to the grave, before his affair would have been concluded.

At one audience the king told Roe that on a former occasion a merchant (Hawkins) had been sent from England with 'toyes that contented all;' but that Roe brought a letter from his king, mentioning presents, but nothing fit for his acceptance.

I conclude that the Mogul treated our poor empty-handed ambassador with respect, partly because he liked him as a gentleman and a courtier, and also because he knew that the English, in their various encounters with the Portuguese, had proved themselves to be dangerous enemies on the sea.

'Our reception here,' writes Roe, 'stands on the same ground from which we have cast them (the Portuguese) down, which is fear—an honourable but uncertain base.' He adds that the Moors have a proverb now:—

> 'One Portugall to three Moors,
> One Englishman to three Portugalls!'

In short, the history of the English in India during the first half of the seventeenth century, resolves itself very much into a chronicle of commerce, struggling on mid fights with the 'Portugalls' or 'the Hollanders.'*

In one of the old tracts of that day we find the English writer comparing 'Portugalls and English to sheep, or jac-cauls, driven to and fro by the Dutch lyons and tigers;' and every servant of the English

* As a specimen of Roe's diplomacy, observe his treatment of some Dutch envoys to the Mogul. The king asked our ambassador who the Dutch were, and whether they were friends of the English. Roe replied, 'The Dutch are a nation depending on the King of England, but *not welcome in all places.*'

Company complained bitterly to the home authorities, of the massacre perpetrated by the Dutch at Amboyna, and of their tyranny throughout the Indian seas.

Hard blows being thus freely exchanged between the European adventurers in the East, an equally hot paper fight went on amongst the Indians at home. The East India Company was perpetually either defending itself from the attacks of rival companies, or persecuting *interlopers*, as they termed all traders to India who did not belong to their own association. The Turkey Company, the wool merchants, the free-traders, fought every inch of the ground with the new Company. Even the ballad-singers of the day lamented that the India Company ruined the national taste, by importing silk manufactures. Here is a specimen:—

'Our ladies all were set a gadding,
After these toys they ran a madding;
And nothing then would please their fancies,
Nor dolls, nor Joans, nor lovely Nancies,
Unless it was of Indian's making;
And if 'twas so, 'twas wondrous taking.

'Tell 'em the following of such fashion,
Would beggar and undo the nation,
And ruin all our labouring poor,
That must or starve, or beg at door;
They'd not at all regard your story,
But in their painted garments glory.' *

However, through evil report and good report, now bribing a prince or a courtier, now lavishing money right and left to corrupt peers and members of parliament, now manfully asserting their own rights, again bitterly maligning every rival interest, the Company struggled on.

* Prince Butler's Tale. The state of the wool case, or the East India case truly stated. 1699.

In the middle of the century a commercial settlement was formed at Madras, and Fort St. George built for the protection of the trade on that coast.* About the same time the Company felt their way to the banks of the Ganges, and established a factory at Hoogly.†

Their tenure of these new possessions was, however, rendered insecure by disputes with the native powers; and Surat, their chief settlement, was repeatedly 'looted,' i. e. plundered by the Mahrattas under Sevajee, a vigorous ruffian, who was in rebellion against the Mogul.

It was when thus depressed that the English in India gained an unexpected relief. King Charles II., in 1688, ceded to the Company the island of Bombay, which had formed part of the marriage portion of his wife, Catherine, the infanta of Portugal. Fresh privileges accompanied this grant, and the powers of the Company were increased. One hundred cannon soon bristled round the island, and every nerve was stretched to improve this important possession, and to defend one of the best natural harbours in the world. But the struggles between the Mahrattas and the Mogul Emperor soon extended to Bombay, and the rival fleets of 'gallivats' skirmished even in the harbour. The English sided sometimes with one party, sometimes with the other.

About this period the ambition and commanding abilities of the local chief servant of the Company, Sir John Child, prompted him, in concert with the Mahrattas, to engage in hostilities with the Mogul

* A.D. 1640. Fort St. George was made a presidency in 1653, having been hitherto dependant on Bantam.

† In 1642 the English set up a factory in Bengal. They were confirmed therein by Imperial grant in 1680.

Emperor. This coalition was unsuccessful, and Sir John had to sue for peace. In February, 1690, the agents of the British were admitted 'in the posture of malefactors' to the presence of the Mogul, and received pardon.

The firman, or order of forgiveness, ran thus:—'All the English having made an humble submissive petition, that the ill crimes they have done may be pardoned. . . . . Wherefore his Majesty, according to his daily favour to all the people of the world, hath pardoned their faults, and mercifully forgiven them.'

Low as the Company had fallen in India at this time, an equal and more just disgrace overtook the directors at home. They were detected in lavishing bribes, to the amount of 100,000*l.* Sir Thomas Cooke, the governor of the Company, was, in 1695, committed to the Tower by the Commons; and the Duke of Leeds actually impeached before the Lords. Political feeling embittered the dispute. The Whigs determined to support a new Company. The Tories battled hard to sustain the original association. The Government wanted a sum of 2,000,000*l.* of money; the 'interlopers' triumphantly subscribed the amount, and obtained a separate charter.

Thus the end of the century beheld two rival corporations struggling for the India trade—one the old 'London,' and the other the new 'English,' East India Company.

CHAPTER V.

MANNERS OF THE ENGLISH IN INDIA DURING THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

I TURN now from the din of rival politicians, from the old 'London' and the new 'English' East India Companies, to consider the manners of the early English in India.

I need hardly remind my readers that the days of the Stuarts, of the great Rebellion and Revolution, were not always favourable to the moral growth of the English people at home. Abroad, and specially in India, our countrymen had a still rougher discipline. What with sea-fights with the Portuguese and Dutch—with intrigues at the Asiatic courts—with jealousies, fostered by the rival claims of the Company on one hand, and interloping free-traders on the other—the Englishman of the seventeenth century in India led an Ishmael-like life—his hand against every man, and every man's hand against him. There was much, and is still much, in India to harden the muscle, to develope the character, to sharpen the moral outline, of the European; but in the days of which I write, not one softening influence was at work.

Rough hardy men were our old mariners, who, struggling against the dangers of unknown seas, against scurvy, against 'Hollanders' and jealous 'Portingales,' worked their way—to use Purchas' words—'round the

Hope-full Promontory; from thence, piercing into the Erythræan and Indian seas, lands, islands, enriching our world with a world of rarities for contemplation and use.'

The journals of these ancient mariners, written at 'sea leisure,' lie buried in ponderous and rare volumes, and seldom meet the eye of their countrymen of the present day.

But these records of our ancestors deserve attention. The very names of their 'tall ships,' 'the Beare, the Beares Whelpe, the Lion, the Lionesse, the Tigre, the Tigres Whelpe,' smack of the quaint style of the days of the Stuarts. No sooner do they reach the Cape than we seem to be transported to regions of marvel. Take for example the following extract, from the second voyage of John Davis with Sir Edward Michelborne:—

'In the extremitie of our storme (off the Cape), appeared to us in the night, upon our maine top-mast head, a flame about the bignesse of a great candle; which the Portugals, call Corpo Sancto, holding it a most divine token, that when it appeareth the worst is past. As, thanked be God, we had better weather after it. Some think it to be a spirit; others write that it is an exhalation of moyst vapours, that are ingendered by foule and tempestuous weather. Some affirm that the ship is fortunate where it lighteth, and that shee shall not perish. It appeared unto us two nights together, after which we had a faire wind and good weather.'

After this escape, Captain Davis and his 'generall' showed their gratitude, by plundering every unfortunate craft which fell in their way; the native boatmen, to save their lives, 'swimming away like water-spaniels.'*

* It was usual to send out several criminals, sentenced to death in England and respited, to be turned loose on any newly discovered shore

. Their notions of trade at this period were sufficiently crude. Captain Keeling tells us:—'We left some beades and trifles in a boat to allure the naturals;' and here, by the way, 'George Evans, one of the Hector's company, was shrewdly bitten with an allegarta. . . . . Here we found the beautiful beast!' An '*allegarta*,' we may perhaps set down as an alligator; but what the beautiful beast may have been is left to conjecture. This Captain Keeling was the first to discover the advantages of establishing a British factory at Surat, for the purchase of calico, &c.

Before Sir Thomas Roe, two adventurous Englishmen had found their way to the court of the Great Mogul, in the hope of obtaining charters, for their countrymen to throw open the trade. The first was John Mildenhall, who found his way through Persia to Lahore, and thence to Agra. At either city he was opposed by Jesuit priests, who calumniated him to the king. However, after six months of hard study, Mildenhall learned how to tell his own tale in the Persian tongue, and obtained some favours from the Mogul.

On his way home through Persia, carrying the royal commission with him, he was still in fear of some Italian merchants, whom he had known in Agra, and who seemed to have dogged his steps. Eventually, before he could effect his return by way of 'Muscovie,' as he purposed, he is reported to have been cut off by poison.

Next to him came Captain Hawkins, who reached Surat in August, 1608, with a letter and present from King James of England to the Mogul. He was familiar with the Turkish language, which enabled him to talk

by our early mariners. A batch of these 'Newgate birds,' as they were called, generally went with each Indian fleet.

to the king, who showed him great favour, dubbed him the English khan, or chief,* and persuaded him to marry an Armenian Christian damsel. At every step of his career he complains of the Portuguese; they waylaid and attempted to 'murther' him; then they bribed his servants to give him poison; and at the Mogul court, when he spoke of the power of the English king, called our James a king of fishermen.

At last, after staying some years with the court, spending, as he declares, twelve hours out of the twenty-four, for months together, in the king's presence, and following the royal progress to Lahore, and other distant cities, Hawkins determined to return home.

The Jesuits had 'toyes' in abundance to give to the king; Hawkins had none, and so his interest at court declined. The Jesuits, he said, would sleep better after he was gone; and they assisted him to make his way out of India.

Hawkins tells us, in the coolest manner, his plan for procuring a safe conduct to Goa, through the influence of his Jesuit rivals. Two passes, or '*securos*,' were prepared by the viceroy of Goa, the one to allow Hawkins to live and trade at the viceroy's capital; this was to show to the relations of Hawkins's wife. A second '*securo*' was to meet him *en route*, with authority to embark from Goa, with his Armenian wife. This last pass was meant for use. Having thus cozened his wife's family, Hawkins left India.

I next take up a quaint old memoir, indited, seem-

* Finch, who was subordinate to Hawkins, describes in his journal that on the occasion of the solemn christening by the Jesuits of three nephews of the Great Mogul, Hawkins, at the head of sixty Christian horsemen, led the procession, with St. George's colours carried before him, letting them fly even in the presence of the king.

ingly, from 'the counter (prison) in the Poultrye,' by one Nicholas Withington. This Nicholas came out to Surat with Captain Best, and after sharing the dangers of sundry 'worthy fights between our English and the Portungales,' was formally appointed a 'factor' in the service of the India Company.

After many long marches from Surat to Ajmere, and elsewhere, Nicholas was sent on the Company's business to Agra. Being then at leisure, he rode across the Doab to see the Ganges, and made notes on the country. However, one day there came 'Mr. Rogers, a preacher,' with other Englishmen, to Agra, with orders to seize Nicholas, to put him in irons, and send him to Ajmere; on which our factor remarks: 'This was a strange alteration to mee, and a wonder that this thunder clap should fall so suddenlye, and no lightninge before.' With twenty pounds' weight of iron on his heels, he was dragged before one Edwards, who represented the Company at Ajmere; and after a short reprieve, again, with a 'fayer payre of boults' on his legs, 'was dispeeded in chaynes to Surat.' No wonder that Nicholas complains of 'exceedinge payne, havinge never been used to such hard garteringe,' during this journey of one thousand and ten miles.

Incidentally, Nicholas Withington tells us how several Englishmen 'turned Moore;' how Edwards, who carried a letter from the King of England, was kicked out of the palace by the Mogul's porters—how he carried this dishonour like a 'good asse;' how he quarrelled with the subordinate servants of the Company, and was stabbed in the shoulder with a dagger by Thomas Mitford, a factor.*

* Withington mentions a curious fact, that when he was at Agra, in June 1614, he visited the Jesuits, 'who,' says he, 'have a very fayer

A year or two later, we glean some scanty details of the manners of our countrymen in India from the narrative of Edward Terry, rector of Great Greenford. This worthy, but somewhat prosy, divine sailed from England with Captain Benjamin Joseph's fleet, early in 1615, reaching Swally Road (Surat) in September. Thoroughly right-minded and earnest, he moralises at each page of his journal. Thus the shark, taking a bait, is not unlike many vile men, who think they may safely take anything they can get; the dolphin, an emblem of an ill race of people, who under sweet countenances carry sharp tongues; porpoises, as if they came of the race of the Gadarene swine; and flying-fishes, like men professing two trades, and thriving at neither.

In a sea-fight with a Portuguese carrack, from Goa, Captain Joseph (who, says Terry, 'had very much of a 'man in him for years antient) was killed; for the place where he stood waving his sword must of necessity be the stage of his present mortality.'

This fight proved fatal also to one of the 'dogges,' which, as I have mentioned before, were the objects of the Great Mogul's desire, and which, eight in number, mastiffs and Irish greyhounds, were sent out in this fleet by order of Sir Thomas Roe. One Irish greyhound had his head shot off in this fight. As to the others, one mastiff jumped overboard in a gale of wind, with the intention of *pinning* a porpoise; four died of the mange. Two right fierce mastiffs reached India

church buylte them by the king (Mogul), and a house also; the kinge alloweth the chiefest of them seven rupeias (14*s.*) a day, and the rest three rupeias a day. They have license to turn as many to Christianitie as they can, and they have already converted manye; but (alas!) it is for money's sake, for the Jesuits give them 3*d.* a daye.'

alive. One on the way up the country got loose, and seized an elephant by the trunk, who with difficulty shook off his assailant; the mastiff falling then upon a pariah dog, and killing him. This story pleased the Mogul when the dogs were presented; and he allowed each mastiff four native servants, two of whom carried the dogs up and down in palanquins, whilst the other two fanned away the flies; the king feeding them occasionally with a pair of silver tongs.

On arriving at Surat, Terry was at once summoned to supply the room of Sir Thomas Roe's late chaplain; and lived two years at the Mogul's court with the embassy, returning to England with Sir Thomas.

Before he left the sea-coast, Terry relates that, at Surat, twice in one week the town was in an uproar, owing to the misconduct of the Englishmen from the fleet. On his way up the country he had another example of the same spirit. A young gentleman about twenty years old, the brother of a baron of England, had been sent out to India, and turned before the mast amongst the common sailors. My Lord Ambassador hearing of him, and knowing his noble family, sent for him up to the court. On the way there, this young 'hot brains' ordered a servant of one of the king's sons to hold his horse. The man refused. A horsewhipping came next, and then a complaint to Mr. Terry. Upon this, 'young Bedlam,' as Terry calls him, fired his pistol, wounding the prince's servant, and breaking the bow in his hand. It cost much money, and many good words, to pacify this wounded man; and Terry thus ends his story:—'So that, as I before observed, we were not at any time in any dangers of suffering by that people, but some of our own nation were the procuring causes of it.' He adds that it was

usual then for parents or guardians to send unruly spirits out to India, that they might make their graves in the sea or on the Indian shore. This he calls 'a very cleanly conveyance (but how just and honest I leave to others) for parents to be rid of their unruly children.'

So again, my Lord Ambassador's English cook, on the first day of landing at Surat, got drunk, and then staying himself upon his sword and scabbard, cried out to the native governor's brother, who happened to be riding by, '*Now, thou Heathen Dog!*' The chief replied in his own language, 'What sayest thou?' Hereupon the cook attacked with his sword, was seized, and thrown into prison. The governor's brother, finding that this specimen of the English human bull-dog belonged to Sir Thomas Roe, sent him unhurt to his master. Hereupon Terry justly enough enquires, 'Who was the *Heathen Dog* at this time? whether the debauched drunken cook, who called himself a Christian, or that sober and temperate Mahomedan, who was thus affronted?'

After joining my Lord Ambassador, Terry went one day to dine with Asaph Khan, brother to the celebrated Noor-mehal,* the much loved wife of the Great Mogul. Only Sir Thomas and his chaplain were invited. The tent in which the feast was given was spacious and beautiful, and full of a very pleasant perfume—scents being much in vogue with the Emperor Jehangir and his grandees. The floor of the tent was strewed with rich carpets; under the food leather sheets covered with pure white fine calico cloths; on these silver dishes innumerable, with gilt edges. Here then sat *on*

* The light of the harem.

the ground, in a triangle, facing each other, the native chief, the ambassador in his court dress, and the chaplain in his long black cassock; outside the tent stood the ambassador's waiters, in their red taffeta cloaks, guarded with green taffeta. Seventy dishes were placed before the ambassador, sixty before the host, whilst Terry had fifty dishes, all of which he tasted, and all he declares tasted very well. All these dishes were served up at once, little paths being left amongst them for the entertainer's servants, who alone waited to reach dish after dish to the guests. Some of the platters were of rice, highly spiced and coloured; some yellow with saffron, some purple, some green. Besides flesh of goats, hens, &c., they had many jellies and *culices* (whatever that may be), rice ground to flour, then boiled, and after sweetened with sugar and rose-water, to be eaten cold. Then came a dish, and a most luscious one, which Terry says the Portuguese call '*mangee real,*' royal food. It consisted of rice flour, sweet almonds, chicken stewed, and then beaten into pulp, flavoured with sugar, rose-water, and amber grease. To finish all, potatoes, candied fruits, raisins of the sun, prunellas, &c. At this entertainment they sat long, much longer than was easy, in their cross-legged position on the ground.*

Our good countrymen did not always fare like this; or if their diet was luxurious, they often had to complain of their lodging. Not only was Terry, to use his words, 'stewed in his own moisture' during the hot season, but the abundance of flies, musquitoes, and other

* My Lord Ambassador, Terry tells us, observed not that uneasy way of sitting at his meat at his own house, but had chairs, tables, &c. He was daily served entirely in plate, and had an English and Indian cook to dress his diet.

insect plagues, gave him disquiet; and above all, when in great cities or towns, he complains of the large hungry rats, which bite toes, fingers, the tips of their ears, and the tops of noses, as they lay in bed. So Terry discovered what most Englishmen discover in India, that during the cooler season of the year tents are much pleasanter abodes than houses.

The most prosperous member of Sir Thomas's suite, after the 'dogges,' seems to have been the English coachman, who took service with the king, and received a very great pension, and ten pounds every time he drove the Mogul, besides 'rich vests' and other gratuities.

Our divine draws comparisons, as I have shown already, between the quiet temperate heathen, and the violent and vicious European, generally unfavourable to his own countrymen. I fear he had too much reason in those days to arrive at this conclusion. He well knew the gross ignorance and superstition of the natives of India, but had not much opportunity of exploring the depths of native depravity, whereas the excesses of Europeans were on the surface.

'It is a most sad and horrible thing,' says Terry, 'to consider what scandal there is brought upon the Christian religion, by the looseness and remissness, by the exorbitancies of many, which come amongst them, who profess themselves Christians, of whom I have often heard the natives (who live near the port where our ships arrive) say thus, in broken English, which they have gotten, "Christian religion, Devil religion; Christian much drunk, Christian much do wrong; much beat, much abuse others."'

A description of the Englishman in India in the seventeenth century, must not omit a name, little

known save to the readers of odd books, but not the less remarkable.

Thomas Coryate, son of an English clergyman (author of 'Coryate's Crudities,' printed in 1611), performed wonderful feats of travel in the East. In 1612, he took ship from London for Constantinople, where he was kindly received by the English ambassador, Sir Paul Pinder. After walking through Egypt, the Holy Land, Aleppo, Nineveh, Babylon, Armenia, Persia, Candahar, Lahore, the Himalayeh, Agra, Tom Coryate came to Sir Thomas Roe's camp, and found himself either 'chamber-fellow or tent-mate' to our friend Mr. Terry. His resolve was to wander up and down the world 'like Ulysses,' for at least ten years before he returned home, travelling over India, Tartary, China, and finishing by a visit to the court of Prester John, in Ethiopia. He only lived to travel in India as far as Surat, after the marvellous peregrinations which I have already noted.

I consider him as the first, so also the greatest, of English travellers in India, considering the mode of his journeying on foot, begging a few small coins, and subsisting thereupon. His talents as a linguist astonished Terry, particularly when poor Tom outscolded my Lord Ambassador's black laundress, whose habit was to scold from sunrise to sunset. He wrote in his own peculiar style soon after leaving Lahore: 'I doe enjoy at this time as pancraticall and athletical a health as ever I did in my life,' determining in his next '*booke*' to be painted sitting on an elephant; but was ailing when in Sir Thomas Roe's camp, and the ambassador kindly pressed him to stay with him longer. However, the travelling impulse came over Coryate, and he walked on, three hundred miles, to Surat. Though a very

temperate man, hearing that his entertainers had some English sack, he called for it when faint with disease, and thus, says Terry, increased his ailment; and so 'the Odcombian leg-stretcher,' as poor Tom Coryate was wont to call himself, died. 'A little monument' marks his last home at Surat; and for nearly a hundred years after his death a pair of shoes, in which Coryate had made his first journey (in Europe) of 1,977 miles, remained hung up as a memorial in Odcombe Church, in England.

About the time that Coryate died, at Surat, the early servants of the Company were beginning to settle down into the habits and ways of Anglo-Indian life. The governing power was no longer exercised by the naval chief in Swally Roads, but a chief of the factory was appointed; a little later a president, with twenty or thirty subordinate merchants, factors, and writers, conducted the affairs of the Company at Surat.

Roe and Terry, with a proper sense of their own dignity, had retained their European dress at the court of the Mogul. But the body of our early English dwellers in India affected the costume of the country. This was only in keeping with their humble, not to say abject, position with respect to the native powers and authorities. English dress must have been at a discount when the purser of the English ships was compelled to pay a tax on his gilt buttons each time he crossed the river at Surat.* So every man who needed not to wear

* *Calcutta Review.* So also Captain Walter Peyton tells us that 'Master Barber, and other merchants, were sent to Surat to provide furniture for Sir Thomas Roe, the Lord Ambassador's house, who were there narrowly searched, their pockets and clothes, according to the base manner of the country, where a man must pay custom for a ryall of eight in his purse, or a good knife in his pocket; and if any raritie appear, the

an English uniform, took to a shawl and a turban. Here is an account of our early establishment at Surat:—*

'To this factory belong twenty persons in number, reckoning Swally Marine into the account. A minister for divine service, a chirurgion, and when the president is here a guard of English soldiers, consisting of a double file, led by a sergeant.

'The present deputy has only forty moormen, and a flag-man, carrying St. George, his colours swallow-tailed in silk, fastened to a silver partisan; with a small attendance of horse, with silver bridles, and furniture for the gentlemen of the house, and coaches for ladies and council.

'The president, besides these, has a noise of trumpets, and is carried himself in a palenkeen, an horse of state led before him; a *mirchal* (a fan of ostrich feathers) to keep off the sun, as the omrahs or great men have, none but the emperor having a *sumbrero* among the Moguls. Besides these, every one, according to his quality, has his menial servants to wait on him in his chamber, and to follow him out.' (Fryer's 'East Indies,' quoted in 'Calcutta Review.')

John Mandelso, a German, who came to Surat in

governor, under pretence of buying, takes it away. Indeed, they actually wanted to search Sir Thomas Roe, but he resisted the insolent attempt.'

* The Company's servants at this time were divided into three classes, merchants, factors, and writers; and this division, more or less, prevailed up to the end of the Company's existence. There were in the early days of our Surat factory also some blue-coat boys as apprentices. The writers had to serve five years, at 10*l.* per annum, giving a bond of 500*l.* for good behaviour; then factors for three years, with 20*l.* salary, and giving a bond for 1,000*l.*; then merchants, at 40*l.* per annum, with lodgings and victuals at the Company's expense. The president gave a bond of 5,000*l.*, and received 500*l.* a year, half paid at Surat and half *at home*, to indemnify the Company in case of misconduct.

1638, tells us that the president was treated with great deference and respect, that prayers were said at his house every morning at six, and night at eight, and on Sundays thrice. At a later date (about 1675) we find the same decent observance of religious forms at Surat. President Gerald Aungier, in handing over charge of the factory to Mr. Streynsham Master, says, that 'A blessing may attend you in all your proceedings, we recommend to you the pious order observed in our family: to wit—morning and evening prayer, the strict observance of the Lord's Day, the preventing of all disorder,' &c.

Some years later, when William of Holland arrived at St. James's, the servants of the Company wrote, humbly begging their honours to send out some paper and quills, a little English beer, called stout; a little wine, they add, would not be amiss; also two gunners, and two good orthodox ministers.

Towards the end of the century, there appears an evident deterioration of morals; instead of orderly prayer-meetings, quiet evening parties to drink the health of their absent wives, sippings of Thé,* or of pale puntz,† we come upon broken heads, murderous plots, and poisonings, official letters interlarded with oaths, and evident symptoms of general profligacy.‡

* Chaplain Ovington tells us of Surat:—'At our ordinary meetings every day, we took only *Thé*, which is commonly used all over the Indies, not only amongst those of the country, but also among the Dutch and English, who take it as a drug, that cleanses the stomach, and digests the superfluous humours by a temperate heat peculiar thereto.'

† Pale puntz, a drink consisting of aquavitæ, rose-water, juice of citrons, and sugar.—*Mandelso, quoted in Kaye's Christianity in India.*

‡ Mr. Kaye, who has done more than any man to illustrate the history of the English in India, gives several instances of the brutality of official Indian manners at the end of the seventeenth century. E. g. Mr. Charles Peachey, councillor, complains:—I have received from you (Sir Nicholas

So much for Surat, the earliest regular British settlement. At Bombay, the deputy governor, in 1669, was put on his trial for drinking of healths in false devotions upon his knees on Sundays at church time, and for carrying on his potations so late at night as to interfere with morning prayers. Sir George Oxenden collected money (5,000*l.*) to build a church, which sum, if we are to believe Alexander Hamilton, Sir John Child converted to his own use.

Matters were not much better in Bengal. Job Charnock, the father of the settlement at Calcutta, turned pagan, married a native woman, and after her death proceeded on every anniversary of that event to her tomb, to sacrifice a cock, after the fashion of the heathen. He retained a sergeant as a bully, and allowed the secretary and captain of soldiers to keep a punch-house and billiard-table, and to send in false returns to his employers, in aid of the tavern funds.

The home government, until the days when all their attention was absorbed by jealousy of rival trading associations, did what they could to restrain the licentiousness of their servants abroad. Remarking that the disorderly conduct of their factors tends to the dishonour of God, the discredit of the Gospel of our Lord, and the shame and scandal of the English nation, they sent out strict rules for the conduct of their subordinates, and directed that hardened offenders should be at once sent home. They also directed the use of a form of prayer, beseeching God that 'these Indian nations,

Waite, the president in council) two cuts on my head, the one very long and deep, the other a slight thing in comparison of that. Then a great blow on my left arm, which has inflamed the shoulder and deprived me of the use of that limb; then a blow in the ribs, which is a stoppage to my breath, &c.

amongst whom we dwell, seeing our sober and righteous conversation, may be induced to have a just esteem for our most holy profession of the Gospel.'

These were wise and just precautions; and we can only lament that a few years later the 'honoured masters' in London, who sent out such good instructions to their servants in India, were, as I have already related, themselves detected in a system of the most profligate bribery and corruption.

Such then is the outline of the English character in India during our early visits and first settlement there. Before we lift a stone to cast at the memory of these early Englishmen, we may call to mind the signal trials to which they were exposed. Every page of their journals tells of insults from the Dutch, injuries from the Portuguese, and at the best a contemptuous toleration on the part of the natives of India. They had no churches, few ministers of religion, and none of the refinements which the society of their own countrywomen alone could impart. Too often their masters at home set them the example of corruption and rapacity. They received scanty wages, which they were obliged and encouraged to eke out by petty malversations and perquisites.

To me the wonder is, not that our ancestors in India were often violent and rapacious, but that so many examples of moderation, religion, and good conduct are to be found amongst them.

CHAPTER VI.

FIRST HALF OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

I HAVE described the enmity and rivalry between the old (Tory) London, and the new (Whig) English, East India Company. Bad as this antagonism was in England, it was still worse in India. If there be one creature in the world more quick than another to discover and to foment a party feud, it is your native of Hindostan. All these retainers of the English in India, watched keenly the heart-burnings and jealousies of the rival Englishmen. Any clever rascal, whether European or native, who had exhausted the patience of the London Company, and been kicked out of their employ, was received with open arms by the English Company, and set to work to blacken his former employers with all the virulence of a discharged servant. The Persian proverb came true :—

'Two beggars can sleep on one rug;
Two kings cannot live in one country.'

And so the affairs of the rival companies went from bad to worse; and the petty intrigues of either party made the English name contemptible in the East.

At last King William, to prevent the entire ruin of the trade, interposed, and the terms of a compromise were suggested. On July 22, 1702, Queen Anne and the rival companies executed a 'tripartite indenture,' by

which the eventual union of the London and English companies was secured. This arrangement was confirmed by an Act of Parliament in 1708.* Henceforward we hear of the Directors of the East India Company as managing the affairs of India in England.

In India the ablest and most important servant of the London Company—Thomas Pitt,† grandfather of our great Lord Chatham—was the first to assure the English Company that old feuds should be forgotten. 'My gratitude as an Englishman,' said he to his late rivals, 'obliges me to pay all deference to the blessed memory of King William, and to remember that great saying of his to the French King's plenipotentiary at Ryswick, upon concluding the peace—"'Twas my fate, and not my choice, that made me your enemy!"'

Hitherto the policy of the English in India had been of a sordid and selfish character. Like the pilgrim to Juggernath, who at each step measures a full length on the ground, marking in the dust with his forehead the spot on which his heels are next to stand, so the onward career of our countrymen had been one series of prostrations before the temple of Mammon.

But after the union of the two companies, and the consequent abatement of jealousy amongst themselves, the English seemed gradually to rise to a higher sense

* The companies were consolidated under the name of the United Company of Merchants of England, trading to the East Indies, with exclusive privileges till the year 1726, on condition of their advancing to the public a loan of twelve hundred thousand pounds, their capital stock being augmented to three millions two hundred thousand pounds; Lord Treasurer Godolphin deciding, as arbitrator, all matters in debate between the two companies.—*Grant's Sketch, &c.*

† There is a certain historical Pitt Diamond. Hamilton declares that Governor Pitt used very stringent measures to obtain this wonderful jewel from the native merchants; but Hamilton has a trick of saying severe things, though generally of credit as a traveller.

of their position. The United Company, finding themselves in smooth water, and profiting by the varied experience of their late turbulent existence, set to work with new energy. Whilst thus at Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay the English were gradually settling down into consistency as acknowledged bodies of powerful merchants, recognised by the Imperial authority both at home and abroad, revolutions of the greatest importance were taking place amongst the people of the country.

I have given some description of the court of Jehangir. His successor, Shah Jehan (the King of the World), 'the most magnificent prince that ever appeared in India,'* after a reign of thirty years, was deposed by his own son, Aurangzib (Alamgir of Indian History).

In 1707, the long reign of Aurangzib was ended by his death; and from that hour the throes of dissolution seem to beset the Mogül power.

One of the first symptoms of decay was a general self-assertion on the part of the numerous native chiefs (nabobs or deputies) at a distance from the seat of government. The English, who had hitherto relied so strongly on the mandates issued under the seal of the Emperor, finding themselves pressed by the local authorities, determined once again to despatch an embassy to the peacock throne. It required some courage to decide upon this measure, seeing that Sir William Norris, the last ambassador sent by King William to Aurangzib, had been briefly informed that 'he knew his way back to England;' and having taken his departure on this broad hint, the old Emperor had issued a peremptory order that every European in his dominions should be thrown into prison. However,

* Elphinstone's History of India.

it was determined in Calcutta to make one more attempt to escape from the local tyranny of the native rulers of Bengal. An embassy was arranged by the English Governor of Calcutta, comprising, amongst other servants of the Company, Mr. Hamilton as surgeon. The ambassadors found the court at Delhi absorbed in preparations for the marriage of the Emperor Farokhsir, and failed at first to attract the attention of the Mogul. But it happened that the imperial bridegroom elect was attacked by a severe malady, which baffled the skill of his attendants. 'It was decided to call in the European surgeon, who promptly performed a cure.' The gratitude of Farokhsir was unbounded; and after presenting Mr. Hamilton with models of all his surgical instruments in gold, he called upon the successful surgeon to name his own reward. The answer was prompt:—'Will the Emperor be pleased to concede to the English ambassadors the object of their mission?'*

Matters being thus set in train by the generosity of Mr. Hamilton, and further expedited by a considerable bribe to a favourite courtier, the imperial firman or order, granting considerable privileges to the Company, was duly sealed and delivered.† A great stimulus was thus given to the trade passing from one Indian port to another; and within ten years of the period of this successful embassy, the shipping possessed by private Europeans at Calcutta, and employed in this country trade, amounted to ten thousand tons.

Whilst at Calcutta some progress was thus made in

* This was not the first time that the English had received political advantages in reward for the skill of their surgeons. In 1645, Mr. Gabriel Boughton, by his success at the court of the Great Mogul, had conciliated the favour of that powerful monarch, Shah Jehan.

† A.D. 1717.

spite of the opposition of the local chiefs of Bengal, our old friends, the English settlers at Surat, with their swallow-tailed silk flags, ostrich-feather fans, and other paraphernalia of state, ran away ingloriously to Bombay, leaving the oldest British settlement to the mercy of a tyrannical Indian governor.

Notwithstanding this reverse, and the many difficulties which from time to time beset the English in India, the increasing importance of their settlements was clearly proved by favours, both given and accepted by the Crown and Parliament. In 1726, King George I. granted letters patent, establishing regular courts of record for the discharge of both civil and criminal justice at the three settlements of Madras, Bombay, and Calcutta. A few years later the Parliament renewed the charter of the Company, taking as usual a handsome present in exchange for the extension of privilege.*

Whilst the English in India were slowly gaining strength, the empire of the Moguls received now—in 1739—a terrible blow. Nadir Shah, the son of a maker of sheep-skin caps, in Khorasan, but autocrat of the Persians, invaded Hindostan, and sacked imperial Delhi. The central government became paralysed. The nabobs or deputies, who, in the name of the Mogul, held sway along the coast, and who hitherto had paid some semblance of regard to the various edicts tolerating the European settlers, threw off all but a nominal allegiance to the Emperor. The Mahrattas, a hardy race of free-booters, inhabiting the Deccan, or territories south of the Nerbudda river, who in the best days of the Mogul Empire had never been entirely subjugated, ranged freely from Lahore to Cape Comorin, and were able

* A.D. 1730.

to dictate their own terms to the feeble kings of Delhi.

The Company daily learned to trust less to imperial decrees, and more to good muskets in stout English hands.

Whilst the masses of native population were agitated by incessant revolutions, a new phase of turmoil overtook the European merchants in India. War broke out between England and France; and the strife extended wherever an Englishman or a Frenchman was to be found, no matter how deep in trade or other peaceful employ. It is very true, as Voltaire remarks, that calicoes and pepper ought not to be sold by armed men; but this did not occur to the English: and they neglected the very reasonable proposition of neutrality made by their French neighbours in India. Perhaps the English hoped to take this opportunity of driving out of the country a prosperous rival. If so, they had more than once good reason to repent of their pugnacious temper.

It was on the Coromandel coast that the war struggle began. Madras-patam, with its town and so-called port (a flat surf-beaten sea-shore), had been ceded to the Company some century back. Here the early English factors, seeking a depôt whence they might export their Indian wares to Bantam, had made a settlement. To protect their trade from native insolence and Dutch malignity, a fort had been built, and sundry local privileges secured. Thus this straggling village on the sandy sea-beaten Coromandel coast, without a harbour, without a fresh-water river, without roads—in short, without any natural claim to the distinction—grew into an important and rich emporium. Communication between the shipping and the beach was carried on then,

as I believe it still is, by country barges* and canoes† —boats of European constructions not being suited to the concussions of that furious surf.

In spite of these natural disadvantages, Madras grew, as I have said, into importance. Side by side with the English, their ancient European rivals, the French, had been slowly taking root in the Indian soil. Their settlement was at Pondicherry, on the coast, about eighty or ninety miles south-west of Madras. To preside over this establishment, M. Dupleix, an experienced servant of the French Company, had been summoned from Bengal (where the French had other factories), in 1742.

In 1744, when the war broke out, whilst Dupleix was supreme as Governor-General over the Indian settlements, Mahe de la Bourdonnais held a commission from the King of France as Governor of the Isles of Bourbon and Mauritius, and from the French Company as agent. He received orders from Paris to sink, burn, and destroy the fleets of the enemy, but on no account to garrison or to retain any conquests that he might make on land.‡

On August 18, 1746, the fleet of La Bourdonnais, which, after one or two encounters with the English squadron, had been able to maintain its place on the

* Masoola boats, fastened with bamboo fibres in the place of nails, so that the boat *gives* to the violent surf without breaking.

† Catamarans, or logs navigated by a native fisherman, who seems to live chiefly under water, and carries letters in an oil-skin bag on his head.

‡ In these days, when the English government seems bent on the centralisation of power in England rather than India, the following words of Voltaire deserve attention:—

'La Bourdonnais avait un ordre exprès du ministère de ne garder aucune des conquêtes qu'il pourrait faire dans l'Inde, *ordre peut-être inconsidéré comme tous ceux qu'on donne de loin sur des objets qu'on n'est pas à portée de connaître.*'—*Siècle de Louis XV.*

coast, appeared before Madras, and cannonaded the town. The inhabitants looked with longing eyes for the English war-squadron which had been sent to India to protect the settlements on the coast of Coromandel. Great was their consternation when it was reported that the English ships, instead of hastening to their succour, had disappeared from the coast!

La Bourdonnais saw the prize within his grasp. He did not hesitate to decide whether it was his duty to harass the fleets of the English, which declined his challenge on the sea, or whether he should strike a vital blow at the enemy on land. The order was given to disembark. Eleven hundred Frenchmen, with La Bourdonnais at their head, made a rush at Madras. In their train followed Africans, men of Madagascar, and Sepoys. For the first time the English saw natives of India and negroes, disciplined after the European method, in arms against them.

To resist this force, the English had some five hundred men, half of whom were worthless as soldiers,* under the command of one Peter Eckman, an ignorant superannuated Swede. Of cannon they had some two hundred pieces; but neither ammunition nor artillerymen to work them. The Nabob of Arcot, in whom the English had trusted, deserted them at this critical moment; and the native population ran away on the first approach of danger.

After a vain resistance, the English sent deputies to the French camp to ask for terms. La Bourdonnais, taking the hat of one of the Englishmen in his hand, said: 'We will treat thus—this hat is worth six rupees:

* Two hundred out of the five were what they called Topasses—a black, degenerate, wretched race of half-caste Portuguese, utterly destitute of fighting qualities.

you shall give me three or four, and so for the rest!' The English agreed to pay 421,666*l.* sterling, and a large bribe to the French commodore; and on these terms were to be left in full possession of their presidency, after making a formal surrender.

In the meantime the French marched into the town, and hoisted the banner of St. Louis over the crazy ramparts of Madras.

So far La Bourdonnais succeeded: he conquered with ease, and used his victory like a brave man—with moderation.

On the very day that the English gave up the keys of Madras to the French commodore, a camel-rider, arriving at Pondicherry, delivered a letter to the governor, to express the indignation of the Nabob of Arcot at the French attack of Madras.

M. Dupleix, Governor-General of the French East India Company—to use the words of Voltaire—'*had the misfortune* to be jealous of La Bourdonnais.'* Practised as he was in the crooked ways of Indian intrigue, he determined at once to overreach, if possible, his rival, his enemies, and his allies. Madras was promised to the Nabob; La Bourdonnais's proceedings were first ratified and then condemned; and the French commodore, the English, and the Nabob, all alike insulted and betrayed. La Bourdonnais left India in disgust, carrying away, however, in his ships the plunder of Madras. The English were ruined twice over, having capitulated under a promise of protection, having paid ransom, and then, after all, forfeiting their liberty and their effects. The Nabob, in his turn, was deceived by the wily Frenchman.

* Dupleix went so far as to threaten arrest to the bold commodore and for years after left no stone unturned to effect his ruin.

M. Paradis, a Swiss in the confidence of Dupleix, was installed as military commandant at Madras. The unfortunate English, stripped of all save the clothes on their backs and the trinkets of their wives, were marched off to Pondicherry. Under the pretence of doing honour to them, M. Dupleix exposed his prisoners to the insolent gaze of fifty thousand native spectators. Some, however, of the English had escaped out of Madras by night, and in various disguise sought the English settlement of Fort St. David. Here this remnant of Madras assisted to carry on the administration of what remained of the English Company on the coast of Coromandel.

The French fleet had in the meantime been increased by the arrival of several ships from Europe, and was strong enough, at the moment, to have destroyed with ease the English settlements on the coast. But on the night of October 2, 1746, a furious hurricane dispersed this powerful armada—several ships foundered, and others were taken to refit at the Isle of Bourbon.

An affair now occurred of small importance in itself, but worthy of note, as the shadow of coming events which were to influence the history of the world.

Hitherto the European settlers in India had held the native armies in considerable awe. It was reserved for the Swiss mercenary captain, Paradis, and the Frenchmen under his command, to prove that a single battalion of Europeans might suffice to put to flight a whole army of Asiatics. It was just what Alexander, with his Macedonian phalanx, had done ages back; but none the less the feat flashed upon the world like a new discovery.

The Nabob of Arcot, finding that Dupleix had been cajoling him, sent a body of ten thousand men of all

arms, under the command of his eldest son, to invest Madras. Paradis, with four hundred men and two field-pieces, attacked this host, and scattered it to the winds, inflicting considerable slaughter upon the enemy, without himself losing a man.*

Thus we have to thank the French for re-discovering the two great facts of modern Indian history. First, that a handful of Europeans, regularly instructed in the art of war, can beat any number of undisciplined Asiatics. Secondly, that *in support of European regular troops* the native *sipahi* (soldier), or Sepoy, when duly instructed and drilled after the method of European warfare, may give valuable aid to his employer.

The English, in their depressed state, had time to ponder over these facts; nor, as we shall soon see, did they lack the spirit to profit by them. Both these problems had, I repeat, been solved before, in the days of Alexander; but both were new to our countrymen. At the very time of Paradis's exploit the English were busy in hiring two thousand Peons, or common native soldiers, armed with sword and shield, or bows and arrows, for the defence of Fort St. David and Cuddalore. They soon gave up this sort of material, and put their muskets into hands fitted by regular training to do credit to their weapon. It was a marvel to the English lieutenants then, as it is now, how quickly a broad-shouldered, and seemingly thick-headed, black *rungroot* (recruit) learned to handle his arms, and to acquire the carriage and movements of the European soldier.

Facts such as these—the resistless energy of disciplined troops when opposed to mere numbers, and the aptness of the Brahmin or the Rajpoot peasant to ac-

* A.D. 1746.

quire the habits of disciplined soldiers—are more important than the continual sieges or battles of the day, and must be fully appreciated by those who desire to realise the marvellous history of the European settlers in India.

The French, encouraged by the success which had so far attended their arms, made desperate but fruitless efforts to destroy the remnant of the English force at Fort St. David.

Early in 1748, Major Lawrence arrived from England with large reinforcements; and taking the chief military* command, marched with four thousand European soldiers, one thousand Sepoys, and a large body of the Nabob's horse, to besiege the French in Pondicherry. This attempt failed. And whilst the French chanted the Te Deum, and Dupleix despatched couriers right and left to announce his victory, the English sullenly retraced their steps to Fort St. David.

The French governor seemed fast arriving at the pinnacle of human glory. Step by step he had been climbing to power. The grand idea which had so long possessed him—the foundation of an European dynasty on the *débris* of the Mogul throne—seemed forming itself into reality. Courtiers already told him that the Great Mogul trembled at the name of Dupleix. He had beaten off the only rivals who stood in his path. La Bourdonnais, doomed to perish by inches in the Bastille, had left India; the English, crest-fallen, were retreating to their last stronghold; the lieutenants of the Indian Empire, one after the other, puppets in his cunning hands. Titles and offices were showered upon him in the East; and dearer still, the grand decoration

* Under the superintendence of Admiral Boscawen.

of the Order of St. Louis,* soon to be followed by the patent of a Marquis of France, reached India from Versailles.

Mounted on an elephant, in the midst of a dazzling escort, and to the sound of martial music, Dupleix rode forth in the habits of a king. Whilst his titles were loudly proclaimed, the natives in crowds fell at his feet. His lady received the honours and titles of Queen. Visions of that grand city and pillar of Victory, which in a few months he was to found, already floated before his eyes. The Star of France shone bright, whilst the fortunes of the English in India were humbled and depressed.

Yet amongst those travel-stained sun-burnt English soldiers, who in October, 1748, sadly turned their backs upon Pondicherry, marched a stripling, half soldier, half civilian, young in years, yet already weary of life, whose destiny it was to pull down this proud Frenchman from his pedestal—to tear off his laurels, to prostrate his schemes, and literally to trample the 'City of Victory' under foot.

The career of this illustrious Englishman will next come under review.

* Then, for the first time, granted to a non-military personage.

CHAPTER VII.

EARLY DAYS OF ROBERT CLIVE IN INDIA.

ROBERT CLIVE was born on September 29, 1725, in the manor house of Styche, near Market Drayton, in Shropshire. His father, who practised as a country attorney, sent Robert, when an infant, to be brought up in the family of a relation, Daniel Bayley, of Hope Hall, near Manchester. Mr. Bayley, when Bob Clive was seven years old, finding his young nephew 'out of measure addicted to fighting,' and of a fierce and imperious temper, did what he could 'to suppress the hero,' and to help forward the more valuable qualities of 'meekness and patience.'* In this attempt he signally failed. The hero was not suppressed in Clive; but at no time was his character distinguished for the gentler virtues.

When he returned to his father's house, Bob was known as the most daring, and one of the most mischievous, boys in the parish. Being also what is called an 'unlucky' lad, his father set him down as a 'booby,' and was doubtless glad enough when opportunity offered to send the youngster out to Madras as a writer in the service of the East India Company.

His early letters home show that, under the rough exterior of the young writer, and notwithstanding his

* Life of Lord Clive, by Sir John Malcolm.

haughtiness and reserve, there lurked a deep feeling of affection for home and early friends. There were seasons when his longings for England, his distaste for society in India, and his bodily sufferings, drove him to the verge of insanity. Indeed, soon after landing, he more than once attempted self-destruction. At other times he found a solace in study, and buried himself for days in the library of the governor of Madras. To such a temper and such a temperament, the ordinary duties of his calling as a writer were most irksome.

The young civilian of 1744 moved in a sphere differing entirely from that occupied in later years by the junior civil servants of the Company or the Crown. To take stock of calico and cottons, to keep accounts, to advance petty sums to half-naked native weavers—to undergo, in short, the drudgery of an office hack in the temperature of an oven—this was the *métier* of the young writer. Clive naturally enough seized the first opportunity to exchange a career such as this for the dangers, the liberty, and the excitement of a soldier's life.

At the siege of Madras by the French, when Dupleix repudiated the engagements of La Bourdonnais, Clive escaped in the disguise of a native, and found his way to Fort St. David.

In 1747, weary, as I have said, of a career which combined the drudgery of a clerk with the sufferings, but without the honours, of a military life, he obtained an ensign's commission in the army. I have already described * the unsuccessful attack upon Pondicherry by the English, under Admiral Boscawen and Major

* Chapter VI. page 57.

Lawrence. Ensign Clive had an opportunity thus early to display his courage. The captain of his company being killed in the trenches, the post was gallantly sustained by the young ensign, and a sortie of the enemy driven back with severe loss. Having thus honourably fleshed his maiden sword, young Clive soon found a field for further distinction.

Here I must pause for a moment, to explain that it is not my intention to drag my readers through all the battles, sieges, and intrigues of this period. But when an event, whether political or military, tends to illustrate specially, or to influence permanently, the fortunes of the English in India, that event will be duly narrated.

The English and French had entered with so much zeal into the work of mutual destruction, that the peace, concluded at Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748, came upon them as a positive disappointment.* To what purpose were veteran soldiers and well-trained Sepoys, unless there were fighting of some sort? If their hands were tied against one another, was there no native whose battle they might take up? In this temper of mind, an 'unfortunate prince' was soon found in the person of one Sahojee, who claimed the throne of Tanjore. The English, incited by the promise of a harbour at the mouth of the Coleroon river, took up arms on behalf of their new friend, and were beaten back with disgrace by the Tanjorine forces.

In order to wipe off this stain upon their character as soldiers, a second expedition was planned against Tanjore. Major Lawrence, an officer worthy of a better cause, this time led the English column. It was

* Madras was restored to the English in August 1749.

determined to storm the fort of Deve-cotta, on an island near the mouth of the Coleroon river. Clive led the forlorn hope to the breach, a platoon of thirty-four European soldiers, with a battalion of 700 Sepoys, being told off for this enterprise. Whilst Clive rushed on with the Europeans, the native soldiers lagged behind. A party of Tanjorine horse fell suddenly upon the English platoon, twenty-six of whom were cut to pieces. Clive with difficulty rejoined the native Sepoys, who had not advanced one step to support their European comrades in this desperate encounter. Major Lawrence at once led on the main body of his force, and Deve-cotta being abandoned by its garrison, was occupied by the English.*

The negotiations which followed this campaign were simply disgraceful to the English name. Not only was the wretched Sahojee, whose cause our countrymen had solemnly espoused, thrust aside, but it was actually stipulated by a secret article to secure his person, lest he should again give trouble to the reigning monarch of Tanjore. (Orme, book ix.) Sahojee had the good fortune to escape from his false friends; but his uncle and guardian was detained in his stead, and was found a prisoner within the walls of Fort St. David by the

* Our countrymen witnessed a remarkable instance of the pride of *caste* on this occasion. A native chief (probably a Brahmin or Rajpoot, of high rank) was found lying on the ground desperately wounded. He resisted violently every attempt to bind up his wounds; and when this kind office had been performed by the English surgeon, seized the first opportunity to tear off the bandages. In order to save his life, a guard was placed over the wounded man, and he was carried to a quiet remote thatched building. Finding himself watched, he for some days pretended to be reconciled to life, and grateful for the kindness of his captors. Having thus thrown them off their guard, feigning sleep, he watched his opportunity to set fire to the thatch, and perished, a willing martyr to *caste*, in the flames.—*History of the Carnatic. Orme*, vol. i.

French, when they took that place from the English some nine or ten years later.

We cannot of course hold the young soldier Clive as in any degree cognisant of the turpitude of such a transaction as this Tanjore treaty. His own duty as a subordinate officer he valiantly performed; but the school of political morality in which he was being brought up was a bad one. Clive now for a season ungirt his sword, and returned to bales of cotton and invoices at Madras. The natural result of the change to sedentary duties after a life of adventure was a violent illness. To use the words of his historian, Sir John Malcolm, 'a fever of the nervous kind attacked his constitution, and so much affected his spirits, that the constant presence of an attendant became necessary.' This severe illness, which was alleviated by a voyage to Bengal, left Clive more than ever exposed to fits of mental depression, from which nothing but danger or difficulty could arouse him. Through life he seemed to tread the line which divides genius from despair—a fiery spirit battling against an infirm body.

I must now describe the steps by which the English were led to take a share in the grand struggle for power in the Carnatic. Let us first clearly understand the relative position of the parties who fill up the foreground of the political drama.

Madras, Pondicherry, Arcot, Tanjore, Trichinopoly—these, and other places of historical note at this epoch, are all situated in the long narrow territory between the mountains and sea, which stretches up from Cape Comorin along the south-eastern or Coromandel coast of the Indian peninsula. Over this Lower Carnatic territory ruled a Mahomedan chieftain, called Anwar-u-deen, and known familiarly to the English as the Nabob of Arcot.

The word Nabob signifies deputy, and Anwar-u-deen was deputy to the Soobadar,* or Viceroy, who, nominally under the authority of the Mogul Emperor, was the real autocrat of the Deccan, or India south of the Nerbudda river. The nominal authority of the Mogul Emperor was every day becoming less, and the real power of the viceroys, who ruled in his name, was increasing in proportion. In 1748, died Nizam-ul-Mulk, Soobadar (or Viceroy) of the Deccan. His eldest son, Nasir Jung, was proclaimed as successor, and was acknowledged by the English, who had been accustomed to treat with him during his father's life, as the representative of the old Soobadar. Muzuffer Jung, a grandson of the deceased Viceroy, at the same time claimed the office of Soobadar, with the support of M. Dupleix and the French. Both uncle and nephew prepared to assert their pretensions with the sword. Thus there were two rivals in southern India, each claiming to be Soobadar of the Deccan. As a natural consequence, there were two rivals in the Carnatic, each claiming to be Nabob of Arcot.

Dupleix had for some time made up his mind that the sceptre of India was about to fall into European hands, and that the best soldier and politician, rather than the most successful merchant, would win the prize. His wife, who was born in India, had never ceased to correspond in the name of the French with every native of note; and the *durbar* or levee of her husband was thronged by ambitious, scheming men, each anxious to gain the favour of the European chief. The English

* The title Soobadar is derived from the Persian word Soobah, or Province, and the affix dar or 'the holder.' The early English used ignorantly to call the Soobadar, or ruler over a province, Soobah. The country known as the Lower Carnatic was annexed by Aurangzib to the Soobah, or imperial province, of Hyderabad. Soobadar and Viceroy are in this narrative synonymous.

were generally considered as a very inferior set of people; and it was to Dupleix and the men of his nation that all eyes were attracted as the real representatives of Europe in India.

It was perfectly known to Dupleix that the reigning Nabob of Arcot, a fortunate soldier from Delhi, was not popular, and that one Chunda Sahib, connected by marriage with the old rulers of the country (but at that time a prisoner with the Mahrattas), was the idol of the people. He decided then to support Chunda Sahib as Nabob, and Muzuffer Jung as Soobadar.

The English were few in number, and slow to grasp the realities of their position. To go against the Viceroy of the Deccan, or the Emperor of Delhi, to think for themselves, to take a line of Indian politics, to choose amongst contending princes, both alike claiming the imperial patent—all this never entered their imagination. Their first essay in oriental politics at Tanjore had not been encouraging. An unfortunate campaign had been succeeded by a disgraceful treaty. After all, they were merchants, not soldiers.

Admiral Boscawen, on the proclamation of peace in Europe, had offered to stay with his fleet, but his offer had been refused. So our countrymen for the time seemed satisfied to return from Tanjore to their desks at St. David's and Madras (now restored), and to court the safety which attends complete insignificance.

The French, meantime, under their able leader, Dupleix, flung themselves into the vortex of Deccan politics. They ransomed Chundā Sahib, proclaimed him Nabob, invited their own pet viceroy or Soobadar,

Muzuffer Jung, and then set out with a well-appointed army to fight the battles of their native friends.

The aged Nabob of Arcot Anwar-u-deen meanwhile took his post on his own frontier at Amboor,* and awaited the onset of his enemies. The French, with their new allies, made a furious attack upon Amboor, which was twice repulsed. The old Nabob, at last gaining sight of the *cortège* of Chunda Sahib, gave orders that his elephant should at once be urged against that of his rival. But as he was in the act of closing upon Chunda, a bullet from the French battalion sent the brave Anwar-u-deen headlong and lifeless from his elephant. The battle was lost, and Mahomed Ali, son of the late chief, only saved his life by a hasty flight to Trichinopoly.

The English looked on in dismay. They would gladly have protested against the French, but were silenced by the remembrance of their own miserable exploit at Tanjore.

When the news of this battle of Amboor reached Nasir Jung, the rightful Soobadar of the Deccan, turning his back upon Delhi, he hurried southward to take revenge on the murderers of his deputy.

In the meantime the French and Indian *triumphirate* (as Grose calls them in his 'Voyage to the East Indies') loudly rejoiced. A triumphal entry into Pondicherry was made; Muzuffer Jung had already formally asserted the rank of Soobadar, and in that capacity had dubbed his friend, Chunda Sahib, Nabob of Arcot.

The new Nabob in his turn now presented eighty-one villages near Pondicherry to Dupleix; and the wily Frenchman, with his two black confederates, took

* The fort of Amboor was situated on one of the mountain passes leading into the Carnatic, about fifty miles west of Arcot.

counsel for the future. Dupleix wisely urged an immediate attack upon Mahomed Ali at Trichinopoly. His Indian allies, unwilling to disclose their want of treasure, pretended to agree, but in order to get money, fell upon the unfortunate King of Tanjore.

The English now had really more than a fair excuse for taking a part in the important affairs which were going on around them. Would the French governor, who had set up a false Viceroy, and who had been instrumental in the destruction of the Nabob, to whom both French and English had so long been subordinate —would this crafty, ambitious man spare the English, when he had every native in the country at his feet? If the English in India were to exist, was their existence to depend upon the will of one who had ever been their avowed enemy? If war again broke out in Europe, and if Dupleix at such a moment was supreme dictator amongst the native Indian powers, what could prevent him from driving his English rivals into the sea?

Slow enough were the English to answer these pressing questions.

Their first effort, as gradually they became awake to the gravity of their position, was feeble and uncertain. One hundred and twenty men were sent to Mahomed Ali, at Trichinopoly, of whom *twenty* were detached to enter Tanjore by night. It was not until the Viceroy, Nasir Jung, drew near, and when messenger after messenger at Fort St. David had described the vast camp and equipage of the Satrap of Delhi, that the eyes of the English began to open. At length they decided to throw in their lot with this magnificent Viceroy, and to espouse the cause of the son of the fallen Nabob, who had taken refuge at Trichinopoly. Accordingly a detachment was sent under Captain Cope.

When Mahomed Ali was summoned to the presence of the Viceroy, after due prostrations, he begged to offer the accustomed present to the representative of the Great Mogul. He was ordered to bring in his offering. 'Sire,' said he to the Viceroy, leading Captain Cope by the hand, 'here is my present; be pleased to accept this officer, and the services of the nation to which he belongs.' The Viceroy expressed his gratification, by appointing Mahomed Ali to succeed his father, Anwar-u-deen, as Nabob of Arcot.

In order still more to show his appreciation of the English alliance, when Major Lawrence, with six hundred European soldiers, presented himself to the Viceroy, he was ordered at once to take command of the whole army, and attack the enemy. Lawrence, a brave but judicious soldier, was perplexed. The confederates were drawn up in a commanding position, fortified by a powerful artillery, served by French veterans. To march straight upon them, as commanded by the Soobadar, must lead to a bloody struggle; better far to work round their flank, and thus combine the objects of attacking a weaker point, and cutting off the enemy from Pondicherry. This was represented to Nasir Jung. 'What!' exclaimed he, 'the standard of the empire retreat, even to gain an advantage? Never! He would march, and attack the enemy in front.'

And so it was the English found themselves once again face to face with the French in the battle-field.

Lawrence looked anxiously around; accustomed as he had been to Indian camps, he had never seen such a following as this. Troops of chosen Persian warriors, with bright armour and waving plumes, kept body-guard around the Viceroy. Far as the eye could reach flaunted the standards of the Mahomedan horse, around

which the flower of Indian chivalry was arrayed. Farther still sounded the kettle-drums of the Mahrattas, with their myriads of sabres and hardy active men and horse. Guns of large calibre dragged by elephants, camel batteries, foot-soldiers from Rajasthan, from Bundelcund, from Delhi, with swords, spears, and matchlocks, literally covered the country for miles.*

One-tenth part of the army there encamped, under due organisation, would have carried Lawrence with his six hundred English bayonets through the confederate host right into Pondicherry. But how was he to sway this unwieldy mass? The vastness of the force placed at his disposal overwhelmed him.

Although the rival armies were face to face, it happened that all this grand display ended in a distant cannonade. The French officers mutinied, and retired from the field, carrying their Nabob, Chunda Sahib, to Pondicherry. The French Soobadar, the youthful Muzuffer Jung, submitted to his uncle, who swore on the Koran to give him full liberty, and to restore him to the governments which he enjoyed during his grandfather's life. However, when the young prince advanced to pay his respects to Nasir Jung, he was at once seized, and loaded with chains, whilst his principal followers were butchered on the spot.

This gross act of treachery was enough. It was soon evident to all parties that in Nasir Jung were united all the worst qualities of an Indian despot. A bad son, a faithless subject, in youth, he was now in middle age indolent, false, and voluptuous. A conspiracy was soon formed against him. The English commander would

* Orme and Grose give the following numbers in describing the army of Nasir Jung:—300,000 fighting men, horse and foot; 800 pieces of cannon; 1,300 elephants of war.

have given warning of the impending danger, but his interpreter dared not to convey his meaning; and the etiquette of the Soobadar's court prevented the receipt of written communications, except through the very men who were conspiring against him. He declined to perform promises made to the English, and they in despair turned their backs upon him, and marched back to their own cantonments.

This was the time for Dupleix. He found the Mahomedan (Pathan) chiefs disgusted at the perfidy of Nasir Jung, and ready enough to combine against him. On December 4, 1750, a French column beat up the vast encampment of the luxurious Soobadar. Nasir Jung, roused from his sleep by the distant sound of artillery, refused to believe that he was attacked by the soldiers of Dupleix, with whom he had just completed a treaty. At the first alarm, he called upon his guards at once to cut down those drunken Europeans, and without fail to bring the head of his nephew, Muzuffer Jung.

At last, mounting his elephant, the Viceroy furiously hurried to the tent of the Nabob of Cudapah, one of the conspirators, and upbraided him for his cowardice in allowing any enemy to approach the sacred presence. A shot from a heavily charged carabine was the reply, and the Soobadar fell dead on the plain.

Muzuffer Jung was released from the chains which he had worn for seven months, and was proclaimed once again Soobadar of the Deccan. The head of his uncle was produced as a confirmation of his title, and paraded on the point of a lance through the confederate camp. The young man who had that morning awoke as a prisoner, in fetters, and whose instant execution had been ordered, was before noon hailed

as the potentate over some forty millions of subjects. The army which had sworn to carry Nasir Jung victorious from one end of India to the other, transferred allegiance to his rival Muzsuffer without a regret. Such is an Indian revolution.

When the news of this great event reached Pondicherry, Chunda Sahib, forgetful of ceremony, rushed to the palace, and seized Dupleix in his arms. The two friends embraced with the agitations of men escaped from a shipwreck.*

Titles, dignities, and wealth were once more lavished on Dupleix. The triumphant Frenchman brought the Soobadar into Pondicherry in his own palanquin,† and in the garb of a Mahomedan Nabob was the first to pay his homage. Not only was Dupleix declared governor of all the country south of the River Kristna, a territory little less than France itself; but he was pronounced worthy to bear the royal ensign of the Fish, a decoration granted only to the highest nobles; he was authorised to coin all the money for the Carnatic at Pondicherry, and to receive command of 7,000 of the imperial horse. Places, pensions, and titles were distributed right and left on men who, by fidelity or treachery, had assisted the new Viceroy, but these benefits were conferred only upon claimants who could secure the good offices of Dupleix.

Artificers and courtiers hurried to the spot where the French and Pathan forces had conspired to murder Nasir Jung, and built up a tower and '*Place de victoire*' to the honour of Dupleix. Under the shadow of this column, which recorded in four languages, French, Malabar, Persian, Hindostanee, the deeds of

* Orme, book ii.

† The Soobadar's elephant was too tall to come in at the city gateway.

the Frenchman, public buildings were to be erected. Thus the vain policy of Dupleix led him to commemorate an act of atrocious treachery, in which the public voice declared him to be a participator.

Madame Dupleix, whose education as a Creole, born and brought up in Bengal, had rendered her a valuable assistant to her husband in this intrigue, adopted the name of Jân Begum, or Queen Jeanne, on her seals, and, as I have already said, received royal honours.

Clive, who, by the active friendship of Major Lawrence, had on his return from Bengal been appointed commissary * now passed through some rough service. He had already at Madras seen his countrymen driven to a capitulation; at Pondicherry he had retreated with the rest from an enemy's fortification; now, early in 1751, he was nearly run down by a panic-stricken English battalion at Volconda. A few days later, when on escort duty, he had to carry on a running fight, and eventually owed his escape into Fort St. David to the speed of his horse.

In the middle of July, Clive received a captain's commission; and in order to relieve the difficulties of the English Nabob, Mahomed Ali, at Trichinopoly, and to divert the enemy's attention, offered to lead a force against Arcot. To assist him in this enterprise, Fort St. David and Madras sent every available man; and Clive marched with eight officers (four of whom had been writers like their captain), two hundred Europeans, and three hundred Sepoys, with three field-pieces, to attack the French Nabob. As Clive drew near, the spies of the enemy reported that they had seen the English marching without concern through a

* For supplying the troops with provisions.

violent storm of thunder, lightning, and rain. The garrison instantly abandoned Arcot, and on August 31 the English marched in. Clive treated the town-people with kindness, threw provisions into the fort, and at once set out in quest of the enemy.

After repeated actions the English found themselves with reduced numbers encircled by a large army, both French and native, under the command of Rajah Sahib.* The French sent up heavy guns from Pondicherry, which beat down the wall, and soon made a practicable breach. The labour of every man in the fort was unequal to the work of repairing these injuries. Clive, however, by a judicious display of bravado, kept the enemy at bay. A monster cannon, which in the days of Aurangzib had been dragged from Delhi by 1,000 oxen, was raised upon an earthern mound, and fired daily right into Rajah Sahib's palace at the hour when his officers assembled at head-quarters.

Provisions ran short, and the Sepoys generously proposed to give all the rice to the Europeans, and to subsist themselves on the gruel in which it had been boiled.

Clive now opened a negotiation with Morar Rao, a Mahratta chief, encamped near Arcot, who declared that he would instantly send a detachment to assist such brave men as the defenders of the fort.

Rajah Sahib, hearing of this, sent a flag of truce, offering honourable terms to the garrison, and a large sum of money to Clive, adding that, unless his offers were accepted, he would forthwith storm the fort, and put every man to the sword.

Clive treated his threats with ridicule, and defied

* Rajah Sahib was the son of the French Nabob, Chunda Sahib.

him. 'Tell Rajah Sahib,' said he, 'that he is too prudent a man to attack Englishmen with such a rabble.'

Some days later, secret information was given that the assault was to take place. Clive, after making every preparation, overcome with fatigue, threw himself down to sleep, with orders that he should be awakened at the first alarm. At break of day (November 14) the alarm was given. Masses of the enemy were seen moving on the fort. Elephants, with iron shields upon their heads, were driven forward to batter down the gates. The Mahomedans of Hindostan were at this season celebrating the festival which commemorates the murder of the brothers Hussun and Hossein.* Drunk with *bang*,† and mad with enthusiasm, calling on the name of the prophet and his martyrs, they rushed upon the infidel stronghold. Some advanced with ladders to scale the walls, others with rafts to cross the ditch. Clive himself took the charge of a field-piece, and swept away the foremost of the storming party. After a long struggle, in which some hundreds of the enemy were killed, the troops of Rajah Sahib withdrew, and on the morrow the brave English marched forth to receive the gratulations of assembled thousands, and to find their besiegers in full flight.

Let any young Englishman, who would learn what brave hearts and hands under the influence of a cool

* In celebrating the martyrdom of Hussun and Hossein, some of the Mahomedans of Hindostan (for there are two rival sects) urge themselves into fury. In their religious processions, they call frantically, yet with a sort of measured cadence, Hussun, Hossein—Hussun, Hossein! beating their breasts, and tearing their clothes. I remember once hearing an English soldier explain the noise to a comrade: 'It's only them Moors at their Hobson and Jobson.'

† The inspissated juice of a common plant, which causes intoxication.

head can achieve, study well the glorious fifty days when Clive and his handful of men defied the hosts of Rajah Sahib. Other feats of this brave Englishman, leading to still greater results, are written in the page of history, but even Clive himself could never surpass the defence of Arcot.

The reason why he was able, with eighty Europeans and one hundred and twenty Sepoys (all that remained to him on the day of the storm), to beat back a large army was simply this. Every man in that scanty garrison knew that Clive would lose neither head nor heart, but fight and struggle on to the last breath; and whether Englishman or native, each and all determined to support to the last so cool and so brave a commander.

* A faithful and glowing description will be found in the pages of Orme.

CHAPTER VIII.

CLIVE'S MID CAREER FROM ARCOT TO PLASSEY.

CLIVE, after his triumphant defence of Arcot, sought the first opportunity to show his prowess in the open field. Marching some twenty miles southward, he discovered a French column near Arnee, proceeding to the camp of Rajah Sahib. Aided by a party of Mahratta horse, and reinforced by two hundred Europeans, and seven hundred Sepoys from Fort St. David, he fell upon this French force, and gained a complete victory.

The tide of public opinion in the Carnatic now began to turn in favour of Clive and his followers. A new breed of English, said the natives, had come into the field. Not only did the country soldier rabble fly from the white faces and red coats of our countrymen, not only did the native killadars or governors of forts give up the keys of their strong places, but even the organised and disciplined French Sepoys came over in large bodies. Six hundred men, thoroughly drilled and armed, deserting their own colours, applied to Clive for service, and were enlisted under the English flag.*

* An incident which occurred at this time deserves record. The French had a post with a considerable garrison in the great pagoda at Conjeveram. Here were confined two English prisoners, Captains Revel and Glass. When Clive prepared to make an attack on this post, the French officer in command desired the prisoners to write a letter to the effect, that if the English attacked the pagoda, Revel and Glass should

About the middle of December, Clive, leaving a sufficient garrison in Arcot, returned by way of Madras to report his success at Fort St. David. His countrymen welcomed him joyfully, but could allow him a short time only for rest. No sooner had the English rebuilt their country houses at St. Thomas's Mount, than Rajah Sahib with his French mercenaries began to plunder and destroy. Clive was sent to oppose his old enemy, and drove him with heavy loss out of the field, crushing for the time the French force in the Carnatic, and spreading wide the fame of the English. On his return to Fort St. David, our young captain, flushed with success, came across the rising town and column by which Dupleix thought to celebrate his treacherous victory over Nasir Jung. It was no common pleasure to level this boastful monument and city of victory to the dust.

Envious tongues now began to tell of the luck of young Clive; but Lawrence, who at this time returned to India, declared that there was no luck in the matter. Everything, he said, fell out as might be expected from the conduct of a man 'born a soldier, of an undaunted resolution, a cool temper, and a presence of mind which never left him in the greatest danger.'

Lawrence now took the command into his own hands, but was the first to acknowledge the counsel and support of Clive at Trichinopoly, at Chingliput, and Covelong.

In reducing these two last-named fortresses, Clive commanded some five hundred half-drilled Sepoys, and

be exposed in front of the walls. They wrote this, adding that they hoped Clive would not discontinue his operations from any regard to their safety. When the attack was made, the enemy abandoned the pagoda in the night, leaving their two prisoners behind.

a batch of two hundred European recruits, the sweepings of the streets and gaols of London. Never did he shine more than when gradually training this unpromising levy. Men who at first ran away from the flash of their own muskets, and jumped down wells to avoid a bullet, were step by step led into the field, and enabled to acquit themselves with steadiness and bravery.

It was now time for Clive to recruit a frame wasted with unceasing labour. In the end of 1752 he married Margaret Maskelyne, sister of a comrade, and early in the following year set sail with his bride from Madras.

Clive's career at home did not rival his fortunes abroad. Nature had intended him for hard work and rough blows, not for fine speeches, embroidered suits, or party politics. However, he was received in England with enthusiasm, toasted as the young general, fêted by the East India Company, and presented with a diamond-hilted sword. The sword he refused to accept, unless another of equal value was given to his old friend and master, Lawrence.*

So far well; but Clive could stand any amount of fights and sieges better than idleness or ease. He took to fine carriages, gaudy liveries, exquisite shirt laces and ruffles, and at last, the most expensive luxury of all, a contested election. His few thousands of hardly earned rupees melted like snow before the sun; and after two years of English existence, Clive was again on his voyage to India. He had an empty pocket, but carried out a commission from the Crown as lieutenant-colonel, and from the Company an appointment as governor of Fort St. David, with a provisional commission to succeed to the government of Madras.

* Memoirs of Lord Clive, by Sir John Malcolm.

I now turn to consider the English in Bengal at this period. Since I left them [chapter vi.] they had been busy to improve the chances which nature and the Great Mogul had thrown in their way. The hardy Moormen, when they first conquered Bengal, had named it the 'Paradise of Nations.' Calcutta had already begun to absorb the wealth of this rich valley of the Ganges. Boats laden with sugar, oil, cotton, silks, and spices, covered the stream, whilst tall ships lay at anchor off the fort, ready to carry away to Europe the produce both of the soil and of the looms of Bengal. The delicacy of touch, the skill and patience of the Bengallee artificers enabled them to produce fabrics exquisitely soft and fine, which sold almost for their weight in gold in London or Paris.* The brocades of Benares, stiff with gold, and the matchless shawls of Cashmere following the same stream of traffic, were consigned to the rich Hindoo merchants, who, for the love of lucre, consented to dwell amongst the Englishmen of Calcutta. Conspicuous amongst these merchants was Omichund, who had a garden-house in the suburbs, and had amassed in trade with Europeans not less than four millions of rupees. The Englishmen of the day were noted for their luxury, giving the forenoon to business, and the rest of the day to water parties, to fowling, fishing, or carriage and horse exercise. The bazaars teemed with every species of fish, flesh, and fowl. The delicious mullet and mango fish, mutton and venison, snipes, quails, wild ducks, and partridge, the plantain, mango, pummelo, loquate, and custard apple, all cheap, and in their several seasons plentiful, kept the table well supplied. The English ladies, fair

* The finest Dacca muslin was called 'shub-num,' or dew.

though few in number, began to give some refinement to the manners of the place, and were teaching the natives to trace English gardens and terraces along the river side. A church and hospital * had been built; there were docks for shipping across the river, and an English population of one sort and another, amounting to about fifteen hundred souls. To defend this settlement Fort William had been built, an irregular masonry work; but the defence in which unfortunately the men of Calcutta really trusted, was the distant protection of the Great Mogul. So long as the old Soobadar Aliverdi Khan lived, this confidence was not misplaced. This wise and temperate viceroy, when urged to march from his palace at Moorshidabad to attack the English, and possess himself of their wealth, replied, 'My son, why should I use the English harshly? It is difficult to extinguish fire on land; but should the sea be in flames, who can put them out?'

Aliverdi Khan died in 1756, and was succeeded by his adopted heir, Meerza Mahmood. This youth, had been nominated successor with the title of Churaghal Dowlut, or 'the Lamp of Riches,' but was known to the English as Suraj-u-Dowlah. Nature and education had alike formed him a villain. As a child in the harem, his amusement was to torture birds or animals; when allowed to go abroad, his practice was to insult respectable

* Captain Hamilton, in bad humour with the Calcutta folk, who opposed him when he attempted to extend his trade up the river, describes the church and hospital thus:—'Fifty yards from Fort William stands the church built by the pious charity of merchants residing there. All religions are freely tolerated but the Presbyterian, and that they brow-beat.' As for the hospital, he says:—'The Company has a pretty good hospital at Calcutta, where many go in to undergo the penance of physic, but few come out to give an account of its operation.'

persons in the public streets of Moorshidabad. For companions he chose buffoons, profligates, drunkards, and assassins. The strictness of the Mahomedan law notwithstanding, he was constantly either stupified or infuriated by wine.

No sooner were the funeral rites of the old Soobadar completed, than Suraj-u-Dowlah set himself to ruin the English. His flatterers urged him to drive the Franks (Furingees) into the sea. There was just enough to tempt an avaricious tyrant like Suraj-u-Dowlah to this enterprise, and little to deter even such a coward. To make an excuse was an easy matter. It was the old story of the wolf and the lamb. How had the English dared to repair their line of defences on the river? This was quite a sufficient crime. Mr. Watts, the English chief at Cossimbazaar factory, a mart not far from the Soobadar's palace, was seized, and dragged, his hands bound with the turban of a common soldier, into the presence of the Soobadar. The factory was sacked, and the English with their servants thrown into prison.

On the 16th of June, 1756, Governor Drake received intelligence that the Soobadar with a large army was in full march upon Calcutta. He wrote for help to Madras and Bombay, but could expect none for some time. When the enemy was close at hand, Drake turned to the Dutch at Chinsurah, and the French at Chandernagore. The Dutch doggedly refused help; the French sneeringly told the English to come to them for protection to Chandernagore.

Two courses were open to Governor Drake—to fight to the last in the hope of receiving help from Madras, or to leave the place to the mercy of the Soobadar, and retire bodily to the shipping. Neither of these was

adopted. The forces amounted to about five hundred men, of whom about two hundred were European, the rest not to be trusted. Of the Europeans, not ten had been under fire. They were ordered to garrison the fort, and to occupy an outwork. Fifteen hundred Indian matchlock men were hired to defend the approaches.

As the enemy came in sight, a rush was made to the fort. It was crowded in a moment with helpless women and children, and still more helpless men, half-caste and black, calling themselves Portuguese. Nothing but screaming, swearing, and crying; no authority, no order. The building itself lumbered over with warehouses, overlooked by buildings, and, as I have said, crowded past endurance with non-combatants.

On the 19th, the enemy stormed the out-posts, the fifteen hundred matchlock men as a matter of course ran away, whilst the Portuguese and women inside the fort created such an uproar, it was difficult to make any preparations for defence. The ladies were ordered off to the ships, the half-caste women and children naturally enough following to the edge of the river.

Governor Drake and Captain Minchin, the civil and military chiefs, after seeing many of these poor women drowned in their attempt to escape, lost heart, jumped into a boat, and deserted the garrison.

A resolute civil servant, Mr. Holwell, was then elected commandant. He fastened up the gate which led to the river, and encouraged his European followers to defend the fort. Some sharp fighting ensued.

On the 20th, the common soldiers broke into the spirit stores, got drunk, and throwing open the river gate, let in the enemy. The Soobadar entered the fort, and received the congratulations of his courtiers. He was so pleased at his success, that when Holwell was

dragged into his presence, he swore 'on the faith of a soldier' that the surviving English should not be molested. As night drew on, it became a question how to guard the English prisoners. Then followed a tragedy which, until the great mutiny and revolt of 1857, has never been equalled on Indian soil. Nay, even in the great revolt, the horrors of the capture of Calcutta were barely equalled, but for the fact that in these later cruelties and sufferings, our countrywomen bore so great a share.

It was the hottest time of the year in Bengal. To realise the intensity of the climate, nothing short of actual experience can suffice. The English frame at the present day in Calcutta is barely kept alive in June by dint of fanning and iced drinks. A closed dwelling, however spacious, is simply intolerable; human nature gasps for air and perspires at every pore. On such a night as this, the question arose amongst the brutal guards of the Soobadar, What is to be done with the English? They were seated in a long row in an open verandah, congratulating themselves on the merciful promise of the Soobadar, and questioning whether they were not more comfortable, as well as more respectable, than the cowards skulking on board the ships in the river. Suddenly the word was passed by the officer of the guard, 'Shut up the Furingees.' A crowd of torch-bearers pressed round, whilst the guards searched here and there for a suitable prison. At last a small room, called the Black Hole, less than twenty feet square, was found. It had been used as a place of confinement for drunken or disorderly soldiers. Into this dungeon one hundred and forty-five Englishmen and one lady were driven at the point of the sword, the door with difficulty closed upon the last and locked. There were two small

windows guarded by iron bars. It were vain to seek words to depict the agonies of that night. Who shall describe the burning thirst, the frenzy, the cries, the prayers, the imprecations, of these unhappy prisoners, as one by one they sunk in their death-struggle to the bottom of that foul dungeon? The few who lived to see the morning dawn were dug or dragged from a corrupted mass of human bodies. The rest were piled in heaps, and then flung into a ditch outside the fort. Holwell, more dead than alive, was carried before the Soobadar. It was necessary to throw water over him, before he could utter a sound. He heard with indifference the threat to blow him from a gun, was bound with fetters, and sent up the country. Twenty others came out, 'the ghastliest forms that ever were seen alive.'* The unhappy lady, who was amongst the survivors, was reserved by the Soobadar for a fate worse than death.

To commemorate his doings at Calcutta, Suraj-u-Dowlah ordered that henceforth the place should be called Alinugur, or the City of God. On the 2nd of July, the tyrant marched off in triumph to his palace at Moorshidabad. The miserable remnant of the English crept away to find refuge in the ships, and to upbraid the cowards on board, who by the smallest exertion might have prevented the miseries and the disgrace of the Black Hole.

On the 15th of July, the English at Madras were alarmed by the news of the Soobadar's sudden attack upon Cossimbazaar; a detachment of about two hundred European soldiers was despatched at once towards Bengal under the command of Major Kilpatrick.

* Orme's History.

Early in August came the horrible details of the fall of Calcutta.

It was determined to send Clive in command of a land force, and Admiral Watson with the king's fleet, to re-take the fort, and to punish the Soobadar. Two months passed before the expedition was ready, and the fleet only made the coast of Bengal, and reached Fulta late in December. Here, about twenty miles below Calcutta, they found the remnant of the refugees from the fort, and of Kilpatrick's detachment. All had suffered cruelly from the autumnal fever and miasma, which hangs like a fog over the mouths of the Ganges. No time was lost in forcing a passage up the river, and after a sharp encounter with a cavalry force, under the native governor of Calcutta, the English flag was once again hoisted on the ramparts of Fort William.

The Soobadar in the meantime was revelling at Moorshidabad, boasting of his exploits, and declaring to his boon companions that as there were not ten thousand Franks in the world, they need never expect to see any more Englishmen in Bengal. It was in the middle of this fancied security that one day, early in January, 1757, Manick Chund, the Hindoo governor of Calcutta, made his appearance. This officer, after receiving a bullet from the English through his turban, had hurried to his master, and declared that a new and fierce breed of English had arrived to take the place of those who had run away.

Fear and anger came over the tyrant. He hastily collected his forces, and early in February, with 18,000 horse, 60,000 foot, and forty pieces of heavy cannon, appeared before Calcutta. Clive marched out, and but for a heavy fog, which baffled his movements, would probably have destroyed the enemy. As it happened,

time was given for negotiation. The English had just heard, by way of Aleppo, that war had been declared between England and France. It seemed certain that the French force at Chandernagore would join the Soobadar. Clive determined to come to terms for the present with the enemy, to attack the French, and then to settle the national quarrel with Suraj-u-Dowlah. On the 9th of February, articles of agreement were signed between the English and the Soobadar, and the host which had been encamped near Calcutta marched off.

Preparations were now made to attack Chandernagore. The Soobadar was already holding secret communications with the French settlement. Watson sent him a letter, denouncing his treachery, and ending with a threat 'to kindle such a flame in Bengal, as all the waters of the Ganges should not be able to extinguish.' The Soobadar took fright, and left the French to their fate. Watson attacked Chandernagore by water, bringing his ships up the river close to the town. Clive attacked by land. And so this fine colony, though defended by five hundred Europeans and seven hundred Sepoys, fell into the hands of the English.

Now came the day of settlement with Suraj-u-Dowlah. Clive longed to return to Madras, but the impulse which led him against the Soobadar prevailed. The secrets of tyrants are ill kept. Mr. Watts had been deputed to represent the English at the court of the Soobadar. He wrote to Clive, that Suraj-u-Dowlah was intriguing with the French, and in constant communication with Bussy, Law, and other French officers. No name was too bad for the English; the Soobadar declared them perfidious, unfortunate, disturbers of the country, and begged for a French force to assist him in driving them a second time into the sea. From the

hour that Suraj-u-Dowlah heard of the cannonade of Chandernagore by Admiral Watson, all peace had forsaken him. He fancied constantly that the king's ships were steering right upon his palace; and to prevent this, he ignorantly ordered that the mouth of the Cossimbazaar River should be dammed up. Under these emotions, his conduct became more fickle every day. One hour he would scowl at Mr. Watts, and threaten to impale him; another, all was flattery and caresses. To his subjects, and particularly to those who had a claim on his regard as tried servants or relations, he was uniformly tyrannical. In short, every human being who came near the Soobadar, dreaded a man who to the trickery of a monkey added the ferocity of a tiger. The temptation to intrigue against such a master was too strong for human nature.

His chief officer and relation, Meer Jaffier, was the first to assure Mr. Watts that the Soobadar was only waiting for an opportunity to destroy the English. As soon as Clive and Watson returned to Madras, he would once more move down upon Calcutta. Every wealthy and influential native about the court was equally ready to betray the Soobadar, for not one of them could attend the daily durbar without the secret dread of insult, if not assassination. Mr. Watts fully kept Clive informed of every tide in this muddy current of politics. Well had it been for the English character in India, if Clive and his counsellors had seen their way truly as Christian gentlemen at this crisis. But they fell into grievous error, which dimmed the lustre of all their feats in the battle-field, and brought sorrow and disgrace upon the English name. It was determined to treat at once with the Soobadar and Meer Jaffier, and to beat the natives with their own weapons. Clive, the most open and

reckless of men when he had to deal with Europeans, became false and treacherous where Asiatics were concerned.

A secret treaty with Meer Jaffier was concluded, by which the English were to be made rich and powerful, whilst Jaffier was to succeed to the titles and possessions of the Soobadar. The rich baboo, Omichund, was with Mr. Watts at the durbar, and his influence was required to help on the intrigue. He entered readily enough into the preliminaries, but when master of the details, threatened to discover all to the Soobadar, unless a special bounty of three millions of rupees was entered in the document as his reward. Mr. Watts was perplexed—his head being thus from day to day at the mercy of Omichund. Clive settled the difficulty at once. He drew up two treaties, one *real* on white paper, the other *fictitious* on red. Omichund's name was put down for three millions in the false document, and omitted in the real one. Then arose another difficulty. Admiral Watson's signature was required; he gave it to the real treaty, but refused to put his hand to the counterfeit. *His name was forged!* On the 19th of May, these treaties were sent by a trusty messenger to Meer Jaffier. As a proof how recklessly Clive speculated on the wealth of Moorshidabad, he wrote to Mr. Watts, to say that though he had set down ten millions of rupees as the sum to be paid by Jaffier to the Company, the word ten might be changed to five, if the larger sum was found alarming. Mr. Scrafton was deputed to the court of the Soobadar, ostensibly to prove Clive's devotion by denouncing a letter from the Mahrattas proposing to invade Bengal, but really to confirm the secret understanding with Jaffier.

The Soobadar, blindly hastening his own ruin, now

attacked Meer Jaffier, and surrounded his house with troops. Jaffier, in extremity, sent messengers to Clive, who on the 13th of June marched up the country. The Soobadar, now thoroughly alarmed, hastened to patch up his quarrel with Meer Jaffier. The Koran, so readily paraded when one Mahomedan desires to deceive another, was placed in the hands and on the heads of these false friends. Mutual vows of friendship were exchanged; and so, with flattery on their lips, and enmity in their hearts, each determining to ruin the other, they parted.

The Soobadar once more took the field with 18,000 horse, 50,000 foot, and fifty pieces of heavy artillery. Clive advanced as far as Cutwa, where three days were passed in the utmost suspense. Was the reconciliation between the Soobadar and Jaffier real or pretended? This question harassed the English. A council of war was called, in which Clive was the first to vote against an advance; the majority of the English officers were of the same opinion, and all was doubt and hesitation.

Fifty years after these events, the grey-bearded villagers used to point out the grove to which Clive retired after this council of war. Here for an hour he paced moodily to and fro; then suddenly returning to his camp, ordered an advance. The boats were got ready, and soon launched across the stream. One thousand Europeans, twice as many Sepoys, a few sailors, with half-a-dozen field-pieces; this was the force which was to decide the fortunes of the English in India on the coming day.

Clive, having once resolved to advance, was cheerful and confident. Not so the Soobadar. Seated in his tent, on the eve of the battle, he meditated gloomily on the prospect before him. These accursed infidels, who had once been driven so easily into the sea, how had

they sprung up again to afflict him? The remembrance came up of the day when he received the acclamations of his courtiers as the destroyer of the Furingees in Calcutta; the vision of Holwell, pale, speechless, and gaunt, as he was dragged from the Black Hole to do homage to his conqueror; the recollection of his false oath on the Koran to Jaffier. Thoughts like these passed across him, when a sudden rustling in the corner of the tent disturbed his solitude. Starting up, he called loudly on his attendants. Of the menial crowd, who on other days cowered around the despot, not one slave was left. All had crept away to talk over the coming encounter; a thief had cut his way in through the rich lining of the tent, and carried off the golden cover of the hookah (pipe) which the Soobadar was smoking. Shocked at this ill omen, he cursed his fate, and cried aloud, 'Surely they think me dead!'

Both armies now hurried towards the plain of Plassey. Here was a hunting-house of the Soobadar, bordered by mango trees and flowering shrubs. The fresh breeze from the river, which flowed on three sides of the garden, had made this a favourite spot, when the Soobadar came out to hunt, or to review his troops.

An hour after midnight, Clive, with his little army, took possession of the grove. The sound of cymbals, clarions, and kettle-drums, proved how near was the enemy's encampment. At daybreak the army of the Soobadar came proudly on. Matchlock men, rocket carriers, bowmen, stout horsemen, all were eclipsed by the artillery. Each heavy gun, with a crew of gunners, and with all needful appliances, was mounted on a wooden stage, dragged by forty or fifty yoke of the beautiful white oxen of Purnea. Behind each stage marched an elephant, trapped with scarlet and gold,

and trained to help by pushing on the artillery. A small body of French mercenaries took up a position that commanded the grove. Clive, to survey the field, had climbed to the roof of the hunting-house, which stood in advance of the wood; and not to appear to decline the engagement, ordered his troops up into line with this building.

At eight in the morning, a ball from the Soobadar's artillery opened the fight, and before long the English were enveloped in fire, and driven into the grove. One thick mud wall and deep ditch surrounded the trees; and here the Europeans, by throwing themselves flat on the ground, avoided the cannon-shot, whilst picked men kept up a continual fire of small arms on their assailants.

About noon a heavy storm of rain came on, and the matchlock men from that time were useless. The Soobadar, hearing of the death of some of his best officers, began to despair, and calling for Jaffier, and throwing his turban at his feet, entreated him to save the state from ruin. Jaffier, bowing his head, and crossing his hands on his breast, promised obedience. He then at once sent a trusty messenger to Clive, urging him to push on, and slowly moved with his followers to a distance from the rest of the native army. The English sprung to their legs, and rushed on with a shout. The distant sound reached the Soobadar in his tent. He mounted a fleet camel, and with an escort of two thousand horsemen, fled from the field, himself carrying the news of his disaster to his capital. His camp equipage, tents, stores, and artillery, fell into the hands of the English.*

The Battle of Plassey thus fought and won, Clive sent Mr. Scrafton to invite Meer Jaffier to his camp.

* 23rd June, 1757.

Jaffier came, descending modestly from his elephant when within sight of Clive's tent. The guard of honour drawn up to receive Jaffier, rested their arms to salute him. At the sudden movement he stepped back in alarm, as one dreading to fall into a snare. His face brightened when Clive stepped forward, embraced, and saluted him as Soobadar of Bengal, Behar, and Orissa.

Thus the Englishman in India asserted the position which the God of battles had given him. The young English officer, surrounded by a handful of weather-beaten soldiers, stepped forward from his humble tent, to dispose of kingdoms among the richest and most populous in the universe. Those despised Furingees, so lately hunted like vermin out of the land, had returned to usurp the prerogative of the Great Mogul—to pull down and to set up, according to their own will and pleasure, the viceroys of Bengal.

The unhappy Suraj-u-Dowlah, a prey to his own fears, meanwhile stole away from his palace in the disguise of a beggar, accompanied by one faithful eunuch. His women broke loose from their apartments, and plundered the royal treasury. Clive marched triumphantly into Moorshidabad, took Meer Jaffier by the hand, led him to the throne, and did homage.

It was now time to settle with Omichund. The old man came to a meeting between the English and the chief citizens and bankers of Moorshidabad. Not being invited to sit upon the carpet with the others, he waited near the entrance-hall. After long and stormy discussions between the English and the agent of Jaffier, Clive and Scrafton came up to Omichund. Clive said, 'It is now time to undeceive Omichund.' Scrafton, who, owing to his fluency in the Hindostanee tongue, had many slippery and some hard parts to enact, addressed

the old man thus: 'Omichund, the red paper is a trick; you are to have nothing!'

The miser fell back in a swoon, was caught up by his attendants, and carried in a palanquin to his house, where symptoms of insanity came on. Clive advised him to go on a pilgrimage. He obeyed, and came back an idiot. After a few months spent in second childhood, in decking himself with jewels and fine robes, this old worshipper of Mammon died, a victim to the treachery of men who professed a more pure religion.

A speedier fate overtook Suraj-u-Dowlah. A peasant, whose ears had been cut off by order of the tyrant, detected his hiding-place, and denounced him to Meer Jaffier. He was brought in a prisoner. Meerun, son of the new Soobadar, dragged the trembling wretch to a remote corner of the palace, where, with passionate entreaties, he begged for life, then for permission to perform his ablutions if life was denied. A vessel of water was hastily thrown over him, and the executioner called in. The mutilated corpse was thrown on an elephant, and paraded through the crowded bazaars of Moorshidabad.

A sum of money, amounting in the mint to 800,000 pounds sterling, was sent down the river—the first instalment of the bounty of Meer Jaffier. With flags flying, music sounding, amidst the cheers of the English, and the acclamations of assembled thousands, this great treasure was welcomed in Calcutta.

CHAPTER IX.

COUNT LALLY ENDEAVOURS TO DRIVE THE ENGLISH INTO THE SEA, BUT FAILS SIGNALLY.

AFTER the Battle of Plassey, Clive entered the treasury at Moorshidabad. No Englishman's eyes had ever witnessed such a display of glittering wealth—thrones, elephant-seats, harness, saddles, ornaments, all alike chased with gold and studded with gems. On either side heaps of gold and silver coin—sequins, mohurs, and rupees—crowned (to use Clive's own words) with jewels.

And now began not a scramble, but a cool, orderly, methodical, distribution of the sums levied from the new Soobadar. To follow the best possible authority—namely, that of the recipients themselves—private *douceurs* to the following amounts were handed about:—

	£
CLIVE	440,000
DRAKE	280,000
WATTS	104,000
KILPATRICK	54,000

Numerous other public servants received smaller 'considerations.'

Here we see the first batch of Englishmen suddenly enriched by the plunder of India, founding the race of Anglo-Indian Nabobs, who for the next half-century

held a prominent, though not an honoured, place in the history of the day. To describe all the evils springing from this general 'haste to be rich' will be needless: their stamp will be read clearly enough on every page of the history of Bengal for some time to come.

On the 16th of August* Admiral Watson died, after a few day's illness, of the malignant fever common in Bengal. His frank, manly, and courageous disposition had endeared him much to his countrymen.

A few days after, a mint was established in Calcutta, rupees were coined, and a committee of the inhabitants distributed money to the sufferers, and re-imbursed the losses of the past year.

It soon became evident that Jaffier would require the constant help of the English to keep him upon the throne to which they had raised him. He had an ancient enemy in Ram-naryun, the native chief at Patna, who viewed late events in Bengal with angry jealousy. Jaffier could not depend for a moment on his own troops; so Clive sent a detachment up the river under Major Coote, to deter Ram-naryun from injuring the authority of the new Soobadar. It is a very simple matter to transport troops or munitions of war *down* the River Ganges in the rainy season, but to get *up* the stream is not so easy. Every boat must be towed against the current; and as there is no path fit for horses or bullocks, the tow-line must be tugged by men who

* 'This,' writes Doctor Ives, 'was the most sultry day I ever experienced in India; not a breath of air was there for many hours; both man and beast, and the very fowls of the air, so sensibly felt it, that some of each species fell down dead. My dearest friend, Admiral Watson, I may truly say, lost his life by it. At eleven o'clock he complained much of excessive heat, and the want of cool air; and though all the doors and windows in the house were thrown wide open, he had no relief.'

are at one moment swimming in deep water, and the next scrambling over steep banks, through jungles, or knee-deep in mud and swamp. Coote's detachment consisted of European soldiers, and Sepoys. Their progress by water was so slow, owing to the breaking of tow-ropes and swamping of boats, that the guns and stores were landed, and the troops marched along the river bank. The fatigue and hardships of this march disgusted the Europeans, and they became mutinous. In order to disgrace them, Coote marched on Patna with the Sepoys, leaving the English soldiers to follow ingloriously in the boats.

I mention this as one of the rare occasions on which native soldiers excelled Europeans in actual service. But at this moment the Sepoys were convinced of the *ikbal*, or good fortune, of their English masters, and were ready to make any sacrifices to display their zeal and devotion. On reaching Patna, the mutineers were tried and flogged, and discipline restored.

Ram-naryun, eventually yielding to circumstances, called a brahmin, and in the presence of a crowd of attendants swore fidelity to Jaffier, and embraced two of his Mahomedan officers. All three then paid a like compliment to Major Coote, and hailed him as the founder of their new friendship.

As soon as Coote returned to Moorshidabad, Clive set off for Calcutta, where he was welcomed as the saviour of British India.

It is now time to survey again the position of the English in the Carnatic. The tide of war surged heavily round Madras; and the history of the year 1757 is full of marches, countermarches, sieges, defences, losses, and successes, whilst battling with the French. Here and there a picture catches the eye worthy to be copied into

these pages. Such was the defence of Trichinopoly by Captain Smith, who sent anxiously to Major Calliaud for relief. Calliaud, who commanded a handful of regular troops, and some allies, called colleries, (only fit, says Orme, for night-watches, nor for that without being watched themselves,) set out at once, and waded for seven hours through rice-swamps. Smith went out to welcome the relieving party—himself so worn with fatigue, that he was obliged to be supported between two grenadiers.

A painful, but still a characteristic, scene was enacted in the Deccan, at the Fort of Bobilee,* beleaguered by the French under M. Bussy. This jungle-fort was the last retreat of a Polygar Rajah, named Runga-rao. The pride of this clan is almost equal to that of the Brahmin, or Rajpoot communities. The very breath of a meaner native requires ablution; and the widow of a Polygar had in those days no resource but Suttee,† and was destined *never* to survive her husband.

When Runga-rao, after a desperate resistance, found that his stronghold could no longer be maintained against the enemy, he refused every offer of quarter, and called the head men of his tribe together. There were five hundred women and children in the fort, cowering in the recesses of the female apartments. The order was given to save them from the infamy of a stranger's gaze. Each man snatched a torch and a lance; straw, mixed with pitch and brimstone, was piled against the walls and doors; and as the helpless

* The Fort of Bobilee stands close to the mountains, about one hundred and forty miles north-east of Vizagapatam.

† Self-immolation by fire on the funeral pile of the husband. This abominable custom was put down in territories subject to the English in 1829.

women and infants tried to escape from the fire, the steel did its sure work upon them. The massacre over, the Polygar soldiers returned, like men agitated by the furies, to die on the walls. When the assailants forced their way into the fort, the scene drew tears from the sternest warrior. I have depicted it here as one amongst many proofs of the pride of the semi-barbarous yet sensitive Hindoo. I hope at a later period to describe how the English Government has striven, not without success, to inspire a juster sense of honour into the minds of this proud race.

On a review of the events of 1757, on the Coromandel coast, we find no material advantage gained by either side. The English lost Chittapet* and gained Madura;† and the new year found both parties still struggling for the lead.

The Court of Versailles in the meantime had decided on a desperate effort to crush the English in India, and to restore the fortunes of the French East-India Company. Dupleix had been summoned home; and instead of dispensing sovereign powers, had been wearing out the remnant of his life and fortune in the ante-chambers of his judges, vainly striving to recover the wealth he had expended on the Company in India. His rival, La Bourdonnais, had been thrown into the Bastille, from which he was only released a few years later in time to die. But he never lost the favour of the public, who called him the avenger of France, and the victim of envy. Louis Quinze selected now for his Indian schemes a man who had neither the temper of La Bourdonnais nor the

* Taken 13th of October by the French from the brave native governor, who held the fort to the last possible extremity, and died in the breach.

† Taken by Major Calliaud 7th of September.

astute spirit of Dupleix, but whose end was more tragical than theirs!

Thomas Anthony de Lally was the son of a captain in Lord Dillon's regiment, which corps went over to France upon the capitulation of Limerick. He was entered a soldier in his father's company from his birth; and having the advantages of a handsome person and influential friends amongst the family of his mother, a French lady of distinction, he rose quickly to the head of a company in the Irish Brigade. After diplomatic service in Russia, he was promoted to the command of a regiment, and did signal service under the eye of Louis, at the Battle of Fontenoi. On the pretext of looking after his family estate in Ireland, he crossed the British Channel, but was seized as a spy by the Duke of Cumberland, and ordered to leave Great Britain. He then proposed to the French King to make a descent upon England, with ten thousand men in the interest of Charles Edward; and though this project failed, the hatred which Lally bore to the English recommended him to Louis as the best man to undertake the ruin of that nation in India.

He sailed with a powerful force from Brest on the 20th of February, 1757, taking a considerable treasure with him, holding a commission as Lieutenant-General, and Commander-in-Chief of the French settlements in the East Indies, and instructed to reform abuses, and correct the prodigality which was supposed to be consuming the French East-India Company. Despising all combinations with the native powers, Lally hoped to be able to fasten at once on the English, and to drive every Englishman into the sea. This peculiar characteristic complicates the history of Count Lally with that of our countrymen so entirely, that I shall make no further

apology for keeping close to this French-Irishman during the time of his Indian career. It was under him that France made her most vigorous efforts to assert her supremacy in India; and with him too that the vision of that supremacy passed away for ever.*

The misfortunes of Lally began with his embarkation. Before long, the fleet with which he sailed was driven back to port; and it was not till April 28th, 1758, that he found himself on Indian soil. With that furious energy which marked and often marred his plans, he marched within three hours of his landing upon the British force at Cuddalore, and on the third day was master of the place. He then rushed at Fort St. David; and the fortress which had resisted the attempts of Dupleix, surrendered to Count Lally.

Devecotta, near the mouth of the Coleroon river, was the next to fall; and Lally, imitating Dupleix, made a triumphant entry into Pondicherry.

Madras now took the alarm, and with some reason, for if the temper and discretion of Lally had equalled his zeal and energy, he might have inflicted fearful injury upon the English. But Lally had already alienated both Frenchmen and natives; and though burning to attack his enemy at their head-quarters, was obliged for want of money to suspend operations. The government of Pondicherry held a bond for 5,600,000 rupees, which the King of Tanjore had many years before given to Chunda Sahib. Lally, determining, if possible, to turn this into money, marched on Tanjore, erected batteries, and demanded payment of the sum due under the bond. In order to give greater influence to his cause, and in

* 'Toutes ces grandeurs s'évanouirent comme un songe et la France pour la seconde fois s'aperçut qu'elle n'avait été opulente qu'en chimères. —*Voltaire. Siècle de Louis XIV.*

the hope of terrifying the King of Tanjore into compliance, the French commander had led with him from Fort St. David the unfortunate Tanjorine prince, whose unjust imprisonment by the English has been already described by me in my seventh chapter.

All these demonstrations, as well as the threat to send the king in slavery to the Mauritius, signally failed; and early in August, Lally, hearing that the English fleet had beaten the French squadron, prepared to break up his camp, and retreat from Tanjore. A desperate attempt was then made to destroy him.

On the morning before his intended departure, in the early dawn, a band of fifty horsemen rode from the city towards the French camp, and offered their services to Lally. He came out to speak to them, when a rush was made, and he was knocked down and stunned. The French guard, however, had been alarmed by the act of one of the horsemen, who, intoxicated with opium, had fired his pistol into a powder tumbril. Fifty men of the regiment of Lorrain formed, awaited the charge of the horsemen, and by a well-directed volley emptied most of the saddles of the Tanjorine conspirators. At the same moment a general attack was made on the French camp by the enemy; but the assailants were driven back with severe loss. The French retreated from Tanjore, insulted and plundered every mile of their march, and with the loss of considerable munitions of war.

After the conquest of Fort St. David, Lally, thinking himself strong enough to trample on the rest of his compatriots in the East, had ordered M. Bussy to join his camp. This officer, who commanded a strong force of French veterans and Sepoys, by his courage, skill, and generosity had exercised a remarkable influence over

the native powers in the Deccan, and gave promise of still carrying into effect the magnificent plans of Dupleix. Lally, on the other hand, had determined to cut short the connection of the French with the Soobadar of the Deccan; and with the recklessness of ignorance, stopped the career of M. Bussy.

The summons reached him at Hyderabad on the 15th of July. The army, which under Bussy had been able to hold French influence supreme in the Deccan, marched sullenly to the bank of the Kristna river; and here, near Masulipatam, Bussy delivered over the command. At the same time he made over the government of the provinces ceded to the French to the Marquis de Conflans, the officer whom Lally had directed to supersede him. From that hour the glory which had so long shone round the French name in the Deccan was eclipsed. Lally had by this one act extinguished, so far as India was concerned, the best hopes of his own nation. His countrymen were thoroughly hurt and offended. Henceforth there was one howl of anger—one scene of discord; and each day some new phase of that revengeful persecution which dogged the steps of Lally to the grave.

The wrath of his countrymen showed itself plainly enough. When Lally turned his back upon Tanjore, the French Admiral, Count d'Aché, disobeyed every order, and had recourse to every evasion, as if bent alone on thwarting the counsels of the French General. Monsieur de Leyrit, civil chief of the settlement of the French East-India Company, refused money, and led an active opposition. Every accusation which malice and falsehood could suggest was hurled at the unfortunate Count. It was some little solace to his galled spirit to make another triumphant entry—this time into Arcot.

which place had fallen not by force of arms, but by bribery, to Rajah Sahib, the ally of the French.

Lally now determined to make a grand effort to destroy Madras, and thus to put an end to the English power on the Coromandel coast. By the middle of December, Colonel Lawrence, pressed by the advance of the French army, had withdrawn the force destined for the garrison of Madras within the walls of Fort St. George. The defence of the siege was committed to the Governor, Mr. Pigot, who was recommended by the council of the presidency to consult Colonel Lawrence on all occasions. There was an European force amounting to 1,600 men; of Sepoys 2,000. The European inhabitants non-military, who numbered one hundred and fifty, were told off to serve out stores to the garrison. The native boatmen, who alone can ply across the surf, were located with their boats under the wall next the sea. The Nabob, Mahomed Ali, with his family and followers, had also taken refuge in the fort.

All awaited the onset of the enemy.

On the advance of the French, the native suburb of Madras, commonly called the Black Town, fell into their hands. The soldiers, in ransacking the houses, came upon large stores of arrack. The natural consequence was drunkenness and insubordination. In this condition they were attacked by a sallying party of English, under Colonel Draper, which ended in considerable loss to both parties, and increased the jealousy between Lally and Bussy.

At dawn, on the second day of the new year (1759), the battery, constructed by the regiment of Lorrain, began to throw shot and shells into Fort St. George. At night three boats, loaded with English ladies and children, were sent to seek the protection of the Dutchmen at

Sadras. Two hours after their departure, it became known that the French had seized this Dutch settlement. The poor ladies of course fell into their hands; and the French filled the boats with military stores, and placing a sturdy French soldier in each, sent them back to Black Town. The French sentinels beguiled the time under the moonlight with a cheerful song and a friendly cup, as the three boats sped onwards to the measured stroke of the Indian crew. Heedless enough they of the chattering of the black boatmen, whilst the relative merits of Bussy and Lally, of Paris and Bourdeaux, were gaily discussed. And so they fell asleep. The boatmen had settled how to act. At four in the morning, when the gongs of Fort St. George sounded across the sea, the crew in each boat seized the sleeping Frenchmen (after pouring water down the barrels of their muskets), and tying them hand and foot, carried them struggling to the shore. Then grinning and gesticulating, they displayed their prize in triumph to the English officer on guard at the sea gate, and received a valuable present as a reward of their fidelity.

The continued demands on the French General—the jealousies, disputes, and insolence of his inferior officers, and the never-ending difficulty of getting money to pay his troops—drove him almost mad; and he wrote what Voltaire calls '*cette lettre funeste*:'—'Hell has vomited me forth on this land of iniquities, and, Jonah-like, I await the whale which shall receive me into its belly!'

Rajah Sahib about this time seeing him stripped naked in the door of his tent singing the mass, asked a French officer 'Whether the King of France chose a fool for his Grand Vizier?' 'Why do you ask such a question?' said the officer. 'Because your Grand Vizier has sent us a fool to re-establish the affairs of India!'

But Lally was no fool, though his temper made him as mischievous to his master's cause as any madman.

However, for a time the French seemed to struggle fiercely, even under Lally; and the position of the English in Madras grew daily more serious. Captain Preston and Mahomed Esoof (a brave leader of Sepoys, in the pay of the English,) commanded divisions in the field, and had at the beginning of the siege done good service by keeping open the English communications with the country, and harassing the French. But by the middle of January they were no longer able to hold their ground near Madras; and it seemed probable that the besieged force must trust to its own resources until succour might come by sea. The enemy each day carried on their approaches to the fort; and the English night after night lay on their arms, expecting a general assault.

At the end of January, Captain Preston and Mahomed Esoof again approached Madras; and the besiegers were further disturbed by the arrival off the coast of an English ship—the Shaftesbury, East Indiaman.

Major Calliaud also, with some reinforcements, arrived near the fort, took command of the other divisions, and at St. Thomas's Mount had a severe encounter with the enemy, and then marched off to attack Sadras.

The difficulties of Lally now increased. His European soldiers bore the hardships of the siege and the want of pay with patience, in spite of the bad example given by their officers. Not so the Sepoys. Lally had ever treated the native soldiers with contempt and severity, and they took advantage of his present distress to desert and plunder the country.

Burning with rage, he took up his pen to address once again the Governor of Pondicherry, little thinking that

his letter would fall into the hands of the English marching on Sadras.

'We remain,' wrote he, 'still in the same position; the breach made these fifteen days; all the time within fifteen toises of the walls of the place, and never raising our heads to look at it. I reckon, that on our arrival at Pondicherry, we shall endeavour to learn some other trade, for this of war requires too much patience! I would rather go and command Caffres at Madagascar, than remain in this Sodom, which the fire of the English must soon destroy, if not fire from heaven!'

On the afternoon of the 16th of February, a fleet of six English ships was observed standing towards Madras, and before midnight anchored in the road.

At daybreak next morning the French army was in full retreat, leaving valuable munitions of war, and their sick and wounded soldiers, behind them. And so ended the 'most strenuous and regular'* siege that had ever been carried on in India.

Clive had steadily declined to send any considerable part of his Bengal force to the direct assistance of Madras. But he determined to despatch Colonel Forde with five hundred Europeans and two thousand native troops to Vizagapatam, to operate in the Northern Circars,† and to neutralise, if possible, the growing influence of the French under Bussy in that part of India.

Before Forde could meet Bussy in the field, the French commander had been summoned away to join Lally. His successor, M. Conflans, was attacked and completely defeated by Forde, who early in March invested Masulipatam. Breaches being effected, Forde

* Orme.

† The large maritime province lying between 15° and 20° north latitude, and between 80° and 86° east longitude.

made a midnight attack, forced his way into the place, and with seventeen hundred men (including three hundred and forty-six English), conquered three thousand, of whom some five hundred were Europeans.

The effect of this bold stroke, worthy the friend of Clive, was like magic. The Soobadar was electrified, and soon at the feet of the English; the French finally driven out of the Deccan, and Masulipatam, with the valuable provinces adjoining, made over to the conquerors.

The War of Coromandel continued with varied success. Early in September, the English* and French Admirals and fleets fell in with one another, and engaged off Fort St. David. The battery of the French squadron exceeded the English by one hundred and seventy-four guns. Admiral d'Aché was severely wounded; and after a bloody encounter, in which both fleets suffered severely, the French retired leisurely from the engagement, the English being in no condition to overtake them.

In the same month Colonel Brereton made a hardy but injudicious attack upon the Fort of Vandiwash, and was beaten off by the French. The French soldiers, who behaved with distinguished bravery, soon after this engagement became desperate for want of pay. Some of the men of the Lorrain regiment were punished for slovenly attire. They broke into open mutiny. The drums of the corps beat the general assembly. In an instant the men were under arms; the battalions of Lally and India joined the mutineers; the officers were ordered to retire; a sergeant-major was elected commandant; and the whole force marched off and encamped. Expresses were sent to Pondicherry; pay for six months (out of twelve due) was disbursed; a free pardon was granted; and the whole

* Admiral Stevens.

affair ended in singing, dancing, and a general jollification. But it sufficed to display the weakest point of the French. If they could not pay their own countrymen the scanty and hardly-won soldiers' wages, whence could they hope to feed the continual demands of their mercenary native servants, or equally mercenary allies?

In January 1760, an important passage of arms took place at Vandiwash, which had surrendered to the English. Lally marched at the head of the French army to recover the place. He was opposed by the British under Colonel Coote; and a pitched battle took place. Lally behaved with courage, but with his usual obstinacy; Bussy was taken prisoner; and Coote, who displayed the qualities of an accomplished general, gained the day.

Arcot, and many other places of minor importance, now fell to the English arms. The French General slowly and sullenly, like a wounded wild beast, withdrew under the cover of the bound-hedge of Pondicherry, his compatriots setting upon him with the utmost virulence, and heaping every possible indignity upon their unfortunate chief.

Famine* and poverty pressed hard upon the French; and they were constrained to drive forth from their stronghold the bulk of the native population.

Early in December, the English batteries opened fire on the town of Pondicherry, whilst their fleet maintained a blockade; and on the 12th of January, 1761, Lally surrendered at discretion to Colonel Coote. As the English marched into the town, the French never ceased to abuse and threaten one another. It was necessary to put a guard over Lally, to save him from

* A dog was sold for about two pounds—the elephants and camels having been all devoured.

the violence of his own countrymen; and arms were put into his hands by his conquerors to enable him to protect himself from a French mob. In spite of every precaution, some of the few who were supposed to favour Lally were murdered; and it would perhaps have been happy for Lally if he had shared a like fate. It was reserved for him to be hunted deliberately to death by the mockery of judicial procedure.

The flag of England was hoisted, and received by the salute of a thousand pieces of cannon. The grenadiers of Lorrain and Lally were reviewed by Coote, who saw with pain the squalid condition of these brave soldiers. Two thousand five hundred Frenchmen were thrown into prison, and gradually sent out of India. Lally, whose constant boast had been that he would not leave an Englishman in the Indian peninsula, was taken to England. Here he might have remained in peace, but the ardour of his spirit drove him to meet his accusers in Paris.

There he was thrown into the Bastille, and subjected to all the interrogations and other prolonged miseries of a French criminal prosecution.* The Marquis de Bussy and Count d'Aché were confronted with him; the red riband and cross torn from his coat; and in defiance of all justice, he was at length sentenced to suffer death.

Escorted by two hangmen, and flung on a waggon, Count Lally was dragged to the Grève; and with a gag between his lips, exposed on the scaffold, and beheaded!

Great national interests have been lost often enough

* His prosecutors would never have been able to digest the contradictory mass of evidence against Lally, had they not seized the papers of the Jesuit Father, Lavaur, who died at Paris, leaving a detailed memoir against Lally.

by corruption, by cowardice, or by dishonesty; but here is a settlement, prosperous, with many elements of progress and power belonging to it, ruined past redemption by the arrogance of one man. Brave, upright, and witty,* as was Count Lally, one single defect marred his whole career. It was pride that led him to undervalue every human being—it was pride that led him to trample on every institution that came across his path—and it was pride that ruined the interests of his nation, and consigned him, however unjustly, to the grave of a felon!

* And sometimes generous: for instance, at the taking of Fort St. David from the English, he made the greatest exertions to assist the Protestant missionaries. And on another occasion he took M. Fabricius, the Danish missionary, into his tent, and gave him a personal guard.

CHAPTER X.

CLIVE'S LAST VISIT TO BENGAL, RETURN HOME, AND DEATH.

To return to Bengal.

Clive found it no easy task to protect his new Soobadar, Meer. Jaffier, from the enemies who watched his career with jealousy and hatred. But as all parties, from the Caramnasa River down to the sea, were willing to abide by the decision of the British Captain, rather than provoke his enmity, the internal affairs of Bengal were in a comparatively settled state. To the northward a storm was brewing; but before the danger was near, Clive found time (June 1757) to return to Calcutta. He was making arrangements for carrying help to Madras, when a curious missive arrived from the Court of Directors to the Bengal Government.

A council of ten servants of the Company, with a 'rotatory head'—this was to be the remedy for all abuses, past, present, and future! The four senior members of the decemvirate were alternately to fill the office of president, and to hold the same for three months. Clive's name was not even mentioned. This paper scheme, which no doubt looked very well in London, was received with due scorn in Calcutta. Men, whose lives had for months depended on the vigour and the wisdom of one strong arm and one cool head, would not accept a constitution, which could hardly, even by accident, work

effectively. Even the presidents elect scouted the idea of this 'rotation' government; and they, as well as the other members of the proposed council—to their honour be it said—summoned Clive to the presidential chair. Soon after came despatches from Leadenhall Street, written after the news of the Battle of Plassey had been received. Clive was made Governor of Bengal, and the rotation government forgotten.

The mission of Forde to attack the French in the Northern Circars has already been mentioned. This was one of Clive's most important acts on assuming the direction of affairs under his new commission. We may readily question whether it would not have been better to send this force direct to the Coromandel coast; but Clive probably was afraid of letting his soldiers proceed to Madras, where he could no longer have had authority over them, or any hope of seeing them back again. He accordingly directed Forde to proceed to the Circars, and to receive no orders except from Calcutta. The success of this expedition has already been noticed.

Scrafton was now leaving Moorshidabad, and it became necessary to choose a successor to fill the office of resident (or agent on behalf of the British Government) at the court of Meer Jaffier. Clive selected for the post Warren Hastings, a youth then unknown to fame, but destined hereafter to occupy a position of the highest mark.

And now appeared upon the scene the Shah-zadeh, or King's son, a title generally appropriated by sons of the Imperial Mogul. This young man, flying from Delhi, owing to disputes with his father's vizier, gathered a band of adventurers around him, and marched upon Bengal to attack Meer Jaffier. The feeble Soobadar called loudly upon Clive; who put his little army into

motion, and marched at its head to Moorshidabad. The approach of Clive acted like a charm. Rebellious deputies, who thought to join the Shah-zadeh, settled down at once into zealous and faithful subjects; and the prince himself, rather than measure his strength with the English warrior, beat a rapid retreat. Clive received the thanks of the Emperor for this service, and a more substantial acknowledgment from the Soobadar. This potentate, observing that Clive had received honorary titles from Delhi, but nothing whereby to support those titles, determined to grant a 'jaghire' (or estate) of some thirty thousand pounds per annum to the English Governor of Bengal. It would have been a happy thing for Clive if, content with the fortune he had already received from Meer Jaffier, he had declined the proffered grant. But moderation was not one of his virtues; and he accepted the gift in the form of an assignment of the quit-rent, or government share of the lands farmed by the Company round or near Calcutta.

When Meer Jaffier welcomed Clive on his return from Patna, he presented the title-deeds in due form, and expressed his gratitude to the man who had a second time saved him from ruin.

From a 'State of the European Force in Bengal, 6th February, 1759,' sent to Colonel Lawrence at Madras, we learn that the officers and men numbered in all, including artillery-men, drummers, &c., five hundred and twenty-two—whereof one hundred and forty were recruits. With this handful of English troops did Clive maintain in these troublous times the rich territories of Bengal, which would otherwise have been overrun by Mahrattas, the Shah-zadeh, the Nabob of Oude, and other northern adventurers.

But Clive at this moment had not only to keep at

bay the natives of Upper India and the Mahrattas. There was a secret foe nearer home. The Dutch, whose chief settlement in Bengal was at Chinsurah, a few miles up the stream above Calcutta, had observed the weakness of the English force since Forde's departure for the Circars, and determined to strike a blow, which would make their countrymen the lords paramount in Bengal. Meer Jaffier had been on bad terms with the local authorities at Chinsurah, until he found that they had a powerful force from Batavia coming up the river to Calcutta. Either from fear, or from the innate love of intrigue, he then entered into negotiations with them. Clive found himself called upon to decide in a moment what was to be done. He must stop the progress of the Dutch reinforcements, who outnumbered him both in ships and men, or must consent to see his power pass into the hands of his crafty rivals. Although the force which Forde had taken away was still on the Madras side, Forde himself had returned to Calcutta a few days before the Dutch fleet arrived. Clive put him in command of the land forces, and ordered the Commodore of the English fleet to attack the Dutch vessels as they came up the river. A severe fight, in which the Dutch were seven to three, and four of them 'capital ships,' ended in the defeat of the Hollanders.

By land the English were equally successful. Colonel Forde wrote to Clive, telling him, 'that if he had the Order of Council, he could attack the Dutch with a fair prospect of destroying them.' Clive got this note whilst playing a rubber at whist. He wrote hastily in pencil: 'Dear Forde, fight them immediately. I will send you the Order of Council to-morrow.' Forde accordingly set upon the Dutch, and gained a complete victory.

Clive felt all the difficulty of this Dutch question; and in deciding to stop the reinforcements on their way up the river, remarked, that 'a public man may occasionally be called upon to act with a halter round his neck.'

No doubt he acted with discretion as well as vigour. A majority of the Dutch Council had been intriguing with Meer Jaffier, overruling the opinion of the respectable governor, M. Bisdom, and bent upon seizing the English settlements in Bengal. Clive had to choose between attacking the colonists of a nation with whom war had not been declared, or becoming their dupe and victim. He chose the bolder course, and deserves all the credit which his success obtained for him.

The Dutch being thus thoroughly humbled, and close limits placed on their future power, Clive prepared to embark for England. The Soobadar, Hastings, Holwell, and all the best servants of the Company, were aghast at his determination.

But Clive had made up his mind, and no remonstrances could stop him. The desire to enjoy his fame and fortune at home was natural enough; and there was much to be done in England before Clive's Indian schemes could be thoroughly carried out.

He had already written to the Prime Minister, William Pitt (afterwards the great Lord Chatham), acknowledging that it was due to Pitt's vigour that the English were able to hold their ground in India against the French at this crisis. In that remarkable letter he pointed out that an English force in Bengal of two thousand men, would enable the Company to 'take the sovereignty upon themselves,' if the native rulers 'dared to be troublesome.' The natives, he said, would rejoice to exchange a despotic for a mild government; and the

Mogul would confirm the English on receipt of the annual tribute then stipulated, viz. 50,000*l.* per annum. But, hints Clive, this would be an undertaking more suited to the means of the British Empire, than to the operations of a mercantile Company.

It was left to Pitt to judge whether an income of more than two millions sterling, with the possession of three provinces, abounding in the 'most valuable productions of nature and art,' all ready to drop into the hands of the Minister by the consent of the real owner, the Great Mogul, was an object worthy of the public attention. Black troops he could get in any number, as they were better paid and treated by the English than by the country powers. For further particulars, Clive referred the Minister to Mr. Walsh, the bearer of this letter.

Before leaving India, Clive administered a parting blow to the Court of Directors, by signing a letter in common with some four others of the members of Council, in which, amongst other remarks, we find the following expression: 'The diction of your letter is most unworthy yourselves and us, in whatever relation considered, either as masters to servants, or gentlemen to gentlemen.' In short, the writers told the Directors they were 'no gentlemen;' and the Directors, as we shall see, never forgot the insult.

On February 25, 1760, Clive embarked for England; and on landing, found himself not only one of the most distinguished, but also one of the richest, men in the kingdom.

Pitt had called him 'the Heaven-born General.' George the Second had told his best soldiers, if they wished to learn the art of war, to go to Clive.

He was both able and willing to give affluence to his

parents, to dower his four sisters, and to pension his friends. The cup of happiness seemed full; but the ability to quaff that cup was wanting. Something in the mental and in the physical constitution of Clive seemed to fit him for work, for war, for turmoil—for anything, in short, save happiness. The eye of envy soon marked down the man who had towered above his fellows. The tongue of detraction was busy with the hero, who thought for himself, and never cared to conceal his thoughts, and whose words were as violent as the rest of his character.

The scarlet coats, laced with gold, and lined with parchment—the wonderful profusion of dress and equipage of the blustering Nabob, excited ridicule. But above all troubles was the jealousy of the Court of Directors, who threatened to take away his jaghire. If Clive had condescended to cajole this body, he might easily have done so. But he went on to the opposite extreme of defiance. Rushing headlong into the thick of Indian home politics, he sacrificed dignity, money, and peace of mind, in order to secure a position, which, if he had remained quiet, all men would have voted with acclamation. The great Indian warrior lost himself in the muddy politics of Leadenhall Street, and condescended to split votes and hire pamphleteers. 'My future power,' he wrote to a friend, 'my future *grandeur*, all depend upon the receipt of the jaghire money.' Alas for poor human nature! The hero, who had conquered and given away kingdoms—whose courage, coolness, and success had placed him among the first men of the age—craves for money, to be spent in laces, carriages, and liveries, as the support of his future *grandeur!*

It is time now to return to Bengal, where the English-

men, whom Clive had raised so high, were once again on the road to ruin and disgrace. Mr. Henry Vansittart, a civil servant of fair character and decent ability, but lacking the fire and energy, as well as the judgment, of his predecessor, took charge of the government of Bengal. He had just the respectable temperament, which men of fewer scruples and greater violence delight to twist after their own fashion and will.

Holwell,* who for some time had great influence with the new governor, had determined if possible to pull down Meer Jaffier, and set up another Soobadar in his place. The unfortunate prince was called upon to give up his power to his son-in-law, Kasim Ali. He resisted. Vansittart marched with a strong force to Moorshidabad; the palace was surrounded with troops, and Meer Jaffier, in fear of his life, sent out the seals of office to Kasim Ali. (December 1760.) In surrendering the power which the English had sought to confer upon him, and which they now unjustly resumed, Meer Jaffier made the following address:

'The English placed me on the musnud (throne); you may depose me if you please; you have broken your engagements. I will not mine. Had I such designs, I could have raised twenty thousand men, and fought you if I pleased. I desire you will either send me to Sabit Jung (Lord Clive), for he will do me justice, or let me go to Mecca' (on pilgrimage).

It is painful to write this simple speech, extorted as it was by the injustice of our countrymen from a prince who had made the fortunes of hundreds of Englishmen, and whose chief crime was that he was unable to enrich hundreds more.

* Holwell was left in care of the government when Clive embarked for England, and made over his charge to Vansittart in 1760.

The successor, Kasim Ali, as a matter of course, paid large sums (200,000*l.*) to the chief English officers, and ceded the fruitful provinces of Burdwan, Midnapore, and Chittagong to the East India Company. Every sort of infamy was crowded into the period during which Kasim Ali ruled as Soobadar of Bengal. Ram-naryun, the governor of Patna, whose cause the English had repeatedly and solemnly espoused, was given up to the avarice of the new Soobadar, and cut off by murder.*

A civil war began between the servants of the Soobadar and the servants of the English all over the country. The English claimed a right, not only to trade where they pleased, but to pay none of the many duties and imposts on produce carried about for sale, which by native custom were demanded. Thus they gained a virtual monopoly of the inland commerce of the country. The Soobadar, justly objecting to this ruinous state of things, attempted to levy his duties by force. The English traders, privileged as they were, resisted, and there was one continual scene of violence all over the land. The English flag, which every petty government servant stuck up on his boat or cargo of merchandise, was in fifty different places trampled in the dust by the custom-house officers of the Soobadar.

The mass of the people, who suffered alike from the tyranny of the Soobadar and the insolent avarice of the English, and from the struggle between these two powers, cried to Heaven for redress. The English repented that they had made Kasim Ali Soobadar, and dragged the grey-headed Meer Jaffier from his retire-

* To the honour of two officers, Carnac and Coote, be it mentioned, that they both declined to obey the orders of Vansittart—to give up Ram-naryun to the Soobadar; and both were removed from the command at Patna.

ment, to place him again on the throne. Kasim Ali became desperate, and murdered in cold blood one hundred and fifty English prisoners, many of them in the civil and military service of the Company. Mr. Vansittart, at the mercy of a tyrannical council, who treated him as a cipher, was carried down the stream; and in 1763 proclaimed Meer Jaffier as Soobadar of Bengal, some three years after he had himself enforced his deposition.

The native troops mutinied, and were being blown from guns.

In the council chamber, not only fierce words prevailed, but blows were freely exchanged; and the victorious opposition thought nothing of using their fists upon anyone who dared to stand up for the authority of Vansittart:* all was terror and confusion.

One cry arose from India, and echoed back from England—Clive must return to Bengal. He, and he alone, could save India from ruin.

This was all very natural; but Clive, now Baron Clive, was determined to make his own terms. He insisted upon the deposition of Mr. Sulivan from the chair of the Court of Directors. This gentleman had been the virulent opponent of Clive during his late struggles with the Court. He further declared his intention to remain for a short time only, and not to enrich himself one farthing by any pay or emoluments he might receive.

On May 3, 1765, Clive took possession once again

* On June 9, 1763, Mr. Batson, after remarking that the governor and Mr. Hastings had espoused the Nabob's (Kasim Ali) cause, and, as hired solicitors, defended all his dishonourable actions, gave Hastings the lie, and *struck him a blow* in the public Council.—*Gleig's Life of Hastings.*

of the government of Bengal. He was to govern with the aid of a select committee and the advice of his council.

Some of the council presuming to dispute his views, were put down in the most peremptory manner. On the 6th he wrote to his friend General Carnac: 'Alas! how is the English name sunk! I could not avoid paying the tribute of a few tears to the departed and lost fame of the British nation.'

The feeling thus displayed was doubtless genuine; and it only remains for us to lament that Clive himself had set the example of rapacity, which smaller men had followed with too much success.

Clive now went to work with all the energy of his nature to reform the abuses of the civil service and army, and to re-establish our authority in Bengal. His maxim, with reference to the native powers—a maxim founded on experience, was simply this: The princes of the country must in a great measure be dependent on us or we totally dependent on them. (Clive's letter to the Court of Directors.) As to the services, his desire was to pay them better, and to check irregular emoluments. He complained bitterly of the prevailing luxury and debauchery; but this, too, dated from the days when Meer Jaffier lavished his treasures on the conquerors of Plassey.

It is only just here to remark, that the military position of the English had been materially improved in the interval between the Patna massacre and Clive's arrival in Calcutta. Major Munro, on October 23, 1764, had gained at Buxar a decisive victory over the forces of Kasim Ali, and his ally, the Vizier of Oude. After this important engagement, the Emperor of Delhi had thrown himself upon the British for protection.

The potentate, whose ancestor some sixty years back had amused himself by scourging Job Charnock, the first English governor of Calcutta, was glad now to seek the shelter which none but the English could afford. The Emperor was still escorted by an English brigade, when Clive determined immediately after his arrival to proceed to the north-west, to settle matters with the native powers. His colleagues in the select committee of the Council delegated full powers to their chief. As for the body of the Council, Clive set them down as 'children and fools, as well as knaves;'* and there is nothing on record to warrant a more favourable opinion. They had all been scrambling for money, regardless of the interests of their employers, and deserved the hard words which were freely applied to them.

At no period in his public life did Clive display such eminent ability, as in the course which he now took with the country powers. He had to deal with three separate and conflicting interests; and with respect to each, he acted with moderation, with prudence, and with decision.

Although he seized upon important privileges for the East India Company, and laid deep the foundations of their future empire, he did nothing to shock the prejudices or feelings of the princes or people of India.

First. As to the Great Mogul, the titular Sovereign of Hindostan. Clive met this fallen Emperor (Shah Alim) at Allahabad, where he had been for his own security under the escort of an English brigade. Certain tributes (260,000*l.* per annum) and territories

* Letter to Mr. Sykes, dated August 10, 1765.

were assigned for his future support; in return important concessions were made to the English. Above all, Lord Clive presented a *petition*, desiring the Emperor to grant to the English the Dewannee, or civil and financial government, of the three provinces of Bengal, Behar, and Orissa, producing a clear revenue of three millions sterling, and containing a population more than equal to that of the Great Britain of Clive's day. This petition was granted, whilst at the same time the Nizamut, or power of dispensing criminal justice, and keeping the internal peace, was at Clive's request bestowed formally on the Soobadar of Bengal.

Secondly. The Nabob of Oude, who had invaded Behar, and had supported the ex-Soobadar, Kasim Ali (the murderer of the English), was to be disposed of. He expected annihilation, but was let off with a fine of 600,000*l.*, and the cession of the two provinces of Corah and Allahabad, valued at 100,000*l.* per annum. These territories Clive granted to the Emperor.

Lastly. The position of the Soobadar of Bengal, Nujeem-ud-Dowla, whom the English had set up on the death of Meer Jaffier (an event which occurred two or three months before Clive's return to Bengal), was to be determined. An allowance of 500,000*l.* per annum was granted to him, in lieu of all power and authority; and (to use the words of one of Clive's best biographers) he was 'pensioned into insignificance!'* The moral and mental calibre of this prince may be estimated from the fact, that when Clive announced that it was intended to give his Highness plenty of money, and to deprive him of power, he merely remarked to this effect:

* Life of Lord Clive, by Rev. G. R. Gleig.

he was glad; he would now be able to have as much fiddling and dancing as he might desire. At the same time the semblance of his power was maintained, by permitting this Soobadar nominally to hold the Nizamut, or administration of police and criminal justice, so that his followers and people were not too much shocked by the sudden fall of their chief. I say nominally to hold this power, because, under former treaties, the real power of the sword was vested in the English.

Another grand service remained for Clive to perform. He had put bounds on the rapacity of the civil servants —he had placed the general administration of affairs on an improved and enlarged foundation. But the hardest task of all was yet to be attempted. It was a small matter to snub arrogant civilian traders, or to control a set of effeminate native princes. But to reform and govern men of Clive's own stamp—the officers of his own army, who, under his auspices, had carried the British flag in triumph from Calcutta to Allahabad —this was an enterprise of greater difficulty and danger. But Clive had long accustomed himself to look difficulty and danger full in the face; and not only was the work of reform to be done, but Clive alone could do it. The material form of the Bengal army he had already remodelled and improved.

Three brigades had been formed, each complete in its way, with European and native infantry, cavalry, and artillery.

The first brigade, under Colonel Sir Robert Fletcher, was quartered at Monghyr, a town between Moorshidabad and Patna, on the banks of the Ganges.

The second brigade, under Colonel Smith, occupied

the post of honour on the frontier, at Allahabad, ready to meet the Mahrattas, who threatened constantly to make a descent upon Bengal.

The third, under Sir Robert Barker, was cantoned near Patna, in order to overawe the town and the sturdy population of Behar.

The officers of these troops had been, since the march which ended in the Battle of Plassey, in receipt, not only of military pay, but of certain fixed and considerable emoluments, called '*batta.*' This was originally an allowance made to the Company's officers, to provide tents, baggage animals, and other extraordinary expenses, when the army was ordered to take the field. Meer Jaffier, when conspiring with the English against the reigning Soobadar, had doubled this batta; and the allowance had been received by the army up to the time of Clive's return to Calcutta. It was determined at home that double batta should cease; the troops were no longer paid by the Soobadar, but by the English Government in Bengal; and Clive was bent on carrying out the orders of the Home Government. Vansittart had tried in vain to accomplish this reduction. The fiat now went forth that double batta was to cease.

The officers of the Bengal force determined that not even to Clive would they surrender the wealth which his sword had won for them. A conspiracy was formed against the government, secret contributions were made to protect the common interest, secret oaths were exchanged, and the Bengal officers, *en masse*, determined to send in their resignations of the service on a given day, unless their claims to double batta were admitted. This day was to be the 1st of June (1766), about which

time it was expected that the Mahrattas would be in the field, and the government consequently entirely dependent on the army.

Great was the indignation of Clive at this determined resistance. He wrote to Madras urgently for a supply of officers; he invited, though without much success, free-traders, i.e. English resident merchants, to accept commissions; he stopped the transmission of private letters between Allahabad and Calcutta, and between Calcutta and Madras; he threatened to put the mutineers to death—which threat, but for the scruples of his Council, he no doubt would have executed; in short, he agonised to put down this great and shameful conspiracy —and he succeeded.

The Sepoys were mainly instrumental in supporting Clive through this mortal struggle. They were ready to carry out the orders of the man who had been the founder of their strength and their greatness.

Considering fairly the nature of this conflict between the military officers and the civil government, it seems as if no human being but Clive could have gained as he did a bloodless victory over so determined a foe. The men, who expected in June to dictate to the governor, were skulking about Calcutta, deprived of their commissions, and, as opportunity offered, deported to England.

This was Clive's last, and perhaps his greatest, victory. One of his final acts, before leaving Bengal, was the transfer of a legacy of 70,000*l.*, bequeathed by Meer Jaffier to Clive, to the East India Company, to form a fund for the support of the widows of European officers and soldiers who might die in the service of the Company in Bengal. He reached England in July 1767,

physically speaking a broken-down invalid—tormented by liver disease, and worn out by mental fever.

Clive was in no temper to conciliate the enemies who hovered round his path, and who consisted generally of men whose rascality had been cut short by his late reforms in Bengal. Some public compliments were paid to him. On November 7, 1772, we find him kissing the King's hand, upon his appointment as Lord Lieutenant of his native county. Earlier in the same year he had been installed as a Knight of the Bath. But, notwithstanding these public honours, Clive was doomed to the heart-sickness and disappointment which attend upon the career of mere ambition.

Something very like a parliamentary impeachment took place, and the man who had for so many years carried all before him, was obliged to justify the past events of his life, precisely at that period when he was entitled to a public ovation.

It was moved in the House of Commons, that 'the Right Honourable Robert Lord Clive, Baron of Plassey, in the kingdom of Ireland, about the time of the deposition of Suraj-u-Dowlah, and the establishment of Meer Jaffier on the Musnud, did obtain and possess himself of, &c., &c., sums valued in English money at 234,000*l.*' This motion was carried.

A condemnatory motion was then made, and rejected without a division. About five in the morning, a motion was finally made, 'that Robert Lord Clive did at the same time render great and meritorious services to his country;' which passed unanimously.

The ignoble charges, the constant threats, the protracted examinations, to which this proud man had been exposed, shook the tenor of his mind. But other and

more fatal influences were at work. He had been accustomed to mitigate his bodily sufferings by opium, and this drug had too surely helped to undermine his mental and physical constitution.

In November 1774, a violent return of his complaint came on. The spirit which had never quailed before man, yielded to the pressure of disease, and Lord Clive, in a paroxysm of bodily pain and mental suffering, perished by his own hand.

CHAPTER XI.

WARREN HASTINGS IS MADE GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

I HAVE shown how Clive worked hard to bring Bengal into entire subjection.

Meanwhile, in the Madras Presidency and along the Coromandel coast a desultory warfare was carried on by the English against Hyder Ali. This Mahomedan adventurer had raised himself to power in Mysore by the exercise of strong natural ability, and the display of coolness and courage. A tedious campaign, in which the British soldiers got more hard blows than distinction, was brought to a close by the sudden appearance of Hyder (on March 29, 1769) with six thousand horse at the gates of Madras. Mr. Dupre, a leading member of the council, was sent out to patch up a treaty, and for a time hostilities were stayed.

About this time Warren Hastings, who had resigned the Bengal Civil Service, applied for re-employment at the India House. The Court of Directors laid hands on him at once (in the winter of 1768), and hurried off the ex-Bengalee to Madras, with a commission as Member of Council next in rank to Dupre.*

Hastings had, as I have already said, served in Bengal

* The court describe him in their letters of appointment as 'a gentleman who has served upon the Bengal establishment with great ability and unblemished character.'

under Clive, had carried a musket as a volunteer in the troublous days of the Black Hole, had been agent for the English Government at the native court at Moorshidabad, had helped Vansittart to fight an unruly and overbearing council, and, in short, had acquired the fullest experience of affairs in Bengal. After some three years of hard work and good service at the Madras Presidency, he was ordered to take charge of the Company's settlement at Calcutta.* If experience signally qualified him for this great office, no less did his natural parts denote a man born to command. Cool, persevering, fertile in expedients, alike incapable to forget a friend or an enemy, Hastings threw his whole soul into the work of governing. And this work, as he saw it, and as the times seemed to show, was the extension of British power in India.

The private history of the man who thus, at the age of forty, took the lead in Hindostan to hold it for some twelve troublous years, was peculiar. Ambition—the not unworthy ambition to recover the family estate of Hastings from the hands of strangers—had taken possession of him as a boy. This same passion, with rare intervals, became the master, and, as generally happens, the hard master, of his life. Softer passions, however, had their share. On his voyage to Madras he fell sick. A lady, the wife of a portrait-painting German baron, begged to be allowed to nurse the sufferer. Gratitude, on the part of Hastings, grew into love. It was finally agreed between the three that the Baron should sue in the courts of Franconia for a divorce, that the Englishman should pay all expenses and give a good round sum to the husband, and that eventually the Baroness Imhoff

* A.D. 1772.

should become the wife of Warren Hastings. This affair exactly displays the man. To him the end seemed ever to justify the means. To gain an object which once commended itself to his mind, he would go through any amount of toil, any amount of discredit, I might almost say any degree of iniquity; but he would triumph in the end. He would accomplish miracles for his employers, for his country, whilst both alike heaped ingratitude and foul scorn on his head. Still he would triumph, though covered with scars and loaded with reproaches.

It has been shown that whilst Clive had left the real power in Bengal in English hands, the semblance of authority was still vested in the Soobadar.

Hastings seized an early opportunity to set aside the double government, and to stand forward as legislator and governor of the country. This was an important step; and it is to be remembered that the courts of justice, the boards of revenue, and the rules and regulations established by Hastings on this occasion, remained in force for nearly a century, and have only now been modified or superseded by the authority of the Crown on the demise of the East India Company. So far Hastings, in abolishing a sham and establishing a real government, did well. His next act is less defensible.

The Company pressed on their servants in India for money. Hastings went to work to fill the treasury. Clive had, as I have shown, assigned to the Emperor of Delhi the provinces of Corah and Allahabad, conquered from the Vizier of Oude. The unfortunate Mogul had been unable to keep these territories from the incursions of the Mahratta cavalry, and Hastings seized upon this excuse for depriving him of them, and of the money payments which his predecessor had guaranteed. The

two provinces thus harshly confiscated were sold back to the Vizier of Oude. It is only just to add, that this iniquitous conduct was prompted by the Court of Directors.*

This affair came off so easily, that Hastings was tempted to have further dealings with his new friend the Vizier. Between the Ganges river, the snowy mountains, and the Oude territories, is the fertile plain or valley, as it is sometimes called, of Rohilcund, or the land of the Rohilla. This clan of Mahomedan warriors, following the usual tide of Indian conquest, had migrated from Afghanistan, and taken deep root in this favoured land. A climate tempered by mountain breezes, a soil watered by mountain streams, teeming with luxuriant vegetation, with all the richness, but without the rankness, of Bengal—this was a paradise to the rough men nurtured amongst the snows and deserts of Cabul and Candahar. They built houses and mosques, dug wells, planted groves, and formed the most powerful as well as the most flourishing colony in India. To this day the Englishman who, as a judge or magistrate, is brought into immediate contact with the Pathan families of Rohilcund becomes at once attached to them, and acknowledges that out of Europe he has never met so fine a race of men. The northern blood flushing a fair skin, the bright clear eye, the lofty brow and commanding presence, the manners courteous yet manly, all stamp the Rohilla chief a gentleman. Simple and patriarchal in his habits, ready to take the field as a soldier or sportsman, he has nevertheless after his fashion literary tastes—quotes Hafiz and Saady, and pens a Persian ode, or strings a couplet, with a fair amount of oriental scho-

* See vol. ii. Thornton's History of British India, p. 37.

larship. Search throughout Hindostan for a contrast to this manly character, and you will hardly find a greater than the debauched Mahomedan of Lucknow, the hanger-on of the Court, or even, as a general rule, the sickly enervated puppet who fills the office of Vizier. However, the Vizier longed to bring these hardy neighbours into subjection. Having no troops on which he could rely, he bribed Hastings to lend an English brigade to overrun Rohilcund. The Rohillas, under Hafiz Ruhmut Khan, their chief, fought bravely; but on April 22, 1774, were beaten in the field by the English under Colonel Champion. The minions of Oude swept the once happy valley with fire and the sword.

Some eighty years later, the English Sepoys mutinied and tried to destroy their masters. We need not wonder that the descendants of Hafiz Ruhmut Khan, in Rohilcund, were amongst the first to join the mutineers, to unfurl the green flag of their prophet, and the last to sheathe the sword.

Whilst Hastings was thus bartering for money the honour of his employers and of his country, a great struggle was going on at home. The king's ministers, longing in vain to take India into their own hands, contrived at all events to neutralise the power of Hastings. A bill, called the 'Regulating Act,' had been passed, with the following leading provisions:—

The Government of Bengal to be vested in a Governor-General and four councillors.

A supreme court of judicature to be established in Calcutta, consisting of English judges and lawyers.

The receipt of presents by officers of government to be strictly prohibited.

As the Governor-General was not to govern according to his own temper, but according to the vote of the

majority in council, his power depended on his ability to command that majority. With a grand title, he was to be autocrat no longer.

The appointment of the Governor-General and councillors was to be made by Parliament, in other words, by the Ministry of the day. Unable or unwilling to set Hastings aside entirely, they took care to put into the council men who would not too readily fall into his views. Philip Francis, one of the ablest, and quite the most cantankerous man of the day, was sent with two colleagues, Colonels Clavering and Monson, whom he could easily carry with him. The remaining councillor was Mr. Barwell, a respectable Bengal civilian. On October 21, 1774, the English trio arrived in Calcutta. From the hour when they indignantly counted the guns* which saluted them from the ramparts of Fort William, to the day of Francis's departure, there was one continued round of abuse, discord, and recrimination. The government at first was brought to a dead-lock. Domestic business stood still or fell in arrear, foreign affairs went from bad to worse, whilst Hastings and Barwell struggled with the English councillors, who being three to two carried the casting vote. Lacking the knowledge to originate measures good, bad, or indifferent, the majority spent their strength in worrying the Governor-General and opposing all his proceedings. Barwell stood firm to Hastings, but all alike were helpless.

In November, 1776, Colonel Monson died, and as the Governor-General had a casting-vote, Hastings recovered his power.

In the meantime his conduct in the Rohilcund affair had been censured by the Court of Directors, and dis-

* They got a salute of seventeen guns; they expected twenty-one.

approved even by the Court of Proprietors, who had usually befriended him. An agent of Hastings in London, Colonel Macleane, dreading the dismissal of his patron, tendered the Governor-General's resignation, which he declared was entrusted to his care. The resignation was accepted, Mr. Wheler was named as successor, presented to the king, and appointed. General Clavering, as senior member of council, was directed to occupy the chair of government until the arrival of Wheler.

In June 1777, the news of these changes reached Calcutta. Hastings was once more tasting the sweets of power from which he had been so long restrained, and repudiating the resignation proffered by Macleane, declared his intention to maintain his authority. For some days frightful confusion prevailed in Calcutta. The world at large sided with Hastings, but Clavering and Francis had their backers too. Hastings and Barwell met in one room, to govern India; Clavering and Francis met in another. Both declared themselves the government. An appeal to arms was imminent, in which case Hastings by his popularity would have carried the day. At last it was agreed to refer the dispute to the judges of the Supreme Court. They decided that the Governor-General had not vacated his office, and affairs went on again as usual.

Nothing, however, could appease the animosity of Francis. The hatred between him and Hastings came at last to a crisis. The natives of India were scandalised by the spectacle of their Governor-General and his rival councillor shooting at each other in the great plain of Calcutta. Francis was wounded, and soon after (December 9, 1780) left India.

Hastings now breathed more freely, and set himself to remedy some of the evils which, with disputed autho-

rity, he had been unable to obviate. There was a heavy load of debt, and still a continual cry from home for money. The Governor-General declared that expenses had increased, means declined, and money must be got.

Whilst debts were thus increasing, owing to distant military operations, the sources of revenue near the seat of government were threatened by a new danger. The absurdity of the policy which had attempted to transport the institutions of Westminster Hall bodily to the banks of the Ganges, was beginning to appear. The natives of Bengal, from prince to peasant, were thrown into alarm and confusion. The king's 'Supreme Court' had from the beginning claimed authority to overrule all civil and criminal process in the country. They now were bent on exercising this authority. The bailiffs of the court—fellows gathered from the scum of European society—dragged away the grey-bearded mooftees and pundits, or expounders of the Mahomedan and Hindoo law, from distant stations, and flung them into the common gaol of Calcutta. Their offence was that they had, in the execution of their official duty, carried out the legal orders of the provincial courts of the Company. The judges of these courts were treated with insult. 'Who,' said Mr. Justice le Maistre, when seated on the bench of the Supreme Court in Calcutta, 'Who are the Provincial Chief and Council of Dacca? They are no corporation in the eye of the law. The chief and Provincial Council of Dacca is an ideal body. . . . . A man might as well say that he was commanded by the King of the Fairies as by the Provincial Court of Dacca, because the law knows no such body.'

Worse than all this, the myrmidons of the Supreme Court did not hesitate to carry their process into the most sacred recesses of native life. The zenanas, or female

apartments, which had escaped the tyranny of the worst of the Mogul emperors, were contaminated by ruffians, the sweepings of the taverns of Calcutta, who, as bailiffs of the Supreme Court, of a strange, distant, powerful, and irresponsible tribunal, carried with them terror and dismay. Native society stood aghast—every man feared that, for some secret cause, some involuntary crime of omission or commission, his turn would come next to be buffeted, seized, and carried off. Commerce was paralysed; the transactions of daily life in suspense.

It is to be observed that Hastings had not interfered when this Supreme Court judicially murdered his sworn enemy, the Bengalee Brahmin Nuncomar. To that painful stretch of illegal authority he is supposed to have assented.* But the present state of affairs demanded instant redress. The public peace was disturbed; the public revenues endangered. By some means Sir Elijah Impey and his brethren of the Supreme Court must be put down. It so happened that the Chief Justice had been a schoolfellow (at Westminster) and an old friend of the Governor-General. Hastings proposed to him to accept a lucrative office as Judge of the Sudder Dewannee, or chief civil court under the Company, and to forbear disturbing the executive government for the future. Sir Elijah accepted the offer, and peace was restored.

The danger to the natural and ordinary resources of the country being thus removed, Hastings set to work

* Nuncomar was hung for forgery, a capital offence in those days at home, but hardly considered criminal in Bengal by the mass of the people, who were of course profoundly ignorant of any laws but their own. The Court of Directors adjured the ministers of the Crown, using this just and forcible appeal:—'If it were legal to try to convict and execute Nuncomar for *forgery* on the Statute of George II., it must be equally legal to try, convict, and to punish the Soobadar of Bengal and all his court for *bigamy* upon the Statute of James I.'

to fill his exhausted treasury. Distant affairs, to which I shall at this moment merely allude, had caused a continual drain of money from Bengal. War had long been raging in the Carnatic, and the enemy ravaged the country within a few miles of the garden-houses of Madras. Again, war with the Mahrattas was carried on in two places at once. Either money must be raised or the East India Company must collapse. When we approach acts of injustice and tyranny, we need not go to necessity for an apology; still we must bear in mind the pressure which unhappily strains, and sometimes breaks, the integrity of human conduct. It was to relieve pressing wants that Hastings turned his back on Calcutta, and set out to plunder the Rajah of Benares. He had the same sort of apology that a man has who robs on the highway to preserve a starving wife and family. Wheler was left in Calcutta to carry on the ordinary business of the state. Hastings declared before he went that the Princes of Oude and Benares should contribute to the expenses of the East India Company; and we shall see that he fully acted up to his declaration.

The city of Benares had for ages been pre-eminently sacred in the eyes of the Hindoo. To live there amidst the schools of the pundits, to listen to the Shasters, or sacred books, to cultivate the religious mysteries of the Sanscrit tongue, to bathe daily in the Ganges, all this is of the highest merit to the native mind. To die at Benares, and be carried to its sacred stream before the Hindoo ashes are scattered to the wind, is the last and greatest assurance of future bliss. Temples dedicated to the various deities and demons of idolatrous worship line the streets. Sacred monkeys and peacocks chatter and scream along the house-tops; whilst enormous

bulls, precious above all animals to the Hindoo mind, leisurely help themselves to the grain exposed for sale in the highways of the city. Over this religious and commercial metropolis ruled Cheyt Singh as Rajah and Zemindar, or landholder of the rich and vast estates around the sacred city. In an evil hour for himself, this potentate had once attempted to correspond with the ruling party in the Calcutta Council Chamber, at the time when Hastings was in the minority. To be the friend of his rival was to be the enemy of Hastings; and his was not a temper to forget a friend or to forgive an enemy. Heavy fines and increased tributes had already been inflicted on the Rajah;* then he had been called upon to furnish a thousand horse for the service of the English. He attempted to meet this demand, and then Hastings required an immediate payment of a sum equal to half a million of English money. As the Governor-General approached Benares, the unhappy Rajah hastened to the border of his territory to meet him, took his turban from his head,† and placed it reverently at Hastings's feet. The meaning of this act, which a native of India resorts to only in case of extremity, is that the life of the suppliant is placed unreservedly in the keeping of the superior. I have seen natives of rank on rare occasions adopt this posture, but with a quivering lip and tearful eye, denoting the depth and reality of the humiliation. Hastings, however, hardened his heart, and marching into Benares, ordered the Rajah into arrest, surrounding his palace with a military guard.

* In one instance, the Rajah sent a private douceur of twenty thousand pounds to Hastings, who took the money and placed it in the Government Treasury for public use.

† It is generally considered indecent to appear before a superior with the head uncovered, and the taking off the turban is an act almost of despair.

Hereupon naturally ensued a commotion; the people rose in fury, and with the aid of the Rajah's own followers, destroyed the British Sepoys and officers. The Rajah seized the opportunity, escaped to the steep bank of the river, and letting himself down by means of turbans tied together, took boat, and crossed over to the other side of the Ganges. The populace, instead of turning upon Hastings, who had merely a slender escort, rushed to the river, and followed their beloved prince. The Governor-General made a hurried escape by night to the Fort of Chunar.

CHAPTER XII.

WARREN HASTINGS RULES INDIA AS GOVERNOR-GENERAL, AND RETURNS TO ENGLAND.

THAT it was a crime in Warren Hastings to hunt Cheyt Singh, the Rajah of Benares, out of his own domains, and drive him like a wild beast to the jungles, I do not doubt. But it was not only a fault; it was also a mistake. After the confiscation of the fort and treasures of the exiled Rajah nothing remained but prize-money, which was divided among the troops; and the Governor-General had to look elsewhere for the coin which was urgently wanted to carry on the government of British India.

The dangers to which Warren Hastings had been exposed at Benares, and the severe struggle through which he had passed, braced him for a fresh enterprise. So far as money matters were concerned, Cheyt Singh had been driven from his country, and the English name dragged through the mire in vain. For though the military prestige of our countrymen had been increased, their credit, morally, politically, and financially, had been shaken. The Company wanted money more urgently than ever. Their servants all over India were thrown into debt for want of the salary due to them; the troops were almost driven to mutiny, and clamoured for pay, which was four or five months in arrear.

Whilst Hastings was just opening his eyes to the fact that money was not to be got from the Benares province, a visitor of high rank was announced. The Nabob Vizier of Oude, anxious to ascertain the exact state of affairs, had hurried to Chunar. Finding Hastings master of the position, more needy and less scrupulous than ever, he had no choice left but to help the Governor-General out of his difficulties. As had been done once before in the case of the Rohillas, the English and the Asiatic chiefs laid their heads together to plunder and oppress a third and weaker party. But in the former case, stout, valiant, though by no means wealthy, men were the victims; whilst in the enterprise now to be undertaken the sufferers marked out were helpless women and old men, who, unfortunately for themselves, had the reputation at least of boundless wealth.

In the rich territory of Oude there was one spot, and one only, which the hand of the oppressor seemed never to reach, where the people were contented, and the country revelling in its own natural richness and fertility. In the palaces of Fyzabad, amidst groves of mango-trees, and gardens of orange, pomegranate, and myrtle, dwelt two ladies, the mother and grandmother of the reigning Nabob. These princesses had been brought up luxuriously, and were surrounded by dependants, who administered their large *jaghires* or landed estates. So long as the late Nabob lived, their lot had been outwardly as happy as that of any human being, buried amidst the walls of a seraglio, could be. When death deprived them of their nearest relation and protector, they inherited much of his wealth, and large grants of land at Fyzabad, or 'the abode of plenty.'

If the son of the departed Nabob behaved with decency to these good women—his own mother and

grandmother—their lot was easy enough. To superintend the details of domestic life, to look after the slave girls, to hear the Koran recited, to saunter in the inner gardens of the palace, amidst fountains and rose-bushes—this was enough for them, and all they desired. So long as they were allowed to enjoy these simple indulgences, amidst the old servants and dependants of the family, they were content.

But as these ladies had the misfortune to be rich and helpless, the Nabob, who should have been their best friend and protector, determined to plunder them. The experienced English statesman who took the Nabob under his protection and under his guidance, and who should have counselled better things, determined to share the plunder. The drunken scoundrels who fattend on the Nabob had long urged him to '*loot*' [plunder] the 'Begums.'* Their advice now was backed by the Governor-General. Hastings, in his usual bland, formally polite style, told the Nabob that the debts which he had incurred to the British Company amounted to one million and a half of English money, and must be at once settled. The Nabob saw that the Governor-General was in earnest. Remembering the fate of Cheyt Singh, it was suddenly discovered that the queen mother and grandmother had shown disaffection at the moment of the Benares *émeute;* and this was made the pretext for placing them under immediate pressure. I say pretext, because in the first place these poor ladies had not the opportunity, and in the second, they had not the desire, to meddle in such remote affairs.

In order to give a legal colour to the violent proceedings about to be taken against the Begums, Sir

* Princesses.

Elijah Impey was sent up to sign the depositions of the witnesses who implicated these ladies. The spectacle of the highest judicial functionary in Calcutta rushing up, palankin *dak*, to attest a bundle of statements which he did not even pretend to understand, and which everybody knew were merely got up by the Nabob for the Governor-General, was ludicrous enough. But if this was a farce, the tragedy was soon to follow. A British force invested Fyzabad. British officers were instructed how best to tear away from the grasp of these poor women their jewels and treasure, without actually insulting their persons or violating their private apartments.

Two eunuchs, Jewar Ali Khan and Behar Ali Khan, old servants of the Begums, were supposed to be custodians, not only of their private apartments, but also of their money and jewels. As the ladies, when called upon to pay some half million sterling, declared that they were unable to do so, and as it was impossible even for the Nabob to lay violent hands on his near female relations, it was considered expedient to put the wretched old eunuchs to the torture.

There is no more foul page in the history of British India than that which describes the proceedings of English officers with regard to these helpless sufferers. Take as a specimen the following official letter from Mr. Middleton, the British resident at Lucknow, to the officer guarding the eunuchs, dated January 20, 1782:—

Sir,

When this note is delivered to you, I have to desire that you order the two prisoners to be put in irons, keeping them from all food, &c., agreeable to my instructions of yesterday.

(Signed) NATH. MIDDLETON.*

* Mills' History of British India, book v. chap. 8.

Under the pressure of this violent treatment, the eunuchs gave a written engagement to pay; and a month later the Resident had received more than 500,000*l.* for the use of the Company, and there remained on the extorted bond a balance of some 25,000*l.* only due. The princesses declared that they had sold even their trinkets, and implored for the release of their servants.

On May 18, the officer on guard begged on behalf of the prisoners that their irons might be loosened for a few days, and they permitted to walk out in a garden near their prison. But still further miseries were in store for them. They were dragged away to Lucknow. The assistant Resident—that is to say, the representative for the time being of England at the court of Lucknow—was called upon to pen the following order to the commanding officer of the English guard over the eunuchs:—

Sir,

The Nabob having determined to inflict corporal punishment upon the prisoners under your guard, this is to desire that his officers, when they shall come, may have free access to the prisoners, and be permitted to do with them as they shall see proper.

Cruelties like this went on till December, when at last the prisoners were released by order of the Resident. The English officer wrote to report that the enlargement of the prisoners had taken place. 'I wish, Sir,' he adds, 'you had been present. The quivering lips, with the tears of joy stealing down the poor men's cheeks, was a scene truly affecting. If the prayers of these poor men will avail, you will at the last trump be translated to the happiest regions in heaven.'*

* Letter to the Resident, dated Fyzabad, December 5, 1782.

Doubtless these unfortunate men thanked heaven for their release. But if their prayers were heard, so were their curses; and the curses of the people of Oude at this crisis were loud as well as deep. Warren Hastings, to keep up his own forces quartered in Oude, extorted enormous sums from the Nabob, whose minions in their turn plundered and ravaged the land. From this time forth a settled suspicion of Englishmen and their motives occupied the public mind of Oude. Hatred began now; vengeance came later. But I have no doubt that the vengeance of 1857 is due, however remotely, to the iniquities of 1782. The policy was then violently forced on Oude of supporting a British army at the expense of the natives of the province. This army, and this alone, enabled each succeeding Nabob to trample the people under foot. As a natural result, the people hated the English even worse than they hated their own tyrant princes, until the term 'Furingee,' or Frank, became another word for a tyrant, a monster, or a demon.

The Nabob, still dreading a fate like that of Cheyt Singh, was further induced to make a present of ten lacs of rupees (100,000*l.* sterling) to Hastings, who wrote to the Court of Directors, to ask permission to keep the money for himself. This was the foolish act of a man not generally prone to folly. Although expensive in some of his tastes, and anxious to re-purchase his ancestral lands, he had avoided the gross corruption and rapacity of his predecessors; and this dalliance with the tempter is to be regretted. The wretched Nabob, already pressed for money beyond measure, was thus driven further into difficulty, and goaded to tyranny and persecution by the only hand which could have restrained him.

I have here described the most faulty of Hastings's

public acts. His first motive, no doubt, was ambition, the honourable ambition to push forward the fame and the power of the English in India. But if a motive like this be permitted for one moment to thrust justice aside, the result, whether in public or private life, must be disappointment and misery. All the labour, all the energy, all the pre-eminent ability of Hastings counted for nothing with the people of England, when the sorrows and the wrongs of the Rohilla men, of the Rajah of Benares, of the Begums of Oude, reached their ears. Parliament had for some time past been directing unwonted attention to Indian affairs. Burke had taken up the sufferings of our Indian subjects with all the energy of his nature. Morning, noon, and night he buried himself in Indian reports, papers, and despatches. His fervid imagination gave a more than life-like colouring to every Indian scene.

Hastings was to him as an ogre, marching knee-deep in the gore of murdered nations. The sorrows of Indian kings, the tears of Eastern princesses, stirred the very soul of this impulsive but prejudiced Irishman. Francis was at hand, ready enough to fill up the outline which Burke had delineated, and to paint Hastings in the blackest colours. The East India Directors were not much better disposed towards their Governor-General; but once again the Court of Proprietors interfered to save Hastings from dismissal.

The time, however, was approaching, when the Governor-General himself would no longer consent to bear the burden of government. Resisting bravely every attempt to drive him from power, there were reasons enough to lead him to contemplate a voluntary retirement. In the first place, he was of a most domestic,

not to say uxorious, temper; and his wife, after following his fortunes through many critical years, had been driven from his side by severe illness. Hastings, so stern to all the outer world, so harsh to any who crossed the path of his ambition, was still to his 'beloved Marian' the tenderest and fondest of lovers. He bore the separation as one long agony, and pined for the day of reunion.

Again, he had been engaged for some time past in a violent dispute with Lord Macartney, who, after the death of Lord Pigot, and dismissal of Sir Thomas Rumbold, had been sent out as Governor of Madras. His Lordship desired to treat the Nabob of Arcot as a cipher. The Nabob, who was injudiciously left in a half dependent condition, struggled violently to free himself from all local restraint, though professing himself ever the humble slave of the Governor-General.

This continual discussion with a minor government was harassing to Hastings, who began to tire of a position in which he must ever, it seemed, be engaged in warfare, either with his neighbours or his subordinates. The moment then seemed propitious for an honourable retirement, when the home authorities declared Hastings right in his contest with the Madras Government, when there was peace with France and Holland, when the relations of government with the Mahrattas seemed at last fairly settled.

On February 1, 1785, the Governor-General rendered up the keys of Fort William to his successor;* and on the 7th had left for ever the shores of India. In writing to his dear friend, David Anderson, reviewing his Indian policy, he used the following expression:—

* Mr. Macpherson.

'Like Augustus, *urbem lateritiam recepi, marmoream reliqui.*'

This was no empty boast. Warren Hastings had been for the last ten years the great exponent of English administrative power in India; and however much his aggressions on foreign or allied native States are to be condemned, he deserves for his domestic government the gratitude both of India and England.

In July, Hastings, writing from that paradise of Nabobs, Cheltenham, declared, 'I find myself everywhere and universally treated with evidences, apparent even to my own observation, that I possess the good opinion of my country. Yet this blessing (for such it is, and I would not forfeit it for lacs) is not without its alloy, since it holds me up as an object of public calumny.'

But it was only thus in the distance that Hastings as yet viewed the cloud which was ere long to overshadow his retirement. He had time to turn his thoughts to his gardens, for which he begged 'seeds of the lichee, of the cinnamon, of the Bootan turnip, of the custard apple, from his Allipoor garden. Shawl goats he wanted from Cashmere for his farm-yard, and Arab horses for his stables.*

Finding it difficult to get back his ancestral acres at Daylesford, he satisfied himself for the time by the purchase of a country house on the skirts of Windsor Forest, and set to work to solve the problem, so difficult to retired Indians, of leading a quiet life.

In this he entirely failed. He considered that honours

* 'My Arab arrived in excellent condition, and is wonderfully admired. I ride him in spite of his beauty and long tail, though both valid objections; for this is a land of ostentation, and therefore everybody detests it in others. I give them little cause.' — *Hastings to Mr. Thompson, from Cheltenham.*

were due to him, and unjustly withheld. He became restless, and his friends were urged to bring his name before Parliament.

On the first day of the Session of 1786, Major Scott, the agent of Hastings, reminded Burke of a notice which he had given in the preceding year, that 'if no other member would undertake the business, he would himself, at a future day, make a motion respecting the conduct of a gentleman just returned from India.' Burke was thus challenged to impeach Hastings. He accepted the challenge, drew his sword, and flung away the scabbard.

And now came on the monster trial. The eyes of all England were fixed upon the High Court of Parliament, erected in Westminster Hall, for the trial of Warren Hastings for high crimes and misdemeanours. On either side of the Lord Chancellor, who sat under a rich canopy of state, were seated, in royal boxes lined with crimson, the members of the Royal Family. Judges on woolpacks; bishops, dukes, marquises, earls, filled up the body of the hall; great officers of state, foreign ministers, and members of the House of Commons, thronged the sides; whilst facing this great assembly, on his knees, was the ex-Governor-General, 'the prisoner,' Warren Hastings.

No judicial process, since the Revolution, had so stirred the mind, so chained the attention, of the English nation. But as in this trial every delay which could possibly attend upon justice was embodied, no judicial process was ever so long, so wearisome, and for that reason so cruel to the prisoner. The proceedings began with the utmost pomp of justice on February 13, 1788. Seven years later, on April 23, 1795, in the

eighth session of the trial, Warren Hastings once again knelt before the peers, to receive his final sentence of acquittal.

In this great criminal trial, the ordinary restrictions, which guard the lives and liberties of Englishmen, were of necessity dispensed with. A man who is tried for horse-stealing hears his judgment from the judges who heard his trial; his trial, once commenced, goes on day by day to its close (Sundays or close holidays excepted). Here, the peers being judges, one hundred and sixty-eight attended the early stage of the trial, whilst during its duration one hundred and eighty changes had taken place; and some fourscore of the personages who formed the court had been summoned to a higher tribunal during the continuance of the proceedings; others, who were at Eton or Westminster when the impeachment took place, were now amongst the judges of the prisoner.

Towards the end we may judge of the impatience of the peers by one remark from the Archbishop of York, who after comparing Hastings's case to that of Cato the Censor, one of the honestest and best men that Rome had ever produced (who was impeached forty times, and at the age of eighty), and after loudly praising the acts of the Governor-General, ended thus:—'My Lords,' he is treated not as if he were a gentleman, whose cause is before you, but as if you were trying a horse-stealer.'

Hastings went forth from Westminster Hall a ruined man.

A few months later, the East India Company paid his debts and granted an annuity; but twice after this settlement Hastings appeared as a suppliant for money,

and in the eighty-second year of his age was on the verge of pauperism.*

Daylesford had been bought during the early progress of the trial, and the last twenty-eight years of Hastings's life were spent here. In his farm and garden he found a peaceful if not a happy retreat from the storms of public life. His bailiff, groom, and carter supplied the place of his Indian '*omlah*.'† Instead of ruling Indian nations, he tried hard to fatten Indian bullocks; and he found the last enterprise the most difficult of the two.

As time wore on, the nation became aware of the harshness with which the ex-Governor-General had been treated.

In 1813, Hastings, at the age of eighty-one, was invited to give evidence at the bar of the House of Commons on the Indian question. The mention of his name was received with the loudest acclamations; and at the close of his evidence the members of the House rose, and taking off their hats, stood whilst he retired. The University of Oxford conferred a degree of honour; and on that occasion, as well as at the time of the visit of the allied sovereigns, the undergraduates cheered their venerable guest with the utmost enthusiasm. He was also created a privy councillor, and was introduced to the Emperor of Russia by the Prince Regent, as 'the most deserving and the worst-used man in the empire.'

These tardy, though insufficient, honours soothed the declining years of Hastings. At eighty-four he writes, with somewhat of his usual pomp of style, to a friend, to announce 'the restoration of divine service to the

* So declares his biographer, Mr. Gleig; but his poverty did not prevent him from keeping a good house and establishment.

† Officers in attendance upon an Indian administrator.

renovated church of Daylesford, under every auspicious circumstance, from which the blessing of God could be inferred on the past work and its consummation.'

In August 1818, after an illness which he bore with patience, in the eighty-sixth year of his age, Warren Hastings was carried to his grave at Daylesford.

When we consider the life-long harassing anxieties, cares, trials of patience and temper, as well as the wear and tear of Indian climate, to which Hastings had been exposed, it is clear that the man, both mentally and physically, was made of extraordinary material. If he missed greatness, it was from his reckless determination to be great. His virtues were so scantily rewarded, and his faults so severely punished, that it is impossible to study his history without commiseration, or to contemplate his memory without regret.

NOTE.

In order to connect as far as possible the biography of Hastings with that of Munro which is about to follow, I beg my reader to bear in mind the following memoranda:—In September 1786, Lord Cornwallis took his seat as Governor-General in India. The moral effects of his government will be described hereafter (pages 191 and 211). The chief political event was the first siege of Seringapatam, when Lord Cornwallis was able to dictate terms to his opponent, Tippoo Sultan. Lord Cornwallis made a permanent settlement of the land revenue in Bengal and reformed the administration of

Civil and Criminal Justice. The period of this, his first administration, terminated in 1793.

A respectable civil servant, Sir John Shore (see page 212), succeeded, and reigned for some four years. Then came (May 1798), the Earl of Mornington, whose career as Marquis of Wellesley will be separately noticed.

CHAPTER XIII.

SIR THOMAS MUNRO.

THOMAS MUNRO was born in May 1761, just when our countrymen in India were pulling down the walls of Pondicherry. His father was a merchant of Glasgow; his mother, Margaret Stark, of Kellermont.

Like Clive, Munro was famous at school for his courage and spirit; and his skill as a boxer gained him the name of Millie Munro.* Unlike his fiery predecessor, the young Scotchman was gentle and peaceable, and never known to provoke a quarrel. As a boy, his favourite reading was 'Plutarch's Lives;' and at sixteen he mastered the Spanish language, so as to enable him to read 'Don Quixote' in the original, and to decipher and interpret Spanish despatches for the merchants of Glasgow.

Like many men of genius, he could kill a salmon or trout in good style, and was fond of swimming, leaping, and wrestling. In 1777, the magistrates of his native city, knowing the metal of which young Munro was made, offered him a lieutenancy in a corps which was being raised in Glasgow for the king's service. His father, however, having destined the young man for the desk, objected.

Soon after this, the elder Munro failed in business, and was glad enough to ship his son Thomas off as

* See Gleig's Life of Munro; one of the many valuable contributions to our literature, for which we are indebted to the able pen of the Chaplain-General.

a midshipman on board an East Indiaman. It was a pleasant surprise for the young sailor when, on board the Walpole, in the Thames, and undergoing a sort of Roderick Random apprenticeship to sea life, his father one day made his appearance, and presented him with a commission as cadet in the service of the East India Company.

On January 15, 1780, young Munro landed at Madras.

Before I trace his history at that presidency, a short account of the state of affairs there will be required.

Daniel Wilson, the late Bishop of Calcutta, was accustomed to warn his Indian congregation, from the pulpit, against the quarrelsome temper which persons in hot climates were too ready to indulge. A warning of this nature, which was no doubt applicable to the residents of Bengal, would seem also to have been much needed by the English in Madras.

To go back a few years before Munro landed. In 1776, Lord Pigot, as Governor of Madras, espoused the cause of the Rajah of Tanjore in a dispute pending between that personage and the Nabob of Arcot. Lord Pigot's own council determined to back the Nabob, and scrupled not to lay violent hands on the Governor. Colonel Stuart, then in command of the Madras army, after breakfasting and dining with Lord Pigot, and when actually driving in his carriage with him, beckoned to a squadron of horse to seize and carry off the Governor.

The unfortunate nobleman languished in confinement for nearly a year, until death released him from the sufferings imposed by his own insubordinate followers.

Again, Sir Thomas Rumbold, who took the reins of government in February 1778, was dismissed for fight-

ing the supreme Government in 1781. During his reign, Pondicherry, which had been rebuilt by the French, was retaken by the English; whilst Mahe, on the coast of Malabar, the last French fort and settlement, fell in like manner the following year.

Soon after Munro landed, Sir Thomas Rumbold left India after recording a minute expressive of the settled state of affairs. But, in reality, the presidency was in the utmost danger. Hyder Ali, with a powerful artillery and infantry, with a body-guard of two thousand Abyssinian horse, with clouds of irregular cavalry, and, above all, with a battalion of Frenchmen under Lally, was fast advancing on Madras.

The chief officials were quarrelling as usual. When the smoke of burning villages was actually visible, and when the bazaars of Madras were filled with wretched fugitives, they began to see their danger. General Sir Hector Munro took the field, and marched to Conjeveram. Colonel Baillie, who commanded a detachment in Guntoor, was directed to proceed towards Madras, and to join the main body of the army. When just about to accomplish that object, he was attacked by the Mysoreans, and, after a gallant resistance, overpowered, owing to the explosion of the tumbrils containing his gunpowder. A cruel slaughter of the English force, after they had surrendered, was stopped by Lally, who rode up to Hyder, and told him that it was not the custom of Europeans to cut their enemies to pieces after they had thrown down their arms. Baillie was taken prisoner; Colonel Fletcher, whilst holding up his handkerchief on the point of his sword, as a signal for quarter, was butchered. Sir Hector Munro fell back, leaving much of his baggage and ammunition in the hands of the enemy.

It was in this campaign that young Thomas Munro made his first essay as a soldier.

It is not my purpose to follow out in detail the complicated military events of this period. Munro took a full share in them; and had the benefit of much rough and hard service, and a full share of privation, exposure, and fatigue.*

The late General Sir Charles Napier, who declared that a tooth-brush, a towel, and a bit of soap was 'kit' enough for a young officer, would hardly have objected to the equipment of Thomas Munro. His bed was a piece of canvas, stretched on four cross-sticks. His pillow a cartridge box. His only quilt an English great coat, into the sleeves of which his legs were thrust, whilst the skirts were drawn over his head; the disadvantage of the arrangement being that he could never cover his feet and his shoulders at the same time.

* I note here the dates of some of Munro's experiences during his first period of Indian service, which extended from 1780 to 1807.

1780.—Hyder Ali, with the Mysoreans, invaded Carnatic. Munro served under Sir Hector Munro, Sir Eyre Coote, and General Stewart, during the war with the Mysoreans and the French, until the cessation of arms with the French, on July 2, 1783. During this period he witnessed and took part in sieges, assaults, cannonades, retreat, and sundry pitched battles.

1788.—Appointed an assistant in the intelligence department; and took part in the war with Tippoo Sultan, the son and successor of Hyder Ali; and till April 1792, was continually employed in the military operations of the period.

1792–1799.—Employed in the civil administration of the province called Baramahal, ceded by Tippoo to the British Government.

1799.—Appointed by the Governor-General, Lord Mornington, secretary to the commission for the settlement of Mysore, till the installation of the Rajah, in July.

1800.—In charge of Canara.

1801–1807.—In charge of the ceded districts.

October 23, 1807.—Sailed for England, after nearly twenty-eight years' service.

His dress was so much the worse for wear that the sleeves of his coat came off when he was pulling it off to try on a new waistcoat. His pay as a cadet was eight pagodas, or about three pounds, a month, of which half went to his servants for cooking, washing, &c.

The companion of his toils was an old horse, so weak that his master had to walk the greater part of his journeys; and, as he wrote to his sister about this ancient charger, 'if he were to die, I would give my kingdom for another, and find nobody to accept of my offer.' He often walked from sunrise to sunset, without any other refreshment than a draught of water; and traversed on foot, in the plains between Vizagapatam and Madura, a distance of some eight hundred miles or more.

Having been thus nurtured in the precious school of adversity, it was a relief to Munro, when, early in 1787, he joined the 21st battalion at Vellore, and, for the first time since he left home, had some eighteen months of rest and refreshment.

Great is the temptation to a young officer, after years of campaigning and hard work, when he finds himself, with nothing to do but parade duty, in a uiet cantonment. To drink, gamble, and kill time, to turn night into day, to yield at least to idleness, if not to dissipation—this is almost natural. Munro, however, from the moment that he left the field, turned his time to good account, and kept steadily before him the grand objects of self-denial and self-improvement. He lived like a hermit, to send home money for his mother; and worked like a student, to understand the country and people.

All the success which attended and followed him, from his humble subaltern's tent, to the head of armies

and the government of millions, may be traced to the habits of frugality and self-sacrifice which he learned as a boy at Madras and Vellore. The rule of life which he adopted at Vellore, and his description of it to his sister, seems to show how much happiness a man of active mind and habits may find in a situation which to a less energetic temper is simply irksome and disgusting. He breakfasted at seven, then walked out alone till ten; read Persian till one, dined and rested till three; then again talked or wrote Persian and Hindostanee till sunset. Then the bugle sounded for parade, and his intellectual work was over.

His love of nature enabled Munro freely to enjoy and to make the most of the scenes in which his lot was cast. He became deeply attached to the 'delightful valley,' as he terms it, of Vellore, and loved it almost as much as Northside, on the banks of the Kelvin, where he had spent his summer holidays as a boy. The same imaginative spirit, which enabled him to enjoy the outward scene, gave a charm to the inner human life around him. Here, to do justice to Munro, I must quote his own words, addressed to his sister Erskine, and describing the 'romantic hills about Vellore.'

'All around you is classic ground, in the history of this country; for almost every spot has been the residence of some powerful family, now reduced to misery by frequent revolutions, or the scene of some important action in former wars.

'Not with more veneration should I visit the field of Marathon, or the capitol of the ancient Romans, than I tread on this hallowed ground; for, in sitting under a tree, and while listening to the disastrous tale of some noble Moorman, who relates to you the ruin of his fortune and his family—to contemplate by what strange

vicissitudes you and he, who are both originally from the north of Asia, after a separation of so many ages, coming from the most opposite quarters, again meet in Hindostan, to contend with each other—*this to me is wonderfully solemn and affecting.*'

In that short extract is the key to Munro's public life. Instead of considering the decayed Mahomedan families as 'disagreeable niggers,' he looked upon them as 'noble Moormen;' instead of voting everything a bore, which had no direct relation to dogs, horses, tiffin, or cards, he took a real, hearty and sympathising interest in the human nature around him.

Whatever may be the trials or discomforts of Indian service to an Englishman, one thing is certain—if a man deserves to succeed in public and official life, which alone is the common life of Englishmen in India, his success, health and strength permitting, is certain. A spirit and intellect, such as Munro possessed—no mere sentimental genius, but a combination of the hard-headed Scotchman with a fervid imagination—such a spirit and mind as this was suited for work more arduous than a purely regimental career could afford.

So, in August 1788, Munro was appointed to the 'Intelligence Department,' and attached to the head-quarters of the column destined to take possession of the province of Guntoor, which had lately been ceded to the English. In 1792, he marched with the force ordered to occupy the territory of Baramahal; and up to the spring of 1799, he was employed in the Revenue Department in this district. The English ear connects nothing of a pleasing nature with the words, 'Revenue Department,' which ring somewhat harshly, and call up visions of tax papers, gaugers, and the like. But, in India, revenue means chiefly land revenue; and the

duties of a collector of land revenue are like those of a great landed proprietor or his agent in England.

It is not only to collect rents, but to see that rents are fair and equal; to defend the poor man from the middle man, and to do justice to all: this is the *métier* of the English collector of revenue in India; and in a fairly assessed territory, a very pleasant *métier* it is. So, at least, thought Munro, who threw his whole soul into his work, and passed in Baramahal the happiest years of his life. Amongst peasant proprietors, settling their disputes, adjusting their payments, and, to the best of his power, improving their condition—moving his camp for every day during a great part of the year—time, so spent, flew cheerfully past.

Every tree and mountain had a charm for Munro, who, when on rare occasions he could command a few leisure days, hastened to a garden which he had made, sheltered on one side by a lofty range of mountains, and on the other by an aged grove of mango trees. Here he constructed a tank, a hundred feet square, lined with stone steps, and irrigating oranges, pomegranates, grapes, and pine-apples.

He knew every village, and in each and all the peasantry swarmed out to welcome their tall soldier-like collector, and to make their salaam to Munro Sahib.

To show how entirely the young collector threw himself into the spirit of the people amongst whom he worked, I am tempted to transcribe his excellent account of the women of the most numerous caste in the Baramahal. It is the most faithful picture of the strong-minded Indian female agriculturist ever sketched.

'The women manage everything, and the men hardly ever venture to disobey their orders. It is they who buy and sell, and lend and borrow; and though the man

comes to the cutcherry to have his rent settled, he always receives his instructions before leaving home. If he gives up any point of them, however trifling, he is sure to incur her resentment. She orders him to stay at home next day, and sallies forth herself in great indignation, denouncing the whole tribe of revenue servants. On her arrival at the cutcherry, she goes on for near an hour with a very animated speech, which she had probably begun some hours before, at the time of her leaving her own house: the substance of it is, that they are a set of rascals for imposing upon her poor simple husband. She usually concludes with a string of interrogations: "Do you think I can plough land without bullocks? that I can make gold? or that I can raise it by selling this cloth?" She points, as she says this, to the dirty rag with which she is half covered, which she had put on for the occasion, and which no man would choose to touch with the end of a stick. If she gets what she asks, she goes away in a good humour; but if not, she delivers another philippic—not in a small female voice, but in that of a boatswain, for by long practice she is louder and hoarser than a man. As the cutcherry people only laugh at her, she carries her eloquence where she knows she can make it be attended to. She returns to her unfortunate husband, and probably does not confine herself entirely to logical arguments. She is perhaps too full of cares and anxieties to sleep that night; and if any person passes her house about day-break or a little before it, he will certainly find her busy spinning cotton. If I have not seen, I have at least often heard, the women spinning early in the morning, when it was so dark that I could scarcely follow the road.'

Munro cared little for European society. He loved

a few friends heartily, but had no turn for what he called 'forenoon gossips.' It was, however, a treat to him to visit occasionally a brother official, who lived near a brook, where he would spend pleasant hours, in 'walking, swimming, and fishing in a basket-boat.'

But his leisure was scanty, as may be supposed, when he had to collect one hundred and sixty-five thousand pagodas,* without a rupee outstanding, from about twenty thousand farmers.†

Amidst all his pressing cares, Munro never forgot his home friends. He insisted that a country house, with a good garden, should be taken for his mother; and when his means allowed, he bought the estate, that she might enjoy it as much as she pleased.

When the Fort of Seringapatam was stormed, and Tippoo slain, Munro was chosen, in reality by General Wellesley, though nominally by his brother, Lord Mornington, then Governor-General, to settle Canara (one of the provinces then assigned to the British Government).

Munro had every reason to hope that he would have been about this time appointed to the chief post in his dearly loved Baramahal. This removal to a distant and

* The pagoda is worth about three and a half rupees, or seven shillings.

† By what process of reasoning Munro decided that this *ryotwar*, or detailed settlement, was easier for the collector than if the assessment had been carried out through the hands of ten or twelve *zemindars*, or great landholders, I cannot conceive. But I can easily believe that, for the tenants themselves, it was better to pay direct to such a collector as Munro than to any zemindar in the country. If we could find such a collector for every district, it might be easy to settle the much-vexed question as to the relative value of the ryotwar and zemindaree settlements. But as few men will carry out a detailed operation with the zeal which Munro displayed, it will, on the whole, be wiser to entrust the collections to a zemindar, rather than to a native government servant.

unsettled province, which had none of the natural features which he prized so highly, was a real sorrow. Nevertheless, he went to work with his usual zeal, giving ten hours a day, and often twelve, to the crowds who pressed around him.

By spending all his time under the fly of a marquee, amongst the people, they became better British subjects in a couple of years than would have been the case in twenty, if their *hakim* had shut himself up in a house. The climate was moist, and it was a continual 'scramble' for his native officials to get from their houses to the cutcherry. When they arrived with their papers damp, and their petticoats wet, there was as much coughing as 'in a church at home.' So with this noise, with the rain clattering on the tent or shed, it was hard work for a man rather deaf, as Munro was, to hear what was going on. Like many men who lead almost solitary lives (so far as European society is concerned) amongst crowds of subject Asiatics, Munro was becoming quaint in his habits. His bed was a carpet and pillow upon a rattan couch. On leaving it, he walked about bare-headed in the open air, talking to the never-failing crowd of natives, until seven, when he breakfasted with his English assistants. Before noon, he went to his audience tent, and worked in public till four or five.

After dinner, at eight in the evening, his night cutcherry opened, and the hum of voices went on till midnight. Though scrupulously clean in his person, his garments set all changes of art and fashion at defiance; his coat hung on him like a sack, and his cue was tied up with a piece of red tape.

Nothing could reconcile Munro to Canara; and when once he had brought that district into order, he seized the first opportunity to leave it.

His next charge was an important territory, ceded to the English by the Nizam, in 1800, and known as the Ceded Districts.* Here he worked on, almost always under canvas, and in a perpetual round of business, until the autumn of 1807. He then wrote to his sister Erskine: 'I wish to see our father and mother, and shall therefore make the voyage (home).'

Before following Munro to England, and to the honours which awaited him, I shall quote here a specimen of his correspondence with his friend and subordinate officer, William Thackeray, Collector of Adoni—a civil servant of high spirit and accomplishments, and father of the lamented William Makepeace Thackeray.

In giving this quotation, I am tempted to dwell for one moment on the happiness which at rare intervals gleams out upon Indian official life, when spirits such as Munro and his friend Thackeray meet in the jungles.

'I regret your loss (alluding to Thackeray's removal to a higher office) on my own account; for I used to enjoy a fortnight's halt at Adoni, and talking of Greeks and Trojans, after having seen nobody perhaps for three or four months before, but Bedurs and Gymnosophists. I hope that you will, in your new government, carry into practice the maxims of the Grecian worthies whom you so much admire; and that you will act in all situations as Aristides would have done; and when you feel that your English spirits prompt you to act first and think afterwards, that you will recollect the temper of Themistocles—"Strike, but hear." . . . . You are

* The Nizam ceded to the English the territories which he had acquired by the treaties of Seringapatam in 1792, and of Mysore in 1799. Thus the Balaghat, south of the Kistna and Toombuddra rivers, with the Talook of Adoni, &c., passed to the English under the name of the Ceded Districts.

not likely to be placed in exactly the same situation; but many others may occur in the course of your collectorate life, that will require as great a command of temper; and if there is any faith in physiognomy, I have no doubt that you will rival the Grecians; for after you were cropt by the Adoni barber, you were a striking likeness of a head of Themistocles I recollect to have seen in an old edition of "Plutarch's Lives," printed in the time of Queen Elizabeth.'

CHAPTER XIV.

THE LAST TWENTY YEARS OF THOMAS MUNRO.

EARLY in April 1808, Colonel Munro set foot again in England. His mother, for whose sake he had so long practised self-denial and economy, had died a year before; his father in a second childhood; two of his brothers dead; his faithful friend and sister Erskine almost alone to welcome him.

All this was to be expected, after an absence of some eight-and-twenty years. The face of nature alone was unchanged. The old Indian, with his 'meagre yellow land-wind visage,' hastened away from the haunts of men who had forgotten him to his much-loved Kelvin, and the woods and waters of Northside. Here he plunged into the flood, and climbed the trees like a boy.

But contemplation without action would not do long. The restlessness which every Indian officer feels, so long as he sees India in the distance before him, drove Munro from place to place. Thus, amidst other wanderings, he accompanied Sir John Hope, as a guest, in the expedition to the Scheldt, and was present at the siege of Flushing. Then he went to London, where he gave valuable evidence before a Committee of the House of Commons, on the vexed subject of the renewal of the charter of the East India Company.*

* In the verbal testimony and the written opinions which Munro gave, his accurate knowledge of the natives contrasts strangely with his

The Court of Directors determined at this time to send out a Commission to enquire into the operation of the judicial system which had been introduced under British sway into India. Colonel Munro was chosen to be the First Commissioner; and the choice could not have fallen upon a better man.

He had allowed himself to become, as he and his friends supposed, a confirmed old bachelor, when suddenly, to the surprise of all, he surrendered his liberty to the charms of an Ayrshire lady—Miss Campbell. The honeymoon had only just ended, when Colonel and Mrs. Munro set sail for Madras. Soon after landing, the Colonel penned a bitter lament to a friend. He who for so many years had been accustomed to lounge in and out of his friends' tents, or bungalows, at all hours, found himself now, as a married man, tied to an eternal round of formal visits. 'There is,' writes he, 'such calling and gossiping, and driving all over the face of the country in an old hack-chaise in the heat of the day, that I can hardly believe myself in the same place, where I used to come and go quietly, without a single formal visit. But all this is owing to a man's being married!'

I shall satisfy myself with regard to Munro's duties as Commissioner, by observing that he advocated a most sensible and fitting policy—a policy which in after years has enabled men like Munro to work wonders, and which, I am sorry to say, has lately, when most wanted, been abandoned.

Munro desired to see the English officer who had charge of the land revenue—that is to say, who on behalf of the Government ruled the land—rule also the

inadequate idea of the possible expansion and elasticity of English commerce.

people. He desired to make the collector of land revenue the responsible magistrate of the people, and the active head of the police. In like manner, he desired to give the native heads of villages and townships the management and responsibility of their own local village police. All this was contrary to English custom, and to the regulations which had been based on English precedents. Nevertheless, the policy proposed by Munro was suited to the country, and to the relative position of the English and the natives.

At last, in 1816, after endless reports and written disputations, regulations defining the powers of the collector as magistrate were passed, and Munro had the satisfaction to see, in part at least, the fruit of his labour.

But whilst this paper-war had been hot at Madras, a real war was at hand. The Madras provinces were desolated by freebooters, called 'Pindarries,' who, under the secret countenance of the native powers, harried the English territories.

Early in 1817, the Governor-General, Lord Hastings, was constrained to call the armies of Bengal, Madras, and Bombay into the field—not only to destroy a set of bloodthirsty freebooters, but also to put down with a strong hand the freebooting system, which, after being nearly destroyed by Lord Wellesley, had been suffered to revive, and to disturb the peace of India.

The details of these operations will not be mentioned here.

An important duty, but insufficient force, was given to Munro, who, in the course of this campaign against the Peshwah, reduced all the territories between the rivers Toombuddra and Kistna, and to the east of the latter river as far as the Nizam's frontier. The strictly military exploits of Munro during this war were, so far as a

civilian may presume to judge, deserving of all praise. But the highest admiration is due to the marvellous tact which enabled him to induce the natives of the territories which he occupied to place themselves under his rule, and to assist him in restoring order. Other men went on zealously and well by the ordinary means; but in Munro we have a general who, insulated in an enemy's territory with no military means worth naming, subdues the country, drives out the enemy's army, and collects the revenue due to the enemy through the inhabitants themselves, aided by a few irregular infantry, whom he invites from the neighbouring provinces. Well might Sir John Malcolm exclaim—'We shall all recede as this extraordinary man comes forward!'

From the day when Munro thus turned the subjects of the Peshwah against their own master, down to the time when Herbert Edwardes and Lake bearded the powerful Chief of Mooltan with a rough levy of irregular soldiers, the influence of European energy and honesty over the Asiatic mind was never more signally displayed. Nor is this marvellous power, which the Englishman in India by force of character possesses, to be viewed merely as a subject of pride and self-gratulation. It is rather to be observed with humility, as an indication of the attitude which the Supreme Ruler of hearts is pleased to assign to the Christian governors of a heathen population. The Englishman in India is not taught by history either to caress or to coerce the Indian mind, but to rule by force of character, by firmness, by gentleness, and, above all, by justice.

In reviewing this period of Munro's career, there is one other observation to be made.

When hostilities with the Mahratta chief broke out, many officers, junior to him, were placed in command of

brigades before him; and when at last he was made a brigadier, a miserable force of a few Sepoys was placed under him. Instead of sulking or repining, Munro went hard to work at a seemingly hopeless task. So it happened that the apparent inferiority of his position became vantage-ground to the man who could do great things with humble means and appliances.

The wear and tear of this campaign told heavily on Munro. As before, when he could escape the turmoil of the camp, he sought a solace amidst the simple charms of nature.

'I wished much,' he writes to his wife, 'to have had you with me this morning in my walk. The weather is so cool, that I went out after breakfast, between ten and eleven, and strolled along the bank of a rocky nullah (stream) for an hour, often standing still for some minutes, looking at the water tumbling over the stones, and the green sod and bushes looking greener from a bright sun. There is nothing I enjoy so much as the sight and the sound of water gushing and murmuring among rocks and stones. I fancy I could look on the stream for ever: it never tires me. I never see a brawling rivulet in any part of the world, without thinking of the one I first saw in my earliest years, and wishing myself beside it again. There seems to be a kind of sympathy among them all. They have all the same sound; and in India and Scotland they resemble each other more than any other part of the landscape.'

To his sister Erskine he writes:—'Though I have not written to you, I have, I believe, thought of you oftener than at any former period. The changes in my constitution make me naturally think oftener of home, where it would suffer less; and I certainly never think of home without remembering you, and wishing to

ramble with you among the banks at Ammondel, or any other banks you like. When I am once again fairly upon your favourite bridge, nothing shall ever tempt me to return to India.'

It was, then, to home and Scotland that Munro turned his thoughts as soon as the war was over; and on January 24, 1819, he sailed from India with his wife and child, with a firm determination to spend the remainder of his days amongst his own people and in his native country. His general health had not suffered so much as his eyesight.

As he wrote a few months before his departure to his friend Malcolm:—'At the rate I am now going (i.e. going blind), in a few months more I shall not be able to tell a Dockan from a Breckan. Before this happens, I must go home and paddle in the burn. This is a much nicer way of passing the evening of life than going about the country here in my military boots and brigadier's enormous hat and feathers, frightening every cow and buffalo, shaking horribly its fearful nature, and making its tail stand on end!'

'Paddling in the burn' is no doubt a very pleasant and suitable employ for retired old Scotch-Indians in general; but Munro was wanted for something else.

Honours at last were showered upon him. In the course of a few months after his arrival in Scotland he was made a Major-General, received the insignia of Knight Commander of the Bath, and was appointed Governor of Madras. One sentiment of Sir Thomas Munro is enough to prove his fitness for the office, and might be written in letters of gold over every cutcherry* in India—

'We can never be qualified to govern men against whom we are prejudiced.'

* Court of civil or criminal justice, or revenue office.

Early in May 1820, Sir Thomas and Lady Munro arrived at Bombay, on a short visit to the Governor, Mr. Elphinstone, *en route* to their own presidency. They reached Madras on June 8; and Thomas Munro, the ragged and scantily-fed cadet of 1780, and the occupant of the 'hack-chaise' at a much later date, was conducted amidst the thunder of cannon and the shouts of the people to his palace in Government House.

Once again Munro commenced a series of peaceful conquests—once again he threw himself, without ceremony and without reserve, amongst the people. To receive their petitions in the open air—to listen to their complaints, and, if possible, to settle their disputes—this was his daily work. At breakfast, according to a fashion prevailing at Madras, the table was spread for thirty persons; and any English officers who desired an interview with the Governor were expected to attend at the breakfast hour, and to partake of the meal. From about ten to four o'clock, none save the secretaries employed in transacting public business were admitted. At four, a quiet dinner, except on the days fixed for public banquets. The evening was spent in his family party; but time still economised, and the aides-de-camp desired to read aloud.

As often as he could escape from Madras, Munro, true to his former tastes, wandered through the country, leading on a grander scale the camp-life which he had always dearly loved as a subaltern. Wild scenes of mingled rocks and jungle, ancient trees, and flowing water, held their usual sway over him; and he described to Lady Munro, or his sister Erskine—the one at Madras, and the other in Scotland—the woods and waters through which his journeys passed. Sometimes

he found himself amidst ruins of the cantonments, which thirty-five years ago he had inhabited as a subaltern; sometimes he found populous stations, where, as a boy, he remembered only forests or bushy jungles.

There was a tinge of melancholy, such as often besets over-worked minds, in his journals and letters at this period; and in 1823 the Governor became so weary of Indian life, that he earnestly requested the Court of Directors to appoint his successor. A twelvemonth passed over without any response to this application; and in the meantime the Burmese war broke out, and Sir Thomas was zealously engaged in carrying out operations, in close consultation with the Governor-General, Lord Amherst.

In 1826, Lady Munro was obliged to carry their youngest son from the climate of Madras, and her husband felt acutely the loss of both wife and child. The eldest had been left at home when Lady Munro came out the second time to Madras. Sir Thomas now applied more urgently than before to be relieved.

At last, when the Directors gave a tardy response, it was too late. In a journey to bid farewell to his native friends in the Ceded Districts, in the summer of 1827, Sir Thomas Munro was seized by cholera. His frame, enfeebled by forty-seven years of Indian service, could not withstand the malady; and amidst the sincere lamentations of Englishmen and natives, the 'Father of the People' went down to his grave.

One anecdote, related by Mr. Gleig, will suffice as well as a volume to tell of the veneration in which his name was held.

Captain Macleod, who commanded the escort, was seized by the fatal disease which had carried off his chief. As the hand of death was close upon him, he

summoned his native officers, told them he was a dying man, enquired into the state of the regimental accounts, and, on being assured that all was in order, with difficulty raised his hand to his forehead to make a last *salaam*. He then turned to the chief officer of the staff, and begged that a small party of soldiers might see him decently buried. He was told that, if unhappily he should not recover, his body would be sent back to Gooty, at which place the remains of the late Governor were interred. 'No, no!' exclaimed the dying man, 'it is too much honour for me to be buried near Sir Thomas Munro!'

As one of the wisest, as well as the best, of our Indian worthies, I may hereafter review some of the opinions of this great and good man. At the present moment I shall content myself by remarking, that in soundness of understanding, native vigour of mind, indefatigable application to business, and intimate Indian experience, there are many and strong points of resemblance between Sir Thomas Munro and our present Governor-General, Sir John Lawrence.

CHAPTER XV.

SIR JOHN MALCOLM.

I HAVE traced with interest the career of Sir Thomas Munro, a worthy, zealous, upright, hard-headed Scotchman, from his modest home in Glasgow, to the dignified seat of the Governor of Madras.

Equally to the honour of Scotland and of Madras, another hero arose, at once the friend, the admirer, and the rival of Munro. John Malcolm was born on the 2nd of May, 1769, in the parish of Westerkirk, in Dumfriesshire, in a farm-house on the banks of the Esk. It was with his father as with Munro's father. Both of them failed in business, and both of them looked to foreign service for their sons, in the anxious hope of retrieving the fortunes* of the family. John was sent away to London as a mere child; but even in the nursery he had learned self-reliance. His old nurse, whilst combing his hair, told him,

'Now, Jock, my mon, be sure when you are awa' ye kaim your head and keep your face clean, or maybe ye'll just be sent hame agen.'

* John Malcolm was through life what is called a fortunate man; and after his career had ended, he still has been eminently happy in his biographer, Mr. John William Kaye, to whose admirable Life of Sir John Malcolm I am principally indebted for the material of this little sketch.

'Tut, woman,' replied Jock, 'ye're aye se feared; if I were awa' amang strangers, I'll just do weel aneugh.'

Towards the end of 1781 a free passage to India was promised, and Jock's uncle took him to the India House, fearing much that, owing to his childish appearance, the directors would reject the young candidate.

'Well, my little man,' said one of them, 'and what would you do if you were to meet Hyder Ali?'

'Do, Sir?' said Jock; 'why, out with my sword and cut off his head, to be sure.'

'You will do,' was the rejoinder.

So Jock became a cadet, and after many delays reached Madras, in April 1783. Like Munro, Malcolm was poorly clad and half starved. Indeed, but for the charity of an old woman in the bazaar, who supplied him with provisions without pressing for payment, he would have been driven to despair. Jock never forgot a friend, and when he could afford it he pensioned this good woman for life.

When Malcolm's turn came for active employment as a soldier, he had opportunity to observe the frightful tyranny of the native army under the Nizam, who, whether in hostile or friendly territories, fell like locusts on the soil, and destroyed everything within their reach. I trace from this time that living sympathy with the 'ryots,' or people of India, which inspired Malcolm's future life. He longed for power that he might help the weak; he strove for rank that he might raise up the oppressed.* And so he set to work with his moonshee (teacher) to learn the language, and vowed neither to

* In one of the earliest of his journals we find this remark: 'Reputation for justice and humanity, preceding an army, is of more consequence than an advanced guard of ten thousand men.'

shoot nor to hunt again until he had qualified himself as a linguist to gain a diplomatic post.

As generally happens in India, diligence met with an early reward. Malcolm, on joining Lord Cornwallis' camp before Seringapatam, in 1792, was appointed Persian interpreter to the detachment serving with the Nizam. This appointment was given by no favour, but simply because our hero was the best, if not the only, man for the place. He had served nine years as a regimental officer, and a regimental officer he would have remained, but for his own determination to qualify himself for staff employ. And when once on the staff, his merit was so conspicuous, that he was never allowed to revert to a purely military career; but wherever difficult work was to be done, requiring a ready, bold, and skilful agent, there John Malcolm found his place. And so it is even in the present day in India. It is not interest or luck that is required, but self-denial, application, industry, and integrity.

The war with Tippoo being ended, the doctors laid hands upon Malcolm, and ordered him home.

In July 1794, Malcolm once more trod English ground, no longer a smooth-faced puny boy, but a stalwart sun-burnt soldier, of noble presence and commanding stature.

'I dare say,' wrote one of his sisters, 'you are longing for a letter about our Indian brother. The cause of our silence is really the delight we take in that brother, which makes us regret every moment we are absent from him.' Happy day there, at the old farm-house at Burn-foot, when the brothers, Pulteney, James, and John, all three on the high-road to fame and fortune, and in the full glow of youth and manly vigour, met on the banks of the Esk. After a few months, each day of which was more joyful than the last, John Malcolm sailed towards

India as secretary to General Clarke, on a secret expedition. The fleet which conveyed the General anchored in Simon's Bay, on the 3rd of September, 1794. The troops landed, and Malcolm took a share in the military successes which brought the Cape of Good Hope permanently under the British Flag.

On returning to Madras, after a happy, careless, but by no means idle time, Captain Malcolm forwarded to Lord Wellesley, the new Governor-General, some notes on the Native States of India, and at once was appointed Assistant Resident at the Court of the Nizam at Hyderabad. But before joining this new appointment, Malcolm was ordered to wait upon the Governor-General in Calcutta, nominally to receive his lordship's instructions, but really to instruct and enlighten him as to the affairs of the Nizam. This order, under the hand of the Governor-General, did not reach Malcolm until he was near to Hyderabad. On arriving at the Residency, he found the Resident, Captain Kirkpatrick, preparing a grand *coup d'état*. The French corps of ten or twelve thousand men, disciplined by Raymond, who himself had served under Lally, formed the most important element in the military power of the Nizam. Lord Wellesley had insisted upon the disbanding of this force, so dangerous, as he thought, to English interests. The Nizam had nominally assented, but in his heart desired to evade. Malcolm came just in time to give sound advice and ready help; and the French corps of Hyderabad left their guns, laid down their arms, and became matter of history. Great were the rejoicings in Calcutta when Malcolm placed the colours of the French battalion at the feet of the Governor-General. The young diplomatist became at once a special favourite at Government House. He had tact enough to do the needful homage

to the glorious little man, (as Lord Wellesley was called.) He had fun, good-humour, anecdote, for the rest; and stores of information for all.

When foreign influence with the Nizam had been put down, the Governor-General went on to fight Tippoo, the ruler of Mysore, who also had been carrying on an intrigue with the French, and would not allow the English to interfere with him. General Harris took the field with a powerful army. The Nizam sent an auxiliary force; to this force His Majesty's 33rd regiment was attached, under the command of Arthur Wellesley, whilst Malcolm led on a contingent of native soldiers. He thus came into daily personal intercourse with the man who, in a few years, was to sway the destinies of Europe. Malcolm was one of the first to learn the depth of Arthur Wellesley's character; and the two young soldiers became friends for life.

After the fall of Seringapatam, and the death of Tippoo, on the 4th of May, 1799, a commission, including Colonel Wellesley, was appointed to settle the Mysore Government, to which both Malcolm and Munro were appointed secretaries. Malcolm was the man to smooth difficulties, talk to the native chiefs and soldiers, and carry all things on cheerfully and well; whilst Munro was busy in rent-rolls and land-revenue details. Arthur Wellesley did not intend this complication to last long, and the work of the commission was over in a month, employment being ready for Malcolm in another quarter.

More than two hundred years had elapsed since an envoy from Queen Elizabeth had proceeded to the Court of Persia.

The Governor-General now determined to send Malcolm to the reigning prince on behalf of the East India

Company. Malcolm, from his character, manners, and appearance, was the man of all others to play such a part. He laughed, chatted, shot, and hunted, with the Persian nobles, scattered presents right and left, and put the King and everybody else into good humour. Beyond this he did little, because, in truth, there was little to do. The whole embassage was the fruit of Lord Wellesley's restless activity rather than a real political necessity; but if Malcolm was sent on a needless task, he took care to make the greatest amount of fun, and to cull every possible intellectual fruit which the occasion offered. There was a very long bill which the East India Company had to pay for watches, pistols, lustres, telescopes, and other presents, loaded on some twenty camels and three hundred mules. In short, Malcolm's mission was to bribe, and he chose to bribe like a king rather than a pedlar. But the whole affair was a mistake; and it is to be regretted that such a man as Malcolm expended so much energy on a fruitless mission.

The Governor-General was, however, well satisfied; and we find Malcolm in 1801 at his right hand, acting as private secretary and confidential minister.

Happily, neither the variety nor the splendour of Malcolm's career tended to deaden the affections of his heart. The good old couple at Burnfoot were placed in comfort by their son's dutiful care. Well might old Mr. Malcolm write, 'The account of your employments is like fairy tales to us;' and happy was it that he could add, 'your filial effusions brought tears of joy to the eyes of your parents.' It has been said that Scotchmen are ready to turn their backs on their native soil, and slow to retrace their steps homewards. But at all events they are the last men, when their honest industry has

raised them high, to forget the humble friends of their own family. For steady work and firm affection, who could surpass Malcolm and Munro? How few indeed are their equals in these sterling qualities!*

'My old father,' said Malcolm to a young officer, 'has asked me to befriend you. Anything that he wishes is a *firman* which I put on my head as a Turk does the Grand Seigneur's, and which I will obey at all hazards.'

To his father he wrote, 'I have only one request to make of you, and your granting it will determine that share of happiness which I am to enjoy until my return to Europe. It is, my dear father, that you do upon every occasion call upon Mr. Pasley, to furnish you with whatever sums you may require for the comfort of yourself, my dear mother, or any of my family, from funds of mine in his hands; and I entreat that you will deny yourself no indulgence that my means can supply. Your acting otherwise, upon this point, will make me really unhappy.'†

The Indian policy of Lord Wellesley was too bold, too comprehensive, in short, on too grand a scale, for the Court of Directors. Thwarted, controlled, and restrained, the 'glorious little man' turned his back on Calcutta in 1805, leaving Malcolm, who was now 'Colonel,' employed in negotiations with Dowlut Rao Scindia, and advocating, as usual, a bold and firm policy.

Lord Cornwallis succeeded as Governor-General, and

* Both Malcolm and Munro not only sent regular and ample money remittances to their parents, but also directed their agents to buy land, houses, gardens, or whatever would amuse as well as comfort their aged parents.

† On his father's death, Malcolm wrote to his uncle and agent in England, 'I have directed 400*l.* to be sent home annually for my mother and sisters. . . . . Dispose of anything I possess, but above al *let my dearest mother enjoy affluence.*'

during the few months that he survived, strove only to get rid of our territories, and to abandon our influence to the west of the Jumna. Not only was a career of conquest stopped, not only was a commanding position and paramount influence thrown aside, but the anxiety of the British Government was to give up as much, and to go back as far, as possible.*

Malcolm was in despair. He wrote plainly to the Government, that if Delhi was to be given up, and the territories west of the Jumna restored to the native powers, he must decline to be instrumental to a policy so disgraceful and ruinous. In this matter Malcolm was quite right. In India, however injudicious it may be to advance, to retreat, is ruin. Lord Lake, who had conquered the provinces which it was now proposed to restore, agreed with Malcolm in deprecating any retrogressive policy. This fine old soldier was a disciplinarian, devoted to military forms, and impatient of interference. But, like everyone else, he was captivated by the frank, manly deportment of Malcolm; and when, at two in the morning, he began his march, 'in full uniform, buttoned to the chin, powdered and peruked,' he was glad to beguile the way with the jokes and fun of our cheerful diplomatist. Here is Malcolm's opinion of the veteran commander: 'His heart is kind almost to weakness. He is honourable, in the fullest sense of the word; and, from his extraordinary energy, courage, and animation, will always do more with troops than those who may be reputed abler.' How much there is here to remind us of Lord Clyde, under whose auspices Lake's conquests were conquered over again some half century later.

* Lord Cornwallis reached India 30th July, 1805, in infirm health, and died on 5th October following.

When, on Lord Cornwallis's death, Sir George Barlow succeeded to the place and policy of the late Governor-General, Malcolm got desperate, and wrote to implore Lord Wellesley, if possible, to send his brother, Sir Arthur, out to India, as Governor of Madras. The hearty and affectionate letters which passed between Malcolm and Sir Arthur at this time do credit to both, and prove the warm attachment which Wellesley felt for his old Indian comrades.

Malcolm about this period became disgusted with public affairs, and as life without some absorbing passion was a simple impossibility, he fell in love. The girl, who had the good fortune to captivate John Malcolm, was Charlotte, daughter of Colonel Campbell, one of Wellington's lieutenants, and eventually Commander-in-Chief of Madras. The marriage took place at Mysore, where Malcolm had long held the office of Resident, on the 4th of July, 1807.

France and Russia at this time were supposed to meditate a joint invasion of India, and Lord Minto, who had arrived in Calcutta as Governor-General, looked anxiously towards the Punjaub, Afghanistan, and Persia. It was determined to send friendly missions to these courts, and Malcolm was chosen for the latter embassy. Here again time and money were wasted, French influence was for the time supreme, and the English mission failed.

At last, in August 1808, Malcolm returned to Calcutta, longing to rejoin his wife, and beguiling his absence by writing poetry to her, which he showed to Lord Minto, his Lordship in return handing him a set of birth-day stanzas addressed to Lady Minto, then verging on three-score. This little incident I relate to show how, under the influence of Malcolm's genial

temper, the farmer's son from the Esk and the baron from the Teviot fraternized on the banks of the Ganges. 'I am quite overwhelmed,' he wrote, 'with Lord Minto's kindness. All people here (in Calcutta) seem to struggle who shall show me greatest kindness.'

Early in 1807 there was a mutiny amongst the officers of the Madras army. The exciting cause was the abolition of certain contracts for the supply of tents, which had been held by the officers, who were thus tempted to enrich themselves at the expense of the efficiency of their corps. Malcolm, who was always wanted when any difficult negotiation was on hand, received orders to bring his comrades to a sense of their duty. He would probably have succeeded in his conciliatory mission—in fact, did accomplish partial success. But the Government taking advantage of the jealousy which existed between the King's and Company's troops, preferred to carry matters through with a high hand, and before long all conciliatory policy was abandoned. Considering how long Malcolm had been employed in political duty, and removed from purely military employ, the influence which he exerted over the minds and conduct of his comrades on this occasion was remarkable.

Another Persian mission, headed by Malcolm with a staff of fine young officers, now took place. Unfortunately, the Home Government had also sent out an ambassador, Sir Harford Jones, to the Persian court. Malcolm, after a struggle to maintain the influence and dignity of the East India Company, was recalled. If ever a man was in what is called a false position, Malcolm, sitting on the left of the King of Persia, with Sir Harford Jones on the right, was that man. It required all the tact, and almost more than all the temper even

of Malcolm, to scramble through the part he had to perform. The only wonder is, that our hero managed to gather honour under circumstances so apparently hopeless. A new order of knighthood was instituted in compliment to the Indian ambassador, and Malcolm was invested by the King with the insignia of 'the Lion and the Sun.' In taking leave of the monarch, it was evident to all bystanders that Malcolm, with his genial humour, had fascinated Futteh Ali, and had triumphed even over the ceremony, formality, and mummery, of the Persian Court. The impression made upon the people in general was equally great.

Sir R. K. Porter, who visited the country some years after Malcolm's departure, writes thus in his Travels:—'In many of the villages the people date their marriages, or the births of their children, from the epoch of his (Malcolm's) visit among them. . . . . The peasants often said to me, that if the rocks and trees had suddenly the power of speech, their first word would be "Malcolm!"'

On his return to Bombay, Malcolm met Henry Martyn, then about to start for Persia. In writing to Sir Gore Ouseley, who succeeded Sir Harford Jones at the Persian Court, Malcolm used these words, 'His (Martyn's) good sense and great learning will delight you, whilst his constant cheerfulness will add to the hilarity of your party.' I value this highly, because the biographers of this noble missionary have quite failed to give the impression of cheerfulness to his life and character.

Malcolm now returned to England.

Early in 1815 the three brothers, James, Pulteney, and John—the marine, the sailor, and the Indian soldier and diplomatist—were each created Knight Commander

of the Bath. Well may Scotland be proud of such a family of brave sons, who by displaying similar good qualities in varied fields of action, gather honours for their name and country.

During this visit, the Duke of Wellington received Malcolm with that hearty regard which he almost reserved for his old Indian friends. Both on the Continent and in England Wellington and Malcolm renewed the familiar intercourse which had commenced many years before under the walls of Seringapatam. Now was the time for Malcolm to study the policy, the armies, the men and manners, of Europe; and, as usual, he turned his time to good account.

In March 1817, Malcolm, now Sir John, once again trod the sands of Madras. Lord Moira forthwith sent for him to Calcutta, and named him as his representative in the Deccan, with the rank of Brigadier. 'What is really delightful,' wrote Malcolm, 'from the Governor-General down to the lowest, black or white, red or brown, clothed or naked, all appear happy at my advancement.'

War was now impending. The extirpation of the Pindarees (confederate plunderers) had been decreed. But the Mahratta chiefs obstructed the progress of the British army, and Malcolm found himself in the battle-field face to face with the army of the youthful Holkar, at Mehidpore. Malcolm, as might be expected, displayed eminent courage, coolness and skill. His victory was complete; seventy pieces of cannon taken, and the military power of Holkar destroyed. It remained to deal with the Peishwah Bajee Rao, who, after threatening to fight the English, eventually gave himself up to Malcolm. Sir John, who was always disposed to act magnificently, agreed to give the Peishwah a pension

of more than 80,000*l.* per annum. Lord Hastings complained, I think justly, that Bajee Rao was not entitled to such liberal terms. If Malcolm desired to buy the gratitude of the family of the ex-Peishwah, the result proved that his generosity was misplaced. The monster, commonly known in England as Nana Sahib, who in 1857 butchered our countrywomen at Cawnpoor, was the chief representative of the pensioned family of the Peishwah.

Malcolm worked on for some years in Central India —years perhaps the most useful in his long public career. He worked, as he said, *with the door of his tent open to every point of the compass*; he lived and toiled in public, and for that reason, the people almost worshipped him. If he could settle a dispute on horseback, or with his gun or hog-spear in his hand, so much the better. If not, the people knew where to find him every day, and all day long. 'How great,' says Bishop Heber, 'must be the difficulties attendant on power in these provinces, when, except Sir John Malcolm, I have heard of no one whom all parties agree in commending!'

In 1821 Malcolm returned home, to live for a time in a country house near Cambridge, and to entertain there men like Julius Hare, Whewell, and Sedgwick. 'The genial heart,' writes Hare of Malcolm in his 'Guesses at Truth,' 'of cordial sympathy, with which the illustrious master of the house sought out the good side in every person and every thing, operated as a charm even upon his visitors.' But domestic happiness, pleasant society, pheasant-shooting, farming—all this, and more, would not long satisfy the somewhat ambitious cravings of the old Indian General.

Malcolm had smarted when his friend Elphinstone

was made Governor of Bombay; and again, when his comrade Munro was sent to rule at Madras. He longed once again to be in the full whirl of public business, and at last, in 1827, he accepted the Governorship of Bombay. I doubt whether his sojourn there was as happy as his stay in Central India. At Bombay he was expected to save the Company's money, and to make retrenchments. In Central India he had been able to give with his right hand and his left.

One absorbing and painful discussion with the Supreme Court, in which Malcolm was quite right, embittered his reign at Bombay.

He returned home in 1831 to be for a short time a member for a borough, and then to die, overtaken by a malady which his severely taxed constitution was unable to resist.

I leave him with the words of his old and faithful friend, the Duke of Wellington: 'Alike distinguished by courage and by talent, the history of his life during the last thirty years would be the history of the glory of his country in India.'

CHAPTER XVI.

THE WELLESLEYS IN INDIA.

WHEN Munro and Malcolm spent their hungry half-starved cadetship days at Madras, Warren Hastings was still supreme in Bengal. Lord Cornwallis and Sir John Shore* succeeded to the office of Governor-General; and being the one a nobleman, high-minded and just, and the other an experienced civil servant, who, when all around were corrupt, led a life of Christian purity and self-denial, they vastly improved the moral atmosphere of Indian official life. But these great and good rulers were not so well qualified by nature and by temper, to lay hands on the fittest public servants for high employ as their more accomplished and more ambitious successor, Lord Mornington.

True it is that such men as Thomas Monro and John Malcolm, able, honest, energetic, and withal *persevering*, could not fail to gain distinction in India. But unless the noble brothers, known to English history as the Marquis of Wellesley and the Duke of Wellington, had held office in India when Munro and Malcolm were in their prime, the road to honour of these worthy Scotchmen would have been less rapid and less secure. In the case of each of them, hardship and suffering marked their early Indian career, and the study of the

* See page 154.

people, the country, and the languages, became at once the resource to save them from despair, and to place the prizes of public life at their feet. Young men of the present day who would emulate their honours, must imitate their labours. I propose now in few words to sketch the Indian career of the two Wellesleys. Standing from the first on vantage ground, they climbed rapidly to higher fame by force of these same qualities of perseverance and hard work, which opened the way for them as well as for men of more humble origin.

Lord Mornington arrived in the Ganges as Governor-General in May 1798. He was under forty; had distinguished himself at Eton, had supported the King's party in the regency debates of 1789 in the Irish House of Lords, had been also an active member of the English House of Commons, and in every position had displayed high ability. On succeeding the worthy Sir John Shore, as Governor-General in India, Lord Mornington found the state of affairs critical. Buonaparte was supposed to wait his opportunity for invading British India. The French flag already had been carried in triumph from Alexandria to Suez. The French conqueror had proclaimed his allegiance to God, the Prophet, and the Koran, from one end of Egypt to the other. Lord Mornington had touched at the Cape *en route* to Calcutta, and had there met with intelligent Indian officers, who prepared him to find, as he did find, French intrigues, both on the coast and in the continent of India. Tippoo Sahib, the ruler of Mysore, had sent an embassy to the French Governor of the Isle of France, to propose an alliance with the object of driving the English into the sea. With the rage of a Mahomedan bigot, he declared that 'an Englishman, a

dog, and a pig, were three brothers of the same family;* whilst he adopted for his own the motto, 'It is better to live for two years a tiger, than for two hundred years a lamb.' †

The Governor-General was not anxious to rush into hostility with a prince who could bring nearly 80,000 disciplined soldiers into the field, and attempted to settle all disputes with Mysore by negotiation. At the same time an army was assembled at Vellore, under the command of General Harris, by the support of which the English chief might enforce, if need be, his reasonable demands.

I have already told in a former chapter how the Governor-General, with the aid of such men as his brother Colonel Wellesley, Harris, Munro, John Malcolm, Lake, and other able lieutenants, put down not only Tippoo, but every other opponent; and extended the limits of British Indian territory, until at last the younger Wellesley wrote that he only waited to know 'what countries they are which the Governor-General wishes to take possession of.'‡ The main features of his Indian policy may be thus described. He made up his mind at once, that England in India must be supreme; not only amongst European powers, but also amongst native dynasties. He adopted the views

* It is well known that the Mahomedan holds a pig in religious abhorrence. A dog also is considered a very unclean animal. I remember once when riding near the hut and garden of a Mahomedan fakeer, or religious devotee, in the Punjaub, I said to a native gentleman, also a Mahomedan, who was riding by my side, 'Look at that fakeer! He has no less than thirteen dogs following him.' 'Yes, Sir,' was the answer, 'there are thirteen dogs, and he makes the fourteenth.'

† Brialmont's Life of Wellington, translated by Chaplain-General Gleig.

‡ Gurwood's Dispatches of the Duke of Wellington.

of Lord Clive and Warren Hastings, rather than the more gentle policy of Sir John Shore and Lord Cornwallis. Instead of busying himself to hold the balance between native potentates squabbling with the English on the sea-coast, he boldly asserted paramount authority throughout the Indian peninsula. To use the words of Brialmont, the 'government was entirely occupied with the defence of its own sea-coast provinces, when he, Lord Wellesley, took it up; when he laid it down it was seated on the throne of Aurangzib.'

Nor was it only in the expansion of power that the Marquis of Wellesley (he received this title in 1799) displayed his talents. He could bind together and build up, as well as he could extend, the government structure. No Indian civil servant ought to forget his noble zeal for the improvement of the civil service, by founding the college of Fort William, by selecting scholars like Carey and Buchanan to preside over that college, and by bringing forward men like Bayley or Metcalfe to be the future ornaments of their profession. All this and much more, the glorious little man (as the Marquis was familiarly termed in Calcutta,) accomplished, in spite of the Court of Directors, who were terrified by his lofty and ambitious career. Let me here remark that the present policy of the Home Indian authorities tends to trammel and confine the action of their Governor-General. By the aid of steam-ships and telegraphs this sort of interference is easy, though not always safe. If the people of India once learn that there is no real paramount living authority in India, there will be no end to the cabals against the Viceroy, and the task of governing will be more arduous than ever. Lord Wellesley happily reigned in India before these modern appliances had brought London and Calcutta

almost within speaking distance. He received the expostulations of the Court of Directors when the course of events had made them obsolete, and laughed at warnings which arrived twelve months too late. He left India in 1805. Some thirty years after he had returned to England, the Indian Directors became aware of the value of Lord Wellesley's services, and remembering that he had magnanimously declined to accept a bounty of 100,000*l.* at the fall of Seringapatam, placed a considerable annuity at his disposal.

The Marquis of Wellesley, always brilliant and able, displayed more brilliancy and more ability in India than in England. His brother Arthur, on the contrary, laid merely the foundation of his future fame in Indian soil. It was in India that he learned the arts of war and statesmanship, which in after years were pre-eminently displayed on the stage of Europe.

I have already mentioned, in describing the career of Sir John Malcolm, that Colonel Arthur Wellesley with his regiment H.M. 33rd foot, had taken part in the siege of Seringapatam. On approaching that city, the armies of Tippoo, commanded by the Sultan in person, disputed the advance of the English troops. When the rival forces were within sixty yards of each other, Wellesley ordered the 33rd to quicken step, upon which the Mysoreans gave way. Colonel Floyd, seizing the critical moment, charged with his cavalry, and a complete rout ensued. This was on the evening of the 27th March (1799). On the night of the 5th April, Colonel Wellesley was again in action, under different and less favourable circumstances. General Harris ordered a night attack, to drive in some of Tippoo's infantry, who obstructed the advanced posts of the British camp. Colonels Wellesley and Shaw were

directed to make a combined attack. Colonel Shaw succeeded; not so Colonel Wellesley. At midnight, whilst General Harris was anxiously pacing his tent, fearing that the two attacking parties had fired on one another, an officer, toil-worn and agitated, came in. It was Colonel Wellesley, who reported that his attack had failed, and that the 33rd had got into confusion, and could not be formed.* The fact was, that a withering fire had been poured into the regiment in the dark, and that in consequence there had been the greatest confusion. Twelve grenadiers of the 33rd fell into the hands of the Mysoreans, were carried before Tippoo, who ordered them to be put to death by having nails driven into their skulls. Wellesley, who had received a contusion on the knee, nearly shared the same fate, and only reached the camp as I have described, alone and greatly fatigued. In fact, he had not long finished the account of his failure to General Harris, when leaning his head upon the camp-table he fell fast asleep. On the following day the attack upon the enemy's position was renewed under the command of Colonel Wellesley, and the post was carried in less than twenty minutes. The failure of the night and the success of the morning, in this affair of out-posts, seemed at the moment of no great importance. But there is a lesson in the failures of great men, which their success will never teach. Let every young Englishman remember that one of the greatest of his countrymen in a critical moment signally failed; but, that this very failure, instead of depressing, served only to stimulate his spirit, and was the forerunner of long and signal success.

And now the days of Seringapatam and of the infatuated Sultan were numbered. Tippoo drove from

* Diary of General Harris.

his presence the aged ministers of his father, took to charms and incantations, and listened only to parasites and striplings. He attempted negotiations, but merely to gain time, whilst the British army was steadily closing upon him. On the 4th May, at the mid-day sultry hour, the brave Scotchman, General Baird, prepared to lead the assault upon the doomed citadel. 2,500 Europeans and 1,800 Sepoys paraded ready for the onset. Baird with a few hearty words sprang out of the trenches, and closely followed by his men, rushed towards the breach. The enemy were prepared, and poured a heavy fire on the English, who still persevered, and made their way over every obstacle into the town. Tippoo fell sword in hand on the threshold of his palace. An English soldier, tempted by the glittering baldric of the wounded prince, seized the booty. Tippoo cut at the spoiler, who in return shot the Sultan through the head. When this event was known, the inhabitants and defenders of Seringapatam threw down their arms, and the triumph of the English was complete.

Amongst the archives of the palace a letter from Tippoo to the French Republic was found, with these words, 'Support me, and not a single Englishman shall be left alive in India.' The list of a French republican club was also found, the members of which assembled under a 'retired pirate,' named Répaut. These men were wont to swear hostility to all kings, citizen Tippoo alone excepted, and 'hoisted the *bonnet rouge* upon a pole in the heart of an Asiatic town, of which the inhabitants were slaves.' *

Colonel Wellesley was made commandant at Seringapatam; and when General Harris, with the bulk of the

* Brialmont.

army, withdrew into the Carnatic, the whole charge, civil and military, of Mysore devolved upon the young colonel of the 33rd. If older men and officers of higher rank—General Baird for instance, who had been imprisoned in Seringapatam and longed to hold the command there—if older men, I say, had just cause to murmur at this appointment, which was made by General Harris and confirmed by the Governor-General, the event proved the justice and the wisdom of the selection. At no period in his laborious life did Arthur Wellesley more signally prove himself a workman of the highest power. The mere list of subjects with which he had to deal is enough to astonish. Now he was building bridges and tracing roads; then establishing courts of justice, and settling police details; at one time ordering clothes for the numerous ladies of the late Sultan; at another, corresponding with Père Dubois about Christian women who had been immured in the harem. He showed a great—nay, in some cases an extreme tenderness to the feelings of the conquered chiefs;* but put down then, as ever, plunder or insub-

* For example: On the palace walls of Seringapatam a set of pictures were found, describing the various scenes in the defeat of Colonel Bailey by the Mysoreans. Colonel Wellesley actually had these paintings repaired at his own expense! Again I find the same extreme, and in my opinion exaggerated, respect for the feelings of the vanquished in the following transaction, in which Colonel Wellesley's own words are given, as used in his dispatch to Colonel Doveton, 24th December, 1799. 'Within these few days I have received an application from a very respectable man (Père Dubois), to have returned to their husbands the wives of about two hundred Christians and other unmarried Christian women, whom Tippoo had carried off from their husbands and friends, when he visited the Malabar coast and Canara, and who were placed, and are now supposed to be, in his Zenanuh. I have refused to comply with this request, although the refusal is unjust; because the Company having taken this family under its protection, it is not proper that anything should be done which can disgrace it in the eyes of the Indian world,

ordination with a strong hand.* Pensions, laboratories, mints, fortifications, gun-carriages, every sort of question, at all sorts of times, a perfect turmoil of all kinds of work, formed for years the daily life of our great soldier. And who can for one moment doubt that it was this Indian training to business and responsibility which prepared and fitted Arthur Wellesley for the grand part which he was in later years to perform in the sight of the world? And it is thus that India to this day best repays England for the amount of English life and labour there expended, by training soldiers and statesmen for the service of their mother country.

Amidst the labours which I have tried to describe, Colonel Wellesley was seriously disturbed by the operations of a robber, named Dhoondia Wagh, who, gathering a large following of discharged cavalry soldiers and other discontented people, assumed the title of King of the World, and threatened to drive the English out of the country. On the 10th September, 1800, Colonel Wellesley led a brilliant charge of cavalry, broke, dispersed, and pursued the enemy, and restored tranquillity. Dhoondia fell on this occasion: his little son was found in a baggage-waggon, and was taken care of by Wellesley for years after.

The Governor-General had now determined to break up the immense combination of half-civilised powers,

or which can in the most remote degree cast a shade upon the dead, or violate the feelings of those who are alive.' Again, on the 19th January, 1800. 'It is not intended that these women should ever quit the Zenanuh.' (See Supplementary Dispatches of Duke of Wellington, vol. i. pp. 420, 440.)

* With a very strong hand (see the dispatch, p. 448, *ibid.*) Sundry cook-boys having made a disturbance in the camp, and being ordered to disperse without effect, were fired upon by the troops, and several killed and wounded. This seemingly violent proceeding was no doubt both necessary and justifiable, and prevented further mischief.

known as the Mahratta Confederacy; a combination which had long threatened the English, and which, after usurping the authority of the Great Mogul, contested with England the Empire of Hindostan. The Governor-General, taking advantage of the distresses of Baji Rao, the Peishwah or chief of the Mahratta powers, made a treaty with him (known as the treaty of Bassein), which gave a colour to the interference of the English Government. Dowlut Rao, Scindia, Holkar, and other chiefs, had overrun the territories of the Peishwah; Lake was ordered to attack them on the north, whilst Wellesley, now Major-General, was to make an assault from the south, on the borders of the Nerbudda river. The highest political, as well as military, authority was confided to our General, who fairly tried to bring Scindia to terms, but at last was forced to seek him in battle. On the 23rd September, 1803, Wellesley found himself at Assye, within a few miles of the Mahratta army. Colonel Stevenson, who commanded a separate corps, as strong as that of Wellesley, had not time to come up. The attack was, as Wellesley wrote to Munro, a most desperate one, but it was made, and was completely successful. It was near dark when the fight was over, and the victorious English passed the night on the battle-field. Munro's criticism on the battle is in these words: 'If there was anything wrong at Assye, it was in giving battle; but in the conduct of the action everything was right.' Considering the vast and powerful army that Wellesley attacked and defeated with his small force; considering that the Mahrattas fought in the presence of their sovereign, the action was as brilliant as it was bold. The English bayonet, then as before and since, carried all before it when artillery was silenced, and nothing but desperate valour could win

the day. Wellesley took into action some 6,000 men, one third of whom were left on the field; he had two horses shot under him, and his orderly's head taken off at his side. His enemy numbered as ten to one, with a vast superiority in cannon as well as in cavalry and foot soldiers. Of the Peishwah, in whose name these marvellous efforts were made by the English, Wellesley wrote soon after the battle, 'I have a bad opinion of the Peishwah, he has no public feeling, and his private disposition is terrible.' Negotiations were now set on foot by Scindia; but proving treacherous, he was again attacked by Wellesley, at Argaum, on the 29th November 1803, and once more signally defeated.

Scindia and his more powerful colleagues now submitted; the remaining insurgents were chased from fort to fort and hill to hill by General Wellesley, and peace restored to the peninsula of India.

In March 1804, the victorious General was received in Bombay with every honour which the English could pay, to one whom they publicly addressed as 'equally great in the cabinet as in the field.' The British inhabitants of Calcutta presented him with a sword of the value of 1,000*l.*; whilst the army of the Deccan offered a superb service of plate, inscribed with the names of his victories. These tributes of public respect seem to me to prove that if Arthur Wellesley profited by the unbounded confidence and full patronage of his distinguished brother, he at least deserved his promotion. And the secret of his merit may be given in one honest sentence, a sentence penned when he was smarting severely on his supercession by his ancient rival, General Baird: 'I have never had much value for the public spirit of any man, who does not sacrifice his private views and convenience when it is necessary.'

He left India in 1805, as Sir Arthur Wellesley, K.C.B., after receiving the thanks of both Houses of Parliament for his services. Rich though he already was in honour, he was still more highly endowed by the experience of Indian life. He had received in the courts and camps of India a training which, as the event clearly showed, made him for life equal to every emergency, either in the senate, the cabinet, or the field of battle.

CHAPTER XVII.

MANNERS OF THE ENGLISH IN INDIA DURING THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

I HAVE already sketched the manners of our Englishmen in India, in the seventeenth century, whilst they were creeping on to power. It is now time to take a short survey of what may be called the Nabob period. The popular idea of the Indian Nabob was formed from the men who, in the days between the Battle of Plassey and the last siege of Seringapatam, came home to spend their money in England. The usual type of your Indian Nabob was not pleasant. A yellow face, a broken frame, hung over with satin waistcoats and gold lace, a 'bad liver and worse heart,' * by turns a murderer, a miser, or a spendthrift; this was the regular standard. But sometimes, as the unexpected uncle, who came home to die, and surrender his money-bags just in time to make a nephew or niece supremely happy, the Nabob was a shade less odious. To suppose that an old Indian could be high-minded, generous, and pure, scarcely entered into the mind of our novelists and dramatists until within the last few years, when Thackeray, himself the son of an old Indian, gave us his beautiful fiction of 'The Newcomes.'

To understand aright the manners of the Nabob, we

* Macaulay's Essays.

must begin by realising his trials. A youth, brought up in a manor-house, a parsonage, or a store, neither the most steady nor the most promising of the family, with little Latin, and not much English; with three dozen of shirts and a Bible in his chest, and five guineas in his pocket—was packed off to Madras, Bombay, or Calcutta, by one of the Company's ships. His father got him a letter of introduction to the governor, and his mother had secured one for the chaplain.

Now, what was the state of society in the strange land to which our young writer or cadet had found his way? In the first place, had he come to live amongst Christian men and women in a heathen land? This seemed doubtful! The heathendom on all sides was plain enough, but where was the Christianity? There was no church; no difference between Sundays and other days, except that Sunday was the great day for shooting-parties. The governor was violent and licentious; the chaplain absorbed in a quiet commercial venture, which took him away from the presidency. Other young writers and cadets seemed to have forgotten their Christianity, and to have learned heathen lessons instead.

But it may be asked, How had the English in India fallen so low? had there been no leaven of good amidst this fermenting mass of evil? I answer, there had been good, but the struggle between the good and the bad seemed unequal, and amongst our countrymen the very form of religion was almost lost.

Early in the century, Frederick the Fourth, King of Denmark, had sent out missionaries to the Danish settlement of Tranquebar, on the Coromandel coast. The letters of these humble pious men were handed over to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel by the chaplain of Prince George of Denmark, the consort of

Queen Anne. The Society, though having the primary object of supplying clergymen to the British colonies, sent a present of twenty pounds, a case of books, and an encouraging letter, to the Danish Mission. 'Love and humility,' they wrote, 'must be the two pillars whereon to raise your edifice, if it is to have an immediate foundation, which no turbulence of storms or waves shall be able to overthrow. . . . We may go forth boldly, but it must be in the name of Christ: we may go on, but it must be in His strength.'* The Danish missionaries, encouraged by this, the first English contribution to Indian missions, took heart to seek out the English chaplain at Madras, and were kindly and cordially received.

Another admirable institution in London, the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, opened a special fund for the aid of these zealous Danes, and gave substantial assistance to the good work. But the day had not come when the English Church or people, whether in England or India, gave much heed to the conversion of heathen souls. Rather by carrying the vices of their mother country to India, did the mass of our countrymen degrade the very name of Christian in the eyes of the natives. 'Master,' said an intelligent native, to Mr. Forbes, 'Master, when an Englishman dies, does he think he shall go to his God?' And the question was a natural one. The Hindoos were zealous in their idol worship; the Mahomedans were regular in their prayers and ablutions; the Parsees carefully watched their sacred fires; the Portuguese Roman Catholics daily frequented their churches, fasted, and prayed; but the English—to revert to the words of the native enquirer—

* Hough's History of Christianity in India.

'chose a smooth path, and scattered roses around; the English alone seemed unconcerned about an event of the greatest importance.'*

Our countrymen then, being almost deprived of external religious influences, coming out young, and for the most part devoted to the love of pleasure, or the lust of gain, having no public opinion amongst them favourable to morality and good conduct, naturally enough grew into strange bad shapes and ways. Some took to shawls and turbans; and whenever they could appear out of uniform, delighted in the Mahomedan costume. Others frequented sacred ghats or bathing-places, ate food only from the hands of a Brahmin, and aped the ceremonies of the Hindoo. Here is a passage from an officer's journal in 1783:—'I had not long entered the territories of the Nabob of Arcot, before Major Macneal, an old friend of mine, and commandant of a fort in that district, met me, preceded by a troop of dancing-girls, who encircled my palanquin, dancing around me, until I entered the Major's house.'

In the days of Warren Hastings, it was nothing uncommon for English officers to sit over their cups until death came to claim one of the revellers. Ball-suppers were orgies.† Card-parties began on Saturday, and were carried well into the following week. Duelling was an institution. The 'heads of society' met, as we have seen in the case of Hastings and Francis, on the Calcutta plain, to fight (as the natives supposed) for the office of Governor-General. The salary allowed by Government was small and insufficient, the direct and illicit gains of office enormously high.

* Forbes's Oriental Memoirs, quoted by Mr. J. W. Kaye, in his valuable work, Christianity in India.

† Kaye's History of Christianity in India.

To soften and improve this rough state of life, the influence of English female society was almost wanting. We read of one young lady being attended at a Calcutta ball by sixteen admirers all wearing her colours.*

The public press presented as usual a fair index of the public mind. 'Hickey's Gazette,' a Calcutta print, published in 1780, teemed with personalities and scandal, until Hickey himself narrowly escaped assassination. A church, built in Calcutta by Kiernander, the first Danish Missionary to Bengal, was put up for sale, and but for

* Some hundred years earlier, the India Company had sent out a ship-load of 'gentlewomen,' as wives for their merchants and factors; but the experiment failed; the ladies took to quarrelling and strong drink, and received eventually an official warning, to 'apply themselves to a more sober and Christian conversation; otherwise the sentence is, that they shall be deprived totally of their liberty to go abroad, and fed on bread and water till they are embarked on board ship for England.'

M. Grand, in his interesting narrative of his residence in India, gives an amusing picture of the knightly devotion with which some young ladies were regarded.—'In the enjoyment of such society,' he writes, 'which was graced with the ladies of the first fashion and beauty of the settlement, I fell a convert to the charms of the celebrated Miss Sanderson: but vainly, with many others, did I sacrifice at her shrine. This amiable woman became, in 1776, the wife of Mr. Richard Barwell, who well may live in the remembrance of his numerous friends. . . . . Of all her sex, I never observed one who possessed more the art of conciliating her admirers, equal to herself. As a proof thereof, we met sixteen in her livery, one public ball evening, viz., a pea-green French frock, trimmed with pink silk and chained lace with spangles, when each of us, to whom the secret of her intended dress had been communicated, buoyed himself up with the hope of being the favoured happy individual. The innocent deception which had been practised soon appeared evident, and the man of most sense was the first to laugh at the ridicule which attached on him. I recollect the only revenge which we exacted, was for each to have the honour of a dance with her; and as minuets, cotillions, reels, and country dances, were then in vogue, *with ease to herself*, she obligingly complied to all concerned; and in reward for such kind complaisance, we gravely attended her home, marching by the side of her palanquin, regularly marshalled, in procession of two and two.'—*Calcutta Review.*

the piety of one man, would have been converted into an auctioneer's shop. The only sign of Sunday was the flag hoisted in cantonments. Ladies worked, men played at cards. Occasionally, a spinster might be found to boast that she read over the Church Service on Sundays 'whilst her ayah was combing her hair!'

Can we wonder if a man, who having grown grey under influences like these, who, to use the witticism of the day, had dropped his religion at the Cape on his way to India, and had forgotten to take it up again on his return—can we wonder if such a man was obnoxious to public reproach as well as public ridicule?

Thus it happened that the retired Indian, or *Nabob*, was at once the bugbear and the butt of his day. Some Nabobs were merely eccentric. Here, for example, is the narrative of an old officer, given in the words of the late Sir Henry Lawrence, in his romance, 'The Adventurer in the Punjab:'—

'Major H. was an officer in the King's service, who served on the Madras presidency, some thirty or forty years ago. He became attached to a native lady, named Fyzoo; never, I believe, regarded her with any but honourable views, and married her. She bore him three children (one of whom is now an officer in the army) and died, leaving the youngest an infant, who bore the mother's name. Major H. quitted India upon the death of his wife, and brought her remains with him to England in a leaden coffin. Shortly after his arrival, the little Fyzoo likewise died, and her father had her remains in the same manner preserved.

'Every circumstance in Major H.'s story was peculiar, and took great hold of my imagination, when in my early youth I came from a remote country place to the part of Surrey where he had his residence. It was an

old brick house, with pointed roofs, massive window frames, tall narrow doors, winding stairs, dark passages, and all other approved materials for a regular haunted house. A high brick wall with a dead gate surrounded the garden in which the house stood: all was in character—the straight turf walks, the clipped yews, the noble linden trees, and the look of neglect and wildness that pervaded everything. On ringing for admission the gate used to be opened by an old woman, whose appearance was enough to rouse all sorts of strange ideas in the mind of an urchin fresh from the country. She had been the nurse of little Fyzoo, and had in that capacity attended her charge to England. As such she was much valued by her master, and continued to live with him till his death. I well remember her shrivelled black face, her white hair, and emaciated form (with her Indian dress, that was in itself a curiosity to my young eyes,) and her broken English. I believe Major H. was never seen outside the walls of his garden; and he had so cut himself off from all his relations and friends, that it was not generally known that in that old house he kept enshrined the bodies of his wife and daughter. His two elder children, as they grew up, went to live with other relatives; and his sole companion was an old widow lady, as eccentric as himself. In a room within his own a bed was laid out, covered with rich Indian silks, and fancifully decorated; on that bed lay the mother and child, in their long last sleep; and in this room Major H. passed the greater part of his time. This, I believe, is the simple narrative; but of course much of mystery and exaggeration was added to the stories circulated of the three singular characters who inhabited the old house, and the supernatural beings who were suspected to reside with them.

'At length Major H. died, after about twenty years of this strange existence. His death was quite sudden; and so many suspicions had been connected with his seclusion, that an inquest was held on his body. Thus the scenes that had so long been shrouded from the public ken were thrown open: when the officials came to examine the house the two coffins were brought to light, and this discovery of the remains of two human beings caused a further investigation.

'It was a strange scene: on a cold December day, that old house thrown open to all whom curiosity might lead there; the bustling magistrates and their satellites peeping and peering into every cranny for a solution of the mysteries. The old lady, and the still older dhyee, flitting like ghosts about the desecrated shrine, their strange tale long disbelieved by the authorities, while there lay the unconscious causes of all this tumult: the hardly cold body of the old soldier, the long crumbled dust of his Eastern bride, and of their infant child. At length the coroner was obliged to receive the real story, however incredible it seemed; and the three bodies were committed to one grave.'

Some of the Nabobs, on the other hand, were not so much eccentric as ridiculous. M. Grand* describes one General Smith, who being made high sheriff of Berkshire, called a county meeting, and proposed that a road should be cut across the country, so that he might arrive at his magnificent seat at Chilton Lodge without the necessity of passing through the dirty little town of Hungerford. At an election, the General's agent scattered

* Autobiography of M. Grand, a gentleman who had suffered bitterly from the prevailing licentiousness of Calcutta life, his beautiful young wife—afterwards the *soi-disante* Princesse de Talleyrand—having fallen a victim to the wiles of Francis.

guineas about so profusely in the character of Punch, that his return for the borough of Hungerford was declared void, and the General himself subjected to fine and imprisonment. To set off against this, we are told he went to Oxford after his return from India, and became a good scholar; and in grateful remembrance of occasional half-crowns bestowed upon him as a youngster, threw down a cheque for 150,000*l.* on the counter of Drummond's Bank, during a banking crisis in 1772.*

Most of the vices of the Nabob were on the surface, and at once attracted the jealousy and the disgust of the polite society of his day. He was fond of fine clothes, rich liveries, stylish equipages. Whilst his school-fellows were still plodding on as clerks or tradesmen, he was driving four horses, and bribing parliamentary agents and electors. Everything in his neighbourhood, from fresh eggs to rotten boroughs, doubled its price. He drank, diced, and swore harder than others; neglected church, spoke lightly of all authorities, and made himself generally obnoxious. As a matter of course, the men of fashion despised, and the men of money hated, this Indian upstart. He became the 'wicked uncle' in the story-book, the 'Sir Matthew Mite'† of the comedians, and the laughing-stock of all.

It was a bright day for Calcutta—for Bengal—for India in general, so far as good manners and external decorum went, when Lord Cornwallis landed. Dignified by conduct and character, as well as by rank, the new Governor-General set the example of regular living. It became the fashion to go to bed early and sober, and to avoid swearing, gambling, and profanity. Gradually also, a higher motive began to work. Men of faith and

* This General Smith was the hero in Foote's Comedy of The Nabob.

† In Foote's Play, The Nabob.

prayer, like Grant and Wilberforce, strove hard to give a more elevated tone to our Indian legislation at home. The new church (now called the Old Cathedral) in Calcutta was finished. Empty pews prevailed at first; but when clergymen of the earnest though somewhat prejudiced school of Charles Simeon treated religion as a real matter of human concern, the attendance increased. David Brown, Claudius Buchanan, and other men of like mind, full of zeal, earnest and uncompromising, struggled manfully to awaken the laity to some sense of Christian duties and responsibilities. Infidelity being at the root of the prevailing licentiousness of life, the chaplain's work was to act as a missionary to the English unbelievers, and to teach Christianity to persons who supposed themselves already familiar with divine truth. A work of faith, of labour, but still to vigorous minds a work of love.

The successor of Lord Cornwallis, Sir John Shore, afterwards Lord Teignmouth, a devout and highly respectable civil servant, in his own gentle manner carried on the good work of reform which Cornwallis had begun. And when towards the end of the century he retired to a villa at Clapham, to take counsel with Charles Grant, Wilberforce, the Thorntons, Zachary Macaulay, and other strong-headed and good-hearted Christian reformers, he left behind him, in Bengal, a society who began to forsake the race-course on Sunday, and to attend the new church.

These men of the Clapham sect were called 'saints' and 'fanatics;' but they have left their mark on the millions of India. It is to them that we Englishmen owe the discovery, that the Almighty dispenser of events had given us India in trust and not in possession. It is to them—and specially to Wilberforce and Grant—that

we trace the first attempt to influence legislation with respect to the souls as well as bodies of the Indian nations. It may be regretted that these worthies did not find, and perhaps did not seek, in the Church of England, or rather in the existing institutions connected with that Church, full scope for their energies. But it should never be forgotten that these were the men who first taught us how sacred are the obligations by which India is bound to England.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BEGINNING OF NINETEENTH CENTURY.—MASSACRE AT VELLORE.

A YOUNG magistrate in India is glad to lay hands on any manuscript history or story which may serve to make him familiar with the written character and idiom of the language of his own province. Amongst the provincial tales which I digested in this manner, was the following:—

An elephant-dealer, by name Buxoo, was travelling from Sylhet to Northern India with a string of elephants for sale. When he arrived at Hurdwar, where the Ganges flows down from the mountains into the plains of Hindostan, it was the time of the great *méla*, or annual fair, when the Hindoos come in myriads to bathe in their sacred stream. This is the time when elephant-merchants from the South, horse-dealers from Cabool, Cutch, and Katywar, the sellers of camels from Central India, and bullock-drivers from Hissar and Delhi, bring their animals for sale.

Buxoo soon found customers for five out of six of his animals. The sixth, for some reasons best known to Buxoo and to others skilled in elephants, remained unsold. The last and greatest day of the fair came, and our merchant was in a state of the utmost anxiety lest he should have this one elephant left upon his hands. At the moment when the fair became busy,

up walked a villager, who began a close investigation of the elephant. Buxoo became more than ever uneasy.

'Soono Bhai,' said he; that is, 'Listen, my brother.' 'I can see you are a judge of elephants. Now, say nothing to hinder the sale of mine; I mean to ask only 500 rupees, and you shall have fifty for yourself.'

The villager assented. Presently a purchaser was found, and the fifty rupees honestly paid over to this 'judge of elephants.' As he was quietly putting the fifty rupees into the folds of his *cummerbund* (or waist-cloth), Buxoo put the following question:

'Tell me, friend, by what art you found out that there was anything amiss with my elephant? I thought I had got him up well for sale.'

'Sir,' said the judge of elephants, putting a finishing hitch to the knot which held his rupees, 'to tell you the truth, this was the first elephant I ever saw, and I was trying to find out which was his head, and which was his tail!'

Now, in coming to the nineteenth century, after describing the Wellesley brothers, I find myself amongst such a crowd of great names, that I am almost as much puzzled as this judge of elephants was at the Hurdwar fair. I can hardly make out what career I should choose to carry on my story of 'The Englishman in India.'

At the head of affairs for a few short months was the veteran Cornwallis, who came out pledged to undo all that the Marquis of Wellesley had been doing. Lord Cornwallis was chosen for this work, because it was believed that his former experience as Governor-General, and the deservedly high character which he had obtained in the East, specially qualified him to take the lead in India. He arrived in Calcutta early in 1805.

After a few months spent in zealous attempts to reduce the expenses, and modify the pretensions, of the East India Company in India, the venerable Marquis died at Ghazeepore, on his way up the country.

Sir George Barlow succeeded for a time to the office of Governor-General. He adopted a weak and retiring policy, apparently thinking it right that rival native States should gradually destroy one another, and not that England should, as supreme dictator, keep the peace, and protect the integrity of the nations of India.

During his reign occurred one of those frightful explosions of native temper, which might have taught us how dangerous it is first to subdue a country, and then to put arms, almost unwatched, into the hands of our new subjects. The Sepoys on the Madras side took disgust at certain new regulations about turbans, beards, and caste-marks painted on the forehead. Henceforth, they were to wear a new sort of cap, clip their hair according to the dictates of the regimental barber, and to abstain from painting their faces red, white, and yellow, with certain marks of caste, when coming on parade. These were the ostensible grievances. The real incitement to mutiny and murder was to be traced to the adherents and members of the family of the late Tippoo Sahib, who intrigued right and left in the hope of restoring the dynasty which had fallen amidst the ruins of Seringapatam. Thousands of these discontented Mysoreans had settled in the city of Vellore, and within the fortress of that name; and here it was determined that the first blow should be struck at the pale-faced infidels from beyond the sea.

Colonel Fancourt, a good and tried soldier, commanded in Vellore. The best narrative of the massacre

in that fortress being given by Lady Fancourt, I shall follow her history during the eventful night of the 9th of July, 1806.

Sir John Fancourt and his wife Amelice had gone as usual at an early hour to rest. In the room next to their own sleeping-chamber were three female servants, who had charge of their little son Charles, and his infant brother and sister. Officers and men of the sixty-ninth regiment, save the weak night-guards, were buried in sleep. As the moon rose over the horizon, a crowd of Sepoys, assisted by the rabble of Vellore and the professional robbers of Marawa, crept round the barracks, and at a given signal poured volleys of musketry and matchlocks on the sleeping soldiers. They then butchered the sick Europeans in the hospital, and proceeded to attack the officers in their quarters. The commandant of the Sepoys was shot whilst haranguing his men on the parade-ground; some were killed in the presence of their wives, some driven into bath-rooms, and burnt like vermin.

Colonel Fancourt, hearing the sound of firing, rose hastily, went to the window of his writing-room, and called loudly to enquire the cause of the disturbance. There was no reply, but the shots at the main-guard continued. After a few moments the Colonel went downstairs, and on his return called for a light, and began to write.

Lady Fancourt looked at her husband, and seeing him pale as ashes, 'Good God!' she said, 'what is the matter, my dear Sir John?'

'Go into your room, Amelice,' was the reply; and the poor sad-hearted wife, seeing the agitation of her husband, obeyed. In a few moments she heard him leave the house—this was about two on the Thursday

morning. Lady Fancourt brought her children and female attendants into her room, bolted the doors, and falling on her knees, prayed fervently that her husband's life might be spared, and that his endeavours to restore peace to the garrison might be crowned with success.

Before dawn she crept out to the hall, to see where the firing was. By the flashes of the musketry, she saw a figure with a red coat approaching. It was an officer, who, in reply to her hurried questions, said that he had been on duty at the main-guard, that there was a mutiny, that every officer on guard had been murdered but himself, and that every European would share the same fate. Lady Fancourt walked sadly back to her babes. The officer turning away, and going down the stairs, was set upon, and cruelly butchered in Colonel Fancourt's dressing-room. Thus, in anxiety and horror, came the dawn. Lady Fancourt, looking through the Venetian blinds, saw the dead bodies of the English soldiers stretched on the parade. Four Sepoys were standing as sentinels at the palace gates of the Mysore princes, from which others were coming out, intent on murder and plunder. Firing was still heard on the ramparts, and occasional shots in every part of the fortress as the work of slaughter proceeded.

The murderers now came towards the Colonel's house. Lady Fancourt ran to her dressing-table, took up her husband's miniature, and hid it close to her heart. The next moment she heard them breaking open a chest of drawers in the hall. Catching up her children, the poor mother rushed down a back staircase as the ruffians came into her bed-room. At the back of the house a guard of Sepoys was stationed. Lady Fancourt showed them her children, and using her ayah as interpreter,

begged for their lives. They were ordered into the stable. Another Sepoy came and told them to go into the fowl-house, giving them a mat as a screen, and bringing some bread for the boy, who had been screaming incessantly from fright and hunger. From this hiding-place Lady Fancourt saw the mob carry off the contents of her house. She dreaded to leave her children, yet was tortured with anxiety for her husband.

After spending some hours in this state of misery, a loud firing at the gates was heard. Several Sepoys rushed with shouts towards the hiding-place, and searched the house, calling out (as the ayah declared) 'Kill the lady!' A still more heavy fire at the gates, and every Sepoy disappeared. The sound of an English huzzah was heard; the 19th Dragoons from Arcot had arrived—their horses rattled over the drawbridge. Presently Colonel Gillespie came up, and assured Lady Fancourt that her husband was alive. The hopes thus raised soon passed away. The gallant Fancourt lived only to see Tippoo's flag cut down, and the English standard once more hoisted in Vellore. He expired on the afternoon of the mutiny. When he had hurried to the main-guard, he had been shot down by the Sepoys; and he was found in a dying state by the dragoons of his old friend and comrade, Gillespie, as they galloped into the fort.

I must now say a few words about the brave officer, who thus sped to the rescue of his friends and countrymen at Vellore. Colonel (afterwards General Sir R.) Gillespie had been quartered with Fancourt in St. Domingo. He now commanded in Arcot; and the two friends rejoiced to find themselves near to each other once again. Gillespie had been engaged to dine and sleep at the quarters of Sir John Fancourt at Vellore on

the very night of the mutiny. Just as he was starting on the morning of the 9th, public despatches were put into his hands which obliged him to defer his journey. On the following morning (10th) he mounted his horse at six, to ride over to Vellore in time for breakfast. At that moment he received tidings of the massacre. A troop of the 19th Dragoons, with horses ready saddled, was preparing for parade. Gillespie, ordering them to follow him, put spurs to his horse, and galloped on to Vellore. The sixteen miles which divided that fortress from Arcot were soon cleared, and Gillespie, who had outstripped his escort, found himself attracted by the sound of musketry to a lofty gateway over the ramparts, in which the remnant of the English still struggled for their lives. Sergeant Brodie, with his European guard had maintained this post during the night. About seven in the morning he had received support from two officers and a surgeon who had contrived to get into the barracks, and rallying the remnant of the 69th regiment, had fought their way to Brodie's stronghold. Almost their last cartridge was expended—and thus the remnant of the English stood at bay—when Brodie saw a horseman spurring across the plain. The last time he had seen Gillespie was at St. Domingo. Turning to his comrades, he cried, 'If Colonel Gillespie be alive, here he is at the head of the 19th Dragoons; and God Almighty has sent him from the West Indies to save our lives in the East!' To let down a rope and to drag Gillespie, amidst a shower of balls, on to the bastion, was the work of a moment. The dragoons, with their galloper* guns, blew open the gate, and rode into the fortress. Some native cavalry from Arcot soon

* Galloper guns were light field-pieces, attached in early days to each cavalry regiment, and most useful in desultory warfare.

followed. Gillespie, with the remnant of the 69th, drove the enemy from the bastions. The cavalry pursued them in the body of the fort, and in a few minutes all were put to the sword, or, flinging away their arms, either cried for quarter, or fled in every direction. It is recorded, that the Madras cavalry on that occasion charged with the English dragoons, and cut down the mutineers without remorse. The mutiny was not general; but so far as it had gone, shadowed forth at Vellore the events, not less horrible but far more sanguinary, of 1857. But for the prompt action and rapid success of Gillespie, the insurrection would have spread. Frequent warnings had been given, but with true English self-sufficiency disregarded. It seemed then, as ever, to be the fate of our countrymen to go blindfold into danger, and to fight manfully out.

CHAPTER XIX.

CHARLES THEOPHILUS METCALFE.

AMONGST the leaders of the impeachment of Warren Hastings, Sir Gilbert Elliot had been distinguished by his zeal. He had been raised to the peerage by the title of Baron Minto; and at the time that Lord Cornwallis' death was reported in England, was President of the Board of Control. It was determined eventually that Lord Minto should go to India as Governor-General; and in July 1807, he landed at Madras, on his way to Bengal.

Early in the following year, he resolved to send diplomatic agents on behalf of England to the native courts at Cabool and Lahore. Lord Minto had heard so much of the ability and energy of Charles Metcalfe, a young civil servant, who some eight years before had been an Eton school-boy, that it was determined to send him to the court of Runjeet Singh, the King of the Sikhs, and Lion of the Punjab.

The Indian career of Metcalfe is so worthy of remark, that I select him as at this period the 'Englishman in India' who can best represent our national progress in the East. In this sketch I must of necessity retrace for a moment some of our past history.

Charles Theophilus Metcalfe was born in Calcutta, in 1785. His father, like many other gentlemen of

good old English blood, had early buckled on a sword in the service of the East India Company. In due time he made a respectable fortune, returned home, and became the owner of a house in Portland Place, and of a seat in the East India Direction. He became also M.P. for the borough of Abingdon; and William Pitt recommended him for a baronetcy in 1802.*

Young Charles Metcalfe was sent to Eton when eleven years old, and was a very quiet boy. On one occasion, says Dr. Goodall, 'I heard the boys shouting, and went out, and saw young Metcalfe riding on a camel; so you see he was always orientally inclined.' How he managed to ride a camel does not appear, but it is certain he was always uneasy on a horse. He led a student's life at Eton, reading not only his school lessons, but also English, French, and Italian.

At fifteen Metcalfe began to keep a journal (one of the most useful habits in the world); and from this we learn, that when other boys were hunting rats or badgers he was reading Ariosto, writing stanzas, and translating Rousseau. In some respects it had been better if young Metcalfe had been less studious, as no doubt the extreme depression of spirit from which he at times suffered, was due to excessive brain-work and deficient exercise. However, he was just in the mood to fall in love; and on leaving Eton, after a ball in Portland Place, and dancing four dances with Miss D., he became a hopeless victim to the tender passion.

His elder brother had been sent off to China in the service of the East India Company; and it was now

* I am here again indebted to the most interesting Life of Lord Metcalfe, by Mr. John William Kaye. Every student of this period will of course turn to the invaluable biographies supplied by Mr. Kaye.

Charles's turn to go to Calcutta, where we soon find him the first student ever admitted into Lord Wellesley's new College of Fort William. The Governor-General treated young Metcalfe with marked attention. Not only had Dr. Goodall written to name him to Lord Wellesley—a favour granted to no other young man—but the Governor-General also well knew that Metcalfe's father was one of the few East India Directors who viewed his magnificent career with approval.

Everything, in short, seemed to favour the young civilian. He had troops of friends, bright prospects, easy circumstances, and above all, when in his right mind, a high and honourable sense of duty.

Notwithstanding all this, Charles Metcalfe was miserable. The few bright cool days of the Calcutta cold season had passed. Dinner-parties, balls, races, had been driven away by the flaming summer heats, to be succeeded by musquitos, punkahs, and prickly heat.* The despair which so often comes over the new comer, beset young Metcalfe. The recollection of Miss D.—her rosy cheeks, so unlike the faded beauties of Calcutta—all combined to distract him. Here is the entry in his journal for June 18th, Thursday. 'Wrote to my father, requesting to return. *On his answer depends my happiness in life!*'

So willing was the young lover—destined to govern not only India, but in the far distance of time to rule in succession the three greatest dependencies of the British Crown—so willing was he to fly from his post when first the heats and damps of that intolerable Calcutta climate began to settle on him.† Happily his

* Prickly heat is an intolerable rash which attacks fresh English people, and with musquito-bites, almost drives them mad.

† To show how common this disgust of India is to new comers, his

father was firm; and it was not permitted one of England's best public servants to creep away into private life, in a love-sick fit of ennui and disgust.

Is it possible that the magnificent Marquis who at that time ruled India, found time to observe, and opportunity to cheer, this home-sick boy? It seems like it; for in July we find Metcalfe a little less desponding. Lord Wellesley had told him that his progress in the college was greater than that of other men, and had lavished attentions upon him.

However, before long, he is again writing 'repeated and urgent' letters on the subject of return, and 'thoroughly miserable' lest his father should refuse. As usual with men fresh from England, his health suffered much in the rainy season. But he declares that agony of body is nothing when compared to mental distress. 'I cannot exist in the absence of my family. . . . . It hath pleased Almighty Providence to ordain me this time of penance, that I may learn humility, patience, and obedience to His Divine will. How awful is the thunder of the Lord!'

Such were the groans of the young civilian, as he thought of his much-loved home, his parents, and that fair young girl in the far west. Such are, and such will be, the struggles of hundreds more—of men of gentle loving hearts, when they first feel India in the hot season as a prison house, which cramps their bodies, lowers their spirit, and shuts them out of home affections. But wait till the months roll on, till the day of action or active exertion arrives, and then the young

father wrote him word how he, as a boy, waited on his commanding officer, intending to resign the service and return to England. After a good breakfast and a hearty laugh, he went away with a determination to persevere, and became, as we have seen, one of the most successful men in the army.

soldier, or statesman, inhaling the fresh life of the camp, forgets his sorrows, and finds that even in India a man may be happy, when nature allows him to be vigorous.

Charles Metcalfe was sent up the country, passed through Benares, joined the Governor-General's camp *en route* from Cawnpoor to Lucknow, and found himself in an encampment of 20,000 men, forming the escort and followers of the Marquis. He had regained his spirits sufficiently to write to his friend Sherer the following account of the Governor-General's public entry into Lucknow, February 1802 :—

'We left Cawnpoor on January 30, and after four days' very pleasant march, encamped within three miles of Lucknow. His Lordship's escort consisted of His Majesty's 76th and 18th regiment of Native Infantry, with the 3rd regiment of Native Cavalry, and two troops of the 27th Light Dragoons, exclusive of his own body-guard. With camp followers, &c., we must have formed an encampment of above 20,000 men. Two of the Nabob's sons came to Lord Wellesley's tent to conduct him : and shortly after he commenced his march, he was met by the Nabob, the Resident, and all the English and native respectable inhabitants of Lucknow. His Lordship and the Nabob mounted the same elephant (the whole party were provided with this conveyance), and commenced the procession with every possible parade of magnificence. I do not think a finer spectacle had ever before been seen. Every display of Asiatic and European magnificence was to be seen in our procession. We had a large body of European soldiery (the finest sight we know of in England), at the same time everything of Asiatic splendour which the mind can fancy. The innumerable concourse of elephants (the grandeur of which animal seems to have appointed

it particularly for a procession of this nature) decorated with costly trappings, was no small part of my admiration. The very dresses formed a spectacle of magnificence; and the two nations seemed to vie with each other in their splendour. The Calcutta Cavalry, (*quere*, the body-guard?) I can assure you, was not the least elegant. His Lordship, in the true style of Eastern pomp, distributed his rupees with a liberal hand. The streets had been fresh painted, and those of the merchants were lined with the most beautiful silks of various patterns: the tops of the houses (with which we were brought to a level by our elephants) were covered with musicians and dancing girls; the streets under our feet crowded with millions anxious to see so grand a procession. Everything recalled to my memory the "Arabian Nights," for every description of any such procession which I ever met with in history, even the celebrated "Triumph of Aurelian," of which Gibbon gives an account, was completely beggared by it.'

Such was the entrance into Lucknow, as described by Metcalfe, in the days of Lord Wellesley.

Of late we have learned to picture other processions along this same scene. We behold the spare worn frame of the heroic and much enduring Havelock—the hearty presence of the lion-hearted Outram—as they fought step by step from Cawnpoor, to join their beleaguered countrymen in Lucknow, and to earn the honours so soon, alas! to follow them to their tomb. Later still, we see the bold front of Sir Colin Campbell, crushing once and again along that self-same route, to occupy that doomed city. He too, has, passed from amongst us, honoured and beloved.

Metcalfe's first essay in the Indian diplomatic service (the political line, as it is called in India) was a failure.

He had been appointed an assistant to his father's 'old friend, Jack Collins.' Colonel Collins, commonly called King Collins, from his imperious temper, was the representative of the English Government at the Court of Scindia. It seems he did not appreciate the noble though sensitive character of his young assistant; and Metcalfe came very quickly to the decision that King Collins, 'to say the best of him, is a man whom one ought immediately to quit.'

On September 10, 1802, Charles Metcalfe for the second time reached Calcutta. Lord Wellesley still smiled on the young civilian, and he soon found himself installed as an assistant in the office of the chief secretary to Government. His seemingly unsuccessful trip to the Mahratta camp had produced the best results. In the first place, he had learned more of India than he would ever have learned in Calcutta. In the second, he had shaken off his melancholy, and was becoming less averse to his Indian career.

The year 1804 found Lake and Wellesley in the field; the Governor-General pacing anxiously the marble halls of Government House in Calcutta; and young Metcalfe writing at his dictation the despatches upon which, as Kaye remarks, 'the fate of principalities depended.'

The work protracted far into the sultry night was at last complete; and the troop of young secretaries—Adam, Bayley, Jenkins, Metcalfe, Cole, and Monckton—were told by the Marquis to go in and forget their labours, and drink success to the campaign in the banqueting room. They were to use the Governor-General's cellar as their own, and to make as much noise as they chose.

At the age of *nineteen*, when his English contempo-

raries aspired to nothing higher than a good score in the cricket-ground, or at most to a decent place in the hunting-field, young Metcalfe was penning minutes on 'the proposed subsidiary force in Scindia's dominions,' —minutes so important, that Lord Wellesley in his own hand marked their excellence, and ordered that copies be sent to the Commander-in-chief, and other great officers of state. His salary was already a thousand a year: he began to feel the importance of his position, and to believe that after all India might open a field for the honest ambition of an English gentleman. He had the good sense to carry on his own education, to read English, French, Latin, Italian, and to keep due notes of the improvement of each passing month.

In the meantime, Lord Lake and Colonel Wellesley had done wonders in the battle-field. Within the space of a few months, the great Mahratta confederacy had been broken up, the 'French party' dispersed, and Lake and Wellesley were at the head of fine armies, flushed with conquest, and ready for further victories. The Governor-General determined to send Metcalfe as a political assistant to the camp of Lord Lake, as one acquainted alike with Mahratta affairs, and with the policy of the British authorities.

On his road to join the army head-quarters, when travelling in his palanquin, young Metcalfe was attacked by robbers; his bearers, as usual in such cases, threw down their burden, and took to their heels. The young diplomatist was sorely wounded, and was carried in a helpless condition into Cawnpoor. In October he was able to join Lord Lake, who at first received him coldly, evidently thinking that a young secretary was not wanted in the battle-field.

A little later, on seeing the spirit with which

Metcalfe as a volunteer rushed into the breach at the storm of Deeg,* the veteran's heart warmed towards the young civilian, whose courage he eulogised in his public despatches, and whom he privately dubbed his 'little stormer.'

From Deeg the Grand Army marched upon Bhurtpoor; and whilst Lake was before that seemingly impregnable fort, Metcalfe was sent with a brigade, under General Smith, in pursuit of a noted freebooter, and leader of irregular levies, named Ameer Khan. Metcalfe, not yet of age, represented the Governor-General with this force; and not only had important duties to perform, but performed them with consummate zeal and ability.

This expedition was crowned with complete success. The bold Rohilla freebooter was driven out of Rohilcund, and chased from the Doab :† and on March 23, General Smith rejoined head-quarters; and the 'little stormer' was once more in attendance upon Lord Lake.

About this time Metcalfe had the good fortune to meet Colonel Malcolm, and to profit by his wisdom and ripe experience. His patron, Lord Wellesley, left India; and as I have already said, Lord Minto determined to send our young civilian on an embassy to Runjeet Singh, King of the Sikhs.

To describe the martial race, of the Sikhs, their country, and their king, the Lion of the Punjab, will be my task hereafter. It is enough for my present purpose to show how honestly and well young Metcalfe performed the duties of his mission.

* The fortress of Deeg is about forty-five miles from Agra, and was at that time held by our enemies the Mahrattas and the Jats of Bhurtpoor.

† The tract of country between the rivers Ganges and Jumna.

Whilst still a mere youth, he was charged with the conduct of the nicest negotiations affecting the safety and happiness of millions. He conducted these delicate and complicated affairs with so much honour, skill, and firmness, that Runjeet, influenced almost as much by the character of the English ambassador as by the English bayonets looming in the far distance, agreed to our proffered treaties, and faithfully observed them.

Metcalfe, having done this good service, was summoned to Calcutta, to receive in person the thanks of the Governor-General.

In 1811 he was appointed to the charge of the Delhi Residency. Here his duties were not merely diplomatic. He had to govern a large tract of country, and to act as the head of a considerable English society. On great occasions, as many as fifty sat at his table. His hospitalities to all within reach of the Residency, and to the troops of visitors who came to see the imperial city, were profuse and unceasing. His labours, as the governor of a province, were great; but still more arduous was the attempt to manage the affairs of the wretched puppet king, who pretended to reign within the palace walls of Delhi. The kind heart, the clear head, the firm hand, all were combined in Metcalfe: he was respected by all, beloved by many, but overworked, and by consequence not happy. The continual pressure on his time and thoughts was too great; and he still pined for home. 'Can anything,' he wrote, 'can anything be a recompense to me in this world, for not seeing my dear and honoured father from the days of my boyhood to the day of his death? and perhaps the same with regard to my mother?'

In short, Metcalfe, though living in vice-regal state, was a solitary exile, sighing for a home. That he should feel his long separation from his dearest relations was

natural, but had his mind not been morbid from continual over-work, he would have supported this unavoidable evil with less impatience.

Lord Minto went home in 1813. His successor, Lord Moira, in the following year made a progress through the upper provinces of Hindostan, and waged war with Nepal.*

After this Metcalfe urged that the freebooting tribes of Central India (Pindarrees) must be reduced to order and obedience. War on a large scale against these disturbers of the peace of India was proclaimed, 1818. The Pindarrees were conquered, and subsided into the mass of the people. Holkar, who had joined them, was beaten. Peace was restored to Central India on a substantial basis. No statesman had done more than Metcalfe to bring about these great results; and the Governor-General naturally enough was anxious to secure to himself the immediate services of so valuable a man. Metcalfe was tempted to accept the secretary's portfolio, and to attach himself to the bureau of Lord Moira, who by that time had been created for his services Marquis of Hastings.

Like many others who have surrendered the active for the contemplative phase of existence, Metcalfe found it much harder to serve one master than to rule many. He became almost of course dissatisfied, and was glad to accept the duties and difficulties of active life once more, when offered to him in the shape of the Residency of Hyderabad. Once again, instead of being a minister, he

* Nepal is on the northern frontier of Bengal. The Nepalese are a brave and hardy race of mountaineers. Observing our failure to take Bhurtpoor in 1804, they declared that if we could not demolish the works of man we need not attempt to scale the fortresses of God. The war began in May 1814, and, after varied success, ended in March of the following year.

became a master; and in November 1820, proceeded to the court of the Nizam.

I shall not go into the details of the trials, the struggles the eventual victory, which attended this new career. Metcalfe found corruption rampant at this native court; the people in abject misery; the chiefs immersed either in debauchery or intrigue. In dragging this mass of evil into daylight, in cleaning out this Augean stable, Metcalfe found himself in antagonism, even to the Governor-General. The case excited attention, not only in India, but in England.

After the furnace-like probation, which usually attends the career of an honest determined reformer of abuses, Metcalfe came out triumphant. Amongst dear friends who had anxiously supported him in this struggle, he spent some happy and most useful years at Hyderabad. One feeling seems to have absorbed his soul at this time. He thus writes to a near and dear friend: 'I live in a state of fervent and incessant gratitude to God, for the favours and mercies which I have experienced throughout my life. The feeling is so strong that it often overflows in tears; and is so rooted, that I do not think that any misfortunes could shake it. It leads to constant devotion and firm content.' Thus was he rewarded for years of anxious suspense and obloquy: thus does Providence send the angels of peace to the man who fights the battle of the poor and the oppressed.

Time rolled on; and once again Metcalfe was summoned to Delhi, to take in hand a skein of politics, knotted, entangled, and complicated beyond all description. The sword was the only remedy. A British army under Lord Combermere was hurled against Bhurtpoor, the fort was stormed * and peace restored to India.

* January 18, 1826.

It was now time for Sir Charles * to retire into the dignified retreat, which a seat in the Supreme Council of India affords. Many meritorious servants of the Indian Government have found in council a time of leisure and repose. Metcalfe worked harder than before. In his villa at Garden Reach, the Richmond of Calcutta, the midnight hour and the early dawn found him writing minutes on every important question of the day†—bringing the soundest judgment and the most mature experience to assist the new Governor-General, Lord William Bentinck.‡

Under Lord William, the public press had been virtually free; and he had meditated an improvement in the legislation connected with that important institution. This intention he did not stay to carry out.§ It was left to Sir Charles Metcalfe, when acting as Governor-General, in 1835, after the departure of Lord William Bentinck, to liberate the Indian Press. So far as the expression of public opinion in the English language was concerned, this was doubtless a wise and proper measure. Whether full and free liberty of expression may be safely granted to the natives in their own dialects and characters we have yet to learn. This act made Metcalfe more popular than ever in India; but in England the Court of Directors and Board of Control were perplexed.

In 1836, Lord Auckland came out as Governor-

* He had succeeded to the baronetcy on the death of his brother some time before.

† Amongst other hard questions was the renewal of the Company's charter, whose commercial existence ended soon after in 1833.

‡ Lord Amherst left India in February 1828. Lord W. Bentinck arrived in July of the same year. Mr. W. B. Bayley presided during the interval.

§ His great acts were the prohibition of the self-immolation of widows (Suttee) in 1829 and the revenue settlement in 1833.

General, and prevailed on Metcalfe to accept the office of Lieutenant-Governor of the north-western provinces.

Here he was entering upon a career of interest to himself and great public good, when, learning how much this press-liberating measure had shocked, startled, and provoked the home authorities, Metcalfe at once decided to resign his appointment, and to leave India. He set sail for England in February 1838, after having received a perfect ovation from the European community, and the affectionate and respectful addresses of all and every class. For thirty-eight years he had devoted rare abilities, an honest heart, and a firm will to the service of India; and India was not ungrateful.

The people of England were not slow to observe and to admire a character so fitted to command, yet so sure to win, the public respect.

In 1839, Sir Charles Metcalfe was made Governor of Jamaica; and after a career of honour and usefulness, was eventually (in 1843) persuaded to accept the Government of Canada.

Whilst in this important post, he was raised to the Peerage. But as Baron Metcalfe, he was soon obliged to leave Canada—with the hand of death upon him.

On the 5th September, 1846, Charles Metcalfe died gently and calmly as he had lived.

Being dead, he yet speaketh in a remarkable manner to every young Englishman, who would learn how to serve his country. His modest, loving, pains-taking career, may well teach how sacred are the duties of self-control, self-improvement, and self-sacrifice. His humility may teach even the humble—his perseverance may encourage the persevering. To each and all his life will show how much peace of mind, how much public and private affection, may wait on the steps of a man like Metcalfe, who in a simple, loving spirit strives honestly to do his duty.

CHAPTER XX.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF HENRY MARTYN.

I HAVE thus far traced the fortunes of generals and statesmen, placed by courage and wisdom in the front ranks of our Englishmen in India. It is now time to give the simple record of a soldier of the Cross, whose great object was to raise high the Christian banner in the face of the heathen.

I choose for my subject the career of Henry Martyn, the most remarkable, though by no means the most successful, missionary of the Anglican Church. Like Metcalfe, Wellington, Malcolm, and Munro, Henry Martyn was ready to give up his life for duty's sake. But, unlike them, personal ambition found no corner in his heart. His whole aim was to give glory to God; and so far as he could, to trample self into the dust. At each step in his short but rugged life journey, he sought how best to mortify and root out *all* merely human and earthly affections. Forward, ever forward, was his watch-word; yet tarrying still too often and too long to search into that contrite heart for some hidden sin—some unsuspected weakness.

In giving Henry Martyn a prominent place in my collection of worthies, I would not ignore the other members of the missionary band, who in the early years of this century left home and friends for India. I would not overlook the indefatigable Baptists, like

Carey, Ward, and Marshman; nor the zealous clergymen, like Brown, Thomason, Corrie, and the excellent Buchanan, who all alike devoted themselves to serve God in India. But I choose Martyn as a man of mark, who not only suffered much for the sake of his Divine Master, but also gave up all for that dear Master's sake: who stepped willingly into the shade, when he might have basked in the sunshine of life.

Henry Martyn was born at Truro, in 1781. His father had been in his early days a miner; and like many of that class, had followed a steady course of self-improvement. This training qualified him for a place of trust in the office of a Truro merchant; and he was thus able to bring his son up well. Young Henry received as good an education as a provincial town could supply, and was sent up in his fifteenth year to compete for a scholarship at Oxford. He was not successful, and turned his thoughts towards the sister University, which he entered (at St. John's College) in 1797.

A steady friend helped to keep him out of mischief: but Henry Martyn at this time was a vain, irritable, self-satisfied lad, with little to recommend him to the friendship, still less to the admiration, of his fellows.

When he returned from Cambridge, to spend his vacation at Truro, his conceit and ill-temper made him almost a nuisance in that small Cornish home. On returning to the University, he worked hard; and at the college examination, at Christmas 1799, was '*first*.' In the midst of his natural exultation at this great success, came the blow which humbled him in the dust. His kind, loving, patient father had been struck down by death.

Henry had treated this good father with contempt; and now, when too late, remorse got hold of his heart. It was as the voice of God calling him from self to Heaven—from vanity and egotism to humility and self-devotion. He heard that voice—he listened, trembled, wept, and prayed.

Henceforth he was to serve God; feebly at first, and still with too much of self before him, but no longer self to worship, but self to mortify, obliterate, and, if possible, to stamp out of his very existence. He then came under the human teaching, which, of all others, might captivate his ardent, sensitive soul. What he wanted, was to learn the great lesson of duty, obedience, and self-devotion. There was no man to teach him these duties in the plain, solemn, majestic tones which the Church would enforce, and which the Services of the Church, duly administered, proclaim at every turn. But there was Simeon in the University pulpit, calling all men, with a voice of thunder, to repent and flee from the wrath to come. Happy for the young student that he heard this voice; but happier still, if he had at the same time learned to look quite above all frames, feelings, and self-inspections, to the great Head and Master of the Church. From that epoch, Henry Martyn turned from self-satisfaction to self-torture. But at the same time he turned from death to life; and we must accept him, and the lesson which his life teaches, with gratitude, taking warning from his sufferings, and imitating his virtues if we can.

When Martyn first came up to Cambridge, he had a positive distaste for exact study; and as to mathematical science was so hopeless, that when he came to a tough proposition he tried to learn the solution by rote! Yet so brilliant were the abilities of this young Cornishman,

that in January 1801, at the age of twenty, he took in mathematics the highest academical honour in the University. Henceforth, the road to distinction lay open to him. He was chosen fellow of St. John's College, and took a high classical prize, as if to show that his mind was able to grasp every subject with equal success.

But worldly distinctions had lost their charm. Nothing would fill that throbbing heart but a life devoted to God. To preach to the heathen, to follow in the steps of David Brainerd; or of Swartz—this, and this only, seemed worth living and dying for. Henry Martyn resolved to become a Missionary. Africa, Asia, America—it mattered not where—amidst eternal snows or burning sands—so long as he might leave home, friends, and all, to devote himself to the service of the most ignorant of mankind. Nay, there was one to be given up, dearer than home or friends—one whom he loved with all the ardour of his susceptible heart. But it was against nature—it was self-torture—and therefore it was the career most acceptable to Henry Martyn. He longed intensely to set forth; and applied to the Society for Missions to Africa and the East for employment.

In October 1803, his ordination had taken place at Ely. He had become curate to Mr. Simeon, with pastoral charge of a small parish near Cambridge; and was more than once called upon to act as classical or mathematical examiner. Usefully, honourably, profitably, might he spend his days at the University, where he held so distinguished a position; but he had, to use his own private words, 'resigned the riches, the honours, and the comforts of this world,' and he would have none of them.

But here a fresh opportunity for self-devotion sprung up. His slender patrimony, and that of his sisters, was suddenly lost. He must give up his darling project of mission labour, and after all become a common workman in his Master's vineyard. This was a bitter trial; but he had accepted it when his friends selected for him a sort of *via media*; by sending him to Bengal as a chaplain in the service of the East India Company. He thus underwent all the pain and privation of leaving home, all the horrors of an unknown future—for to his mind the voyage and separation were really horrors, without the probable excitements of a missionary career. It was all against flesh and blood, and therefore it was all welcome to the heart of Henry Martyn. And so, after tearing himself from Miss Lydia Grenfell, he sailed in the good ship Union, for India.

In taking the place of a chaplain instead of a missionary, Martyn undertook functions for which he had no natural qualification, in the stead of a vocation for which he was specially fit. If anywhere the wisdom of the serpent be pre-eminently needful, it is in the cuddy of an East Indiaman, in the Indian camp, and cantonment. Of this wisdom Henry Martyn had very little. As he wrote bitter things of himself, so he spoke bitterly of the unrepenting world around him. Truths, which the heathen might have heard and accepted, were as mere jests to the English officers, fresh from the gaming-table or the debauch, who were obliged to attend church on board the *Union*. Martyn had not the art or the tact necessary to win bold bad men. He gave great, and perhaps in some respects needless, offence to his fellow-passengers. When he preached, his hearers scoffed, because he sought to terrify rather

than to persuade sinners.* Here again he tortured himself, trampling on his own feelings, at the same time that he disgusted and alienated the hearts of other men. He had yet to learn how to become all things to all men, that he might by all means save some.

Martyn made warm friends of some kind Portuguese at St. Salvador, where he spent a few pleasant days. These simple people lavished every attention on the young clergyman; and as they did not know enough of any common language to hold theological disputations, all became fast friends.

On January 3, 1806, the fleet anchored off the Cape of Good Hope; and the signal was made for the soldiers to prepare to land. A few days later Martyn saw all the horrors of a battle-field, and worked hard amongst the wounded and the dying. Soon after, the British flag was hoisted on the Dutch fort.

In February, the fleet was again speeding on its way

* To justify these remarks, I give a quotation from Martyn's journal:—

'September 21. I seemed uneasy at the thoughts of calling forth the hatred of the people to-morrow, by preaching to them unpleasant truths.

'September 22. Sunday. Was more tried by the fear of man, than I ever have been since God has called me to the ministry. The threats and opposition of these men made me unwilling to set before them the truths which they hated: yet I had no species of hesitation about doing it. They had let me know that if I would preach a sermon like one of Blair's, they would be glad to hear it; but they would not attend if so much of hell was preached. This morning again, Captain ——— said, "Mr. Martyn must not damn us to-day, or none will come again." . . . I took for my text, Psalm ix. 17—"The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God." The officers were all behind my back, in order to have an opportunity of retiring in case of dislike. B—— attended the whole time. H——, as soon as he heard the text, went back, and said he would hear no more about hell; so he employed himself in feeding the geese. ——— said I had shut him in hell; and the universal cry was, "We are all to be damned!" However, God, I trust, blessed the sermon to the good of many. Some of the cadets, and many of the soldiers, were in tears.'—*Sargent's Life of H. Martyn.*

to India; and at sunrise, on April 22, anchored in Madras Roads. To the last, the opposition of the passengers to Martyn was bitter; and even his parting discourse was received with scoffs and jeers. 'I desire,' he wrote, 'to take the ridicule of men with all meekness and charity, looking forward to another world for approbation and reward.' Of his meekness and charity, of his faith and patience, who can doubt? But that there was also a zeal without knowledge, may fairly be suspected.

And now Henry Martyn landed, walked forth amongst crowds of natives, and felt 'a solemn sort of melancholy at the sight of such multitudes of idolaters. 'Oh!' cried he, 'if I live, let me have come hither for some purpose!' On arriving in Calcutta, Martyn was warmly welcomed by his worthy brother chaplain, David Brown. He found some congenial society; and suspecting that he was too happy and comfortable, hastened to leave the fascinating spot. Christian sympathy was as the breath of his nostrils to Martyn, so, with characteristic self-sacrifice, he hastened to tear himself from men who loved and admired him, to seek a station where he would probably never see the face of a friend.

But before he left Calcutta, the style of his preaching had excited a lively sensation. One of his brethren actually addressed him from the pulpit, and charged him with the guilt of distressing and destroying those for whom Christ died. Others attacked him in still more violent terms. One of the best, distracted by the strife of tongues, took to reading a Homily by way of a sermon.

All this time Martyn was longing to be away to preach to the heathen. Yet when the day came, he left Calcutta 'in great melancholy, with a soul greatly

cast down, so that it appeared like death to be torn from it.' Mr. Brown, his dear friend Mr. Corrie, and others, accompanied him to his budgerow, or travelling boat (a sort of pleasure barge), sailed a short distance up the Ganges with him, and then commending him to God, took leave.

His new station was to be Dinapoor, some two hundred miles up the stream. On arriving there, after a voyage of forty days, here is one of his earliest reflections, still tinged with an extreme zeal:—

'Let me labour for fifty years midst scorn, and without seeing one soul converted, still it shall not be worse for my soul in eternity, nor even worse for it in time: though the heathen rage, and the English people imagine a vain thing, the Lord Jesus, who controls all events, is my Friend—my Master—my God—my All.'

Such were his aspirations; but he found none to whom he could unbosom his sorrows: was told to read prayers to the soldiers at the barracks on the long drum, and as there were no seats, to omit his sermon. Afterwards, when the service was performed in a more regular manner, his hearers wrote to beg that he would use a written sermon, instead of an extempore discourse. From Calcutta, he heard that one of his fellow chaplains was about to publish the sermon which had been preached against him. All this tried, but in no degree daunted, the spirit of Henry Martyn, who set to work with all his energy to master the Persian and Hindoostanee languages, and even the Sanscrit grammar. Before long, he had the happiness of completing the translation of the Book of Common Prayer, and performing the services of our Church in the language of the country, to a large and attentive congregation.

Thus, in about ten months, he had obtained really

useful command of a strange language, and had completed a translation, which his predecessors, in the past fifty years, seem never to have attempted. With his Mahomedan and Hindoostanee instructors, he held daily argument about religion. But never were his powers for rebuke more fairly and profitably exercised than when he visited the civil station at Patna, near Dinapoor. There, a wretched Englishman, holding a respectable office in the service of the Company, had openly professed the religion of Mahomed, and had built a mosque, which, at the moment of Martyn's visit to the station, was for a Moslem festival adorned with flags by day, and illuminated by night. Martyn called upon this miserable apostate to repent, and 'remember whence he was fallen.'

About this time, observing most strictly the holy seasons set apart by the Church for fasting and prayer, he suffered much in health from extreme abstinence, in a climate already so exhausting to his delicate frame.

But he worked on, and began to see the effect of his labour amongst the soldiers and officers. The schools also, which he had established for native boys were thriving. He had yet to learn how easy it is for a native Indian—even of the highest rank—to simulate religious inquiry, for worldly objects. The Ranee of Daoodnugger received with apparent gratitude a copy of the Gospels. She first inquired whether she was to pray to the book, or make a *salaam* to it. Some time after, she begged Martyn to give her a good word with the district judge, before whom she had a cause pending.

Notwithstanding occasional disappointments of this nature, he became so much interested in his work at Dinapoor, that he declined the most pressing invitations

to return to Calcutta. 'If ever I am fixed at Calcutta,' he wrote, 'I have done with the natives; for notwithstanding previous determinations, the churches and people at Calcutta are enough to employ twenty ministers.' To translate the Word of God—to seek here and there a stray sheep amongst careless Europeans, or ignorant heathen—above all, and in all, to work hard for his Divine Master; this was his desire, and the joy of his heart. He had written to persuade, if possible, his beloved Lydia to share his fortunes, but she had declined; his favourite sister had fallen a prey to consumption, the family disease; but through all these trials, his zeal for the work of God sustained and filled the heart of Henry Martyn.

Such was his career at Dinapoor.

He took for his motto, 'Delight thyself in the Lord, and He shall give thee the desires of thy heart;' and taking Heaven for his portion, had a foretaste of Heaven upon earth. He became more loving, more charitable, to all men; trusted less to his own inward feelings, and found in work—the work of a Christian missionary, the fullest and truest repose. It mattered little to him that the thermometer on his table marked 98°—that his coadjutor Sabat, a professing Christian, was in heart and conduct an Arab of the desert—that his feeble body seemed visibly to waste away; all this mattered little, so long as his great work, 'The Version of the New Testament in Hindoostanee,' grew rapidly under his hands, and in March 1808 was happily completed.

Early in June, he had finished the translation of St. Matthew's Gospel into Persian; and in August St. Mark was also translated. By February of the following year, the four Gospels had been completed.

Martyn's work at Dinapoor was now drawing to a

close. What with schools, hospitals ('My hospital,' he says, 'is a town of itself'), preachings, private classes for instructing both Europeans and natives, his labours would have been heavy without this wonderful work of learning new languages, and then translating volume upon volume.

The secret of so much work can be told in a few short sentences, taken almost at random from his diary. 'The time fled imperceptibly, so delightfully engaged in the translations; the days seem to have passed like a moment. Blessed be God for some improvement in the languages! May everything be for edification in the Church! What a source of perpetual delight have I in the precious Book of God! . . . I sometimes rejoice that I am not twenty-seven years of age, and that unless God should order it otherwise, I may double the number in constant and successful labour.'

Constant and successful labour! and for a good, nay a sacred, object; this was the secret of Martyn's joy; this chased away his cares, his sorrows, his bitter self-accusings, and made him a happy man in spite of himself.

On March 12, a new and spacious church was opened at Dinapoor. Martyn had been active in hastening on this good work; but in the very month after its completion, he was ordered off to Cawnpoor. I have never been able to discover the cause of this sudden removal. That it shortened Martyn's career can scarcely be doubted. If there be one climate more hostile than another to a constitution showing the mark of early consumption, it is that of Upper India in the hot months of April and May.

Mrs. Sherwood, the wife of an officer then stationed at Cawnpoor, thus describes Martyn's journey and arrival.

'The month of April, in the upper provinces of Hindoostan, is one of the most dreadful months for travelling throughout the year; indeed, no European at that time can remove from place to place, but at the hazard of his life. But Mr. Martyn had that anxiety to be at the work which his Heavenly Father had given him to do, that, notwithstanding the violent heat, he travelled from Chunar to Cawnpoor, the space of about 400 miles. At that time, I well remember the air was as hot and dry as that which I have sometimes felt near the mouth of a large oven. No friendly cloud, or verdant carpet of grass, to relieve the eye from the strong glare of the rays of the sun pouring on the sandy plains of the Ganges. Thus Mr. Martyn travelled, journeying night and day, and arrived at Cawnpoor in such a state, that he fainted away as soon as he entered the house. When we charged him with the rashness of hazarding in this manner his life, he always pleaded his anxiety to get to the great work. He remained with us ten days, suffering at times considerably from fever and pain in the chest.'*

The work at Cawnpoor was much the same as at Dinapoor, only more exhausting, whilst there was less strength to perform it. It was at the end of this year (1809) that Henry Martyn made his first attempt at public preaching to the natives. When it was known in the bazaars that an English *padre* of gentle manners and open hand had arrived, a constant crowd of beggars assailed him. Martyn fixed the afternoon of Sunday for all to come at once for alms. Every week the crowd increased, until at last the space around the house was one sea of heads. And such heads! Every vice, every disease, with which humanity is afflicted, was traced in

* Memoirs of the Rev. H. Martyn, by John Sargent.

those bleared blood-red eyes, those thick sensual lips, those haggard, burnt up, mask-like faces. There stood the professed beggar, with ashes on his face, matted coils of snake-like hair on his head, a tiger skin on his back; one arm ever pointed to the skies, the tight black shining skin strained over the bones and sinews, like the claw of a bird of prey. There stood—but why need I attempt to describe a scene which has been marvellously painted with the light clear touch of a woman's hand? Here is Mrs. Sherwood's description of Henry Martyn's beggar congregation:—

'It is scarcely possible to describe these objects. No dreams or visions, excited in the delirium of a raging fever, could surpass these realities. They were young and old, male and female, tall and short, athletic and feeble, bloated and wizened; some clothed with abominable rags, some nearly without clothes; some plastered with mud and cow-dung, others with matted, uncombed locks, streaming down to their heels; others with heads bald or scabby; every countenance being hard and fixed, as it were, by the continual indulgence of bad passions; the features having become exaggerated, and the lips blackened with tobacco, or blood-red with the juice of the hennah. But these, and such as these, formed only the general mass of the people: there were among them still more distinguished monsters. One little man used to come in a small cart, drawn by a bullock: the body and limbs, in general, of this poor creature were so shrivelled, as to give him, with his black skin and large head, the appearance of a gigantic frog. Another had his arm fixed above his head, the nail of the thumb piercing through the palm of the hand. Another, and a very large man, had all his ribs and the bones of his face externally traced with white chalk, which striking

the eye in relief above the dark skin, made him appear as he approached, like a moving skeleton. The most horrible, however, of these miserable creatures, were such as had contrived to throw all the nourishment of the body into one limb, so as to make that limb of an immense size, whilst all the rest of the frame was shrivelled. Such was the view of human nature presented every Sunday evening in Mr. Martyn's compound.'

After week by week distributing alms to hundreds of these miserables, Henry Martyn determined to preach to them. There was in the garden of that Cawnpoor house a chubootra, or platform of masonry, used by former occupants as a place for smoking the hookah, drinking tea, and enjoying the air after sunset. One evening, whilst the beggars were clamouring in their usual fashion, beating their shrivelled stomachs, and bawling aloud for alms, the spare worn figure of the Padre Sahib rose suddenly among the crowd. There was a great silence whilst, in earnest but faltering tones, Martyn proclaimed from the chubootra a message of love and peace, which had never been addressed to more weary, sin-burdened, heavy-laden souls. After the first sensation had passed away, voices were heard from the crowd, sometimes of applause, but occasionally of cursing and execration. One Sunday evening, some young Mahomedans were seated in a kiosk, or summer-house, which overlooked Martyn's garden, enjoying their hookahs and sherbet in the cool evening air. Hearing the voice of the preacher, they leapt over the wall, and passing through the crowd, stood with folded arms, turbans on one side, twirling their mustachios, just under the place where Henry Martyn was standing. Amongst the most vain and frivolous of this group stood Sheikh Saleh, who after-

wards, as Abdool Musseeh, or the servant of Christ, became the first-fruit of Martyn's missionary labours, and one of the most distinguished and meritorious servants of the Church Missionary Society in India.

At Cawnpoor, Martyn found some of like spirit to his own, and was specially cheered by a visit from his good friend Corrie. But his labours in India were soon to end. His family complaint increased rapidly; and as the only hope of recovering health, he was ordered to take a sea voyage.

On January 7, 1811, he left India, the land of his adoption, intending, to use his own words, to pass from India to Arabia, with the hope of translating the New Testament into Arabic. Leaving Ceylon, Bombay, and Muscat, he set sail for Bushire. Hence he travelled to Shiraz. During this journey, Martyn was exposed to the most violent changes of climate, sometimes shivering on mountain tops, but more often consumed by the fiercest heat.

On reaching Shiraz, Martyn set himself at once to work to improve the Persian translation of the New Testament. The only relaxation which he allowed himself, was in discussions with Jews and Mahomedans, concerning the Gospels and Pentateuch. On February, 24, 1812, the last sheet of the revised Persian New Testament was ended. The version of the Psalms in Persian, 'a sweet employment,' as Martyn called it, was ready in March. Ten months thus passed in Shiraz, in hard work, and in bold assertion of his belief as a Christian teacher. Many of the Persian Moollahs became familiar with the Gospel histories, and treated Martyn with affection and respect.

From Shiraz this good missionary passed to Tebriz, a journey of eight weeks, spending *en route* a week at

Ispahan, and a few days at the King's camp. His motive for this long and difficult journey was to obtain from the English Ambassador, Sir Gore Ouseley, a proper introduction to the King, to whom he wished to present an elaborate copy of the New Testament in Persian. And now a raging fever brought Martyn to the verge of the grave. Sir Gore and Lady Ouseley lavished the most tender care on the single-minded missionary, who had undergone so many perils for his Master's sake. But it was all too late. He gathered energy to make a fresh start this time for Constantinople: and on September 2, set out with letters from Sir Gore for the Governors of Erivan, Cars, and Erzerun, and the Ambassador at Constantinople. On the 7th he made this entry in his journal; 'The great Ararat on our left—on the peak of that hill the whole Church was contained. . . . Here the blessed saint landed in a new world: so may I, safe in Christ, outride the storm of life, and land at last on one of the everlasting hills.'

His prayer was soon to be granted. One month later—a month of travel, exposure, and violent wearing fever, we find the last entry in his journal: 'Oh, when shall Time give place to Eternity?'

At Tocat, on October 16, 1812, in the thirty-second year of his short but earnest life, Henry Martyn breathed his last.

In his career once again I have traced the grand lesson of useful work. Work, the noblest, the most satisfying, the most enduring, because work in the direct service of his God and Saviour, but still, none the less the real vocation of the Englishman in India, hard and useful work.

CHAPTER XXI.

HENRY HAVELOCK.—CAMPAIGN IN BURMAH AND AFFGHANISTAN.

I AM now to sketch the early career of Henry Havelock, an Englishman in India, of whom both England and India may well be proud. No life can more plainly and forcibly teach us, from manhood to the grave, the value of honest work—of work done in the fear of God, and with little regard to the favour of men. A life of hoping against hope, of struggling against disappointment, and of success and triumph only when death stood close at hand.

Antiquaries have written much concerning Havelok the Dane, 'a personage as popular in Denmark as Robin Hood is in England.'* From this Dane, or some other sea-king, was descended the family of our Havelock. His father was a ship-builder and merchant at Bishopwearmouth, a suburb of Sunderland. Here Henry was born, in 1795. Soon afterwards the family migrated to the south, where William Havelock (father of Henry) bought Ingress Park, near Dartford. From the age of ten to seventeen young Henry went to the Charter House. We have it under his own hand, that

* Eastern England, by Walter White.

'four of his companions united with him in seeking the seclusion of one of the sleeping-rooms for exercises of devotion, though certain in those days of being branded, if detected, with the epithet of Methodist and canting hypocrites.'* So early did Havelock learn to brave the opinion of his fellows, and to tread firmly in what seemed to him the path of duty. He was no doubt encouraged by the advice of an excellent mother, to whom he was devoted. Her wish was that Henry should follow the profession of the law. After her death, he clung loyally to the advice she had given, and in 1813 was entered of the Middle Temple, and became the pupil of Chitty, the special pleader.

At this period of Henry's career, his father refused to give him further assistance. His elder brother William, of the 43rd regiment, already a distinguished soldier, came to his support, and easily persuaded him to enter the army. He had early the good fortune to serve under Captain Harry Smith in the Rifle Brigade, the future hero of 'Aliwal,' on the Sutlege. The late pupil of Chitty became warmly attached to his new master; and Smith, who had seen much service, was glad to instruct young Havelock. Law-books had been thrown aside; but in the place of Blackstone, Jomini was taken up, and the young rifleman worked harder at battles and sieges than he had ever worked at pleadings or demurrers.

There seemed little scope for a soldier's ambition in Europe, so in 1823 Havelock, exchanging his corps, embarked for India as the junior lieutenant of the 13th Foot. In the preceding year he had zealously studied Hindoostanee under Dr. Gilchrist. One of the officers of

* See Marshman's Memoirs of Sir Henry Havelock—a very complete and interesting biography.

the 13th regiment, Lieutenant Gardner, begged his comrade to teach him this new language, and in return, communicated his own deep views of practical Christianity to his instructor. Havelock became more than ever determined to make religion the one grand object of his life.

On landing in Calcutta, he sought the society of men like Chaplain Thomason and Archdeacon Corrie. He rejoiced in the teaching of Bishop Heber. In short, wherever he saw what seemed to him to be hearty Christian life, he sought either to improve himself, or to give some of his own earnestness to other men.

Havelock now spent eleven months in Fort William. Seeing how many young soldiers were lost in drink and debauchery, he began to call the more thoughtful around him, and to encourage them to lead pure and holy lives. This brought a certain amount of ridicule upon the young lieutenant; but he had learned long ago not to care for the opinion of other men, if only his own heart told him he was right.

In April 1824 the Governor-General, Lord Amherst,* was constrained by the insolent aggressions of the King of Ava to declare war. An army of ten thousand men, under the command of Sir Archibald Campbell, was sent to invade Burmah. Havelock, whose ability had already been remarked, was appointed Deputy Assistant Adjutant-General of the expedition. He arrived too late for the opening of the campaign, and found the British flag flying over Rangoon. The history of the capture was soon learned. The Burmese had been taken by surprise. The English fleet sailed up the

* Lord Hastings left India in January 1823. After him Mr. Adam held the government till the following August, when Lord Amherst arrived as Governor-General.

river. The Liffey came to anchor opposite to the central fort or jetty, and prepared for action. In the meantime, the Burmese Reywoon or Admiral was not idle. On the news of the invasion, his first order was to cut some strong spars of wood, to which to tie his prisoners. Then he seized the Europeans and Americans, who, either as merchants, sailors, or missionaries, were in Rangoon, and ordered his artillerymen to sink the English ship. The Liffey responded slowly shot for shot. But before long the engagement became warmer. The Larne came up, and a furious cannonade began. In a few moments the Burmese guns were silenced; and the Reywoon, calling for his horse, galloped away to the jungles. When the English landed, the people of the town took to their heels and followed their admiral. Havelock found his comrades of the 13th in one of the temples of Guadama, the regimental colours resting in the arms of the idol. There was no chaplain with the army; but Havelock fitted up one of the cloisters of the Great Pagoda as a temporary church or chapel, and encouraged his men to quit the revelry of the camp, and to join with him in the services of religion.

An officer, one night hearing the sound of distant psalmody, made his way to the spot from which the voices seemed to proceed. Here, Mr. Marshman informs us, the narrator 'found himself in a small side-chapel, with images of Boodha in the usual sitting posture around the room. A little oil-lamp had been placed in the lap of each figure, and the pious soldiers of the 13th were standing up, with Havelock in the midst of them, singing a Christian hymn amidst those idolatrous associations.'*

* Memoirs of Sir H. Havelock.

After a fair share of fighting, and of sickness from the terrible Burmese climate, Havelock, at the end of the war, was chosen by Sir A. Campbell as one of the British representatives deputed to receive the ratification of the treaty from 'the Golden Foot,' as the monarch of Ava was called. However, beyond the fillet of gold-leaf placed on his forehead, and the empty title of a Burmese noble, he received no recognition of his services.

Indeed, there existed in those days few openings for an officer of the royal army in India. Havelock, in this Burmese affair, gave good proof of his professional ability, not only in the field, but as a military author. But his 'Campaigns in Ava' brought him no advancement in India; whilst at the Horse Guards, the only remark on record was, an inquiry made to William Havelock whether his brother was 'tired of his commission.' Henry Havelock had written as he had lived, with no fear of man before his eyes. He was respected alike for his life and for his writings, but neither petted nor promoted.

In 1829 Havelock married Miss Marshman, a daughter of one of the Baptist missionaries, who had followed Carey to India, and been driven to the Danish settlement of Serampore by the persecution of the East India Company. About the same time, he, in a public manner, joined the sect of the Baptists. Much as we must lament that Havelock thus deserted the Church of his fathers, it is impossible not to respect the fearless manner in which he ever followed his own sense of right. He now called together the dissenting privates of his regiment, and became their preacher and instructor; and wrote, no doubt truly enough, to Mr. Marshman, that the frequenters of the dissenting chapel were amongst the best-behaved men in his regiment.

In 1835 Lord William Bentinck gave the adjutancy of the 13th to Havelock as the fittest man in the corps. But, said the Governor-General, in private conversation with Mrs. Havelock, 'The adjutant must not preach.' As adjutant, he kept his corps in the best possible order; and if he left off preaching, at all events he lectured the men in a regimental coffee-room on the advantages of temperance, in which good work he was supported by the commanding officer, Colonel Sale.

A life of greater movement was at hand. The English Government had determined to advance the English cause by ejecting the reigning prince, Dost Mahomed, from the throne of Cābool, and placing the pensioned ex-King, Shah Soojah, in his place.* Mr. Macnaghten, a civil servant of high character, was employed to carry out a treaty between the English, the Sikh autocrat, Runjeet Singh, and the pensioner, Shah

* The Dourānee monarch, Zeman Shah, repeatedly threatened to invade Hindostan, in the end of the last, and beginning of the present century, progressing as far as Lahore, and giving great anxiety both to Sir John Shore and Lord Wellesley. As the Sikh power increased, the rulers of Affghanistan lost some of their territory. Zeman Shah was dethroned by his own subjects, and blinded. His younger brother, Shah Soojah, succeeded to the troubled throne of Cābool, and after various fortunes fell into the hands of the Sikh King, Runjeet Singh, who robbed him of the Koh-i-noor diamond (mountain of light), and kept him in strict custody. At last, in 1816, Shah Soojah found his way to Loodhiana, in the English territory. He made some fruitless attempts to recover his lost power, but was eventually obliged to return to his asylum at Loodhiana, where he was supported by the English Government. From 1826 Dost Mahomed, a chief of the Barukzye clan, by force of arms, and still more by force of character, held supreme rule at Cābool.

In 1838, when Lord Auckland was Governor-General, the English Government, afraid of the designs of Russia, adopted the fatal policy of dethroning Dost Mahomed, who was supposed to be hostile, and putting the exile, Shah Soojah, in his place.

Soojah. It was determined to send Macnaghten as envoy to Cābool, and to support Shah Soojah with a force of nearly 10,000 British soldiers of all arms.

In July 1839, the strong fort of Ghuznee was taken, and without further trouble our army entered Cābool. The inhabitants of that city gloomily watched the English legions march in with their puppet-king. Havelock took his part in this expedition on the staff of his friend, Sir Willoughby Cotton. He thus had a full opportunity to observe and record the events of the campaign; and when Shah Soojah was seated on the throne of Cābool, he hastened to bring out a 'Narrative of the Marches of the Bengal Troops of the Army of the Indus.' This narrative was published in England, and met with the neglect that too often attends the most graphic description of events in a remote and unknown scene of action.

Early in 1841, Havelock, who had taken his manuscript in person to Calcutta, returned to Cābool. Sir Willoughby Cotton had retired from the command, and was succeeded by General Elphinstone, who gladly secured Havelock's services on his staff as Persian interpreter. Every day proved that the English position in Affghanistan was becoming difficult and uncertain. The General, though an intrepid and noble-minded officer, was constantly stretched on the bed of sickness, racked with gout, and physically incapable of active duty—this, too, at a moment when the utmost energy of mind and body was peremptorily demanded. Just at the time that the hatred of the Affghans was breaking out into open acts of violence, it was decided to send back to Hindostan a considerable detachment of our troops. The mountaineers, who had been hired by an annual stipend of 8,000*l.* to keep open the rugged

defiles between Cābool and Jellalabad,* were deprived of half their pay. These Ghilzye chieftains received the orders with apparent respect; but went home, sharpened their knives, shut up the passes, and raising the hill men, sounded the tocsin of war.

In a moment the communications between India and Affghanistan were stopped, caravans were plundered, and a fierce attack made upon the British detachment moving towards Hindostan. General Sale was sent out from Cābool with the 13th regiment to clear the passes. Havelock at once applied for leave to attach himself to Sale's fighting brigade. And of fighting they soon had a good share. Every step of the road, when once the country of the Ghilzyes was reached, was disputed. Sale was severely wounded, and sent Havelock back to persuade General Elphinstone to forward reinforcements and supplies. After a week in Cābool, Havelock returned to Sir Robert Sale's column, and shared its fate and fortunes from that hour.

In Cābool, Sir William Macnaghten, who had been appointed Governor of Bombay, was quietly preparing for his departure. Sir Alexander Burnes, an officer of great energy of character and the greatest local experience, was expecting to succeed Macnaghten, and thus to gain the one grand object of his ambition. General Elphinstone having written to tell Lord Auckland, then Governor-General, that he felt himself unfit in body and mind for his post, was longing to leave a place in which he had suffered agonies of pain, and been confined for months to a sick bed. The officers in general were beginning to feel a certain restraint.

* Jellalabad is situated in the valley of the Cābool river, on the route from Cābool towards Hindostan, and about half way between Cābool and Peshawur.

Races, cricket, fishing and shooting parties, were stopped. At the same time, the easy-going majority of our countrymen thought—if they thought at all—with the Envoy, that 'he would settle their hash (the Ghilzyes) on the road down, if not before;' and that when the Ghilzyes were quiet, all other troublesome 'fellows will sneak into their holes again.' *

Havelock returned to General Sale, whom he found in the mountain-pass, stretched on his bed, and suffering acutely from his wound. Sale begged his tried and trusted friend on no account to refuse his services at so important a crisis, and over-ruled every proposal of his old adjutant to return to Cābool. In the meantime, events of the utmost moment, fraught with calamity and disgrace, were taking place at that capital.

Early on November 2, 1841, Sir Alexander Burnes received intelligence that his position—living, as he did, at a distance from the English cantonments, within the city of Cābool—was perilous, and that treachery was intended. Indeed, the day before he had been warned. But he would not believe in his danger. The populace came round his house. Burnes went out to harangue them, but his fate was sealed, and with his brother and his friend, William Broadfoot, he fell a victim to the popular fury, and was cut to pieces by the Affghan knives.

The Cābool tragedy had begun. The English, under the command of a general who had been declared physically unfit for duty, and who was incapable of meeting the smallest emergency, were doomed each day to see some new defeat, or some fresh humiliation.

* Sir W. H. Macnaghten to Major Rawlinson. MS. correspondence, quoted in Kaye's War in Affghanistan.

In the beginning, a vigorous sally of five hundred men would have stopped the *émeute*; but instead of vigour there was nothing but confusion. Men who began in irresolution ended in despair. For the first time in the history of British India, Englishmen, with arms in their hands, stood sullenly to be beaten and insulted by Asiatics.

After the unavenged murder of Burnes, our next disaster was the loss of a fort containing the provisions, medicines, and clothing of the army. Whilst General Elphinstone was debating at what hour the force should set out from cantonments for the protection of this invaluable property, the small garrison had abandoned the place, and our army was left without supplies. The gallant Vincent Eyre, in the memoirs penned by him when a prisoner in Affghanistan, justly remarks that the loss of this commissariat fort was the first *fatal* blow to British supremacy at Cābool.* Chiefs, who had hitherto stood neutral, now joined against us; hardly a creature would sell us supplies; and from that hour starvation stared the English in the face.

Brigadier Shelton, who had hitherto been with Shah Soojah in his palace, was summoned to the aid of the feeble General. The Envoy expected much from the well-known courage of Shelton. But, unhappily, the two functionaries differed at the outset. Shelton, like many a man of distinguished spirit, was what is called a croaker. He saw at once, what others saw too late, that our position at Cābool was desperate, and that an immediate retreat towards Hindostan, to the Fort of Jellalabad, was the only resource that remained. Soon the passes would be closed by the winter more surely than by the enemy; the English might cut their way to a

* Lieutenant Eyre's Journal of an Affghanistan Prisoner.

stronghold now, through Affghans and Ghilzyes; they could never do so a month later, through frost and snow. On the other hand, Sir William Macnaghten declared that they were bound to hold their post, at whatever risk. The unhappy General, already quite incapable of a firm decision, had to listen to the advice of men thus fatally at variance, and was more irresolute and distracted than before. And to make matters worse, Shelton was a man of irritable temper, and little able to feel for the infirmities of his superior officer.

And so the days dragged on slowly, and each day the crowd of insurgents thickened around the British cantonment. Our countrymen stood at bay in a straggling, ill-defined, unprotected position. One thing soon became certain. The English soldiers had much to learn in the way of using their fire-arms. The eagle-eyed grim Affghan poised slowly and carefully his long jezail* before he sent his bullet too surely to its mark. The Englishman and Sepoy, on the other hand, often threw away their precious ammunition in a vain and reckless blaze.

On November 23 came another crisis in the fate of our countrymen. A force strong in regard to numbers was marched out against the enemy. Shelton handled this column with his wonted courage, but not with the skill which might have been expected in a veteran of Peninsular experience. The result was that the English were driven back with heavy loss into their lines, and were more than ever demoralised.

A conference now took place between the Envoy and some of the most powerful hostile chiefs. Their demands

* Jezail is a long gun, used like a rifle, and carrying as far as a modern rifle.

were insolent, and the meeting came abruptly to an end. 'We shall meet again in battle!' exclaimed the Affghans. 'At all events we shall meet,' replied Sir William, 'at the Judgment Day!'

The Envoy felt that his days were numbered. A month back, so prosperous, so sanguine, so utterly blind to coming danger. Now, harassed, worn, and depressed, he seemed to long for the hour that should release him from the burden of life. When warned of plots against his own person, he exclaimed, 'A thousand deaths were better than the life he had lately led.'*

In this state of mind Sir William Macnaghten was ready to rush into any snare which his crafty enemies might prepare for him. Nor were the Affghans slow to plot against one whom they regarded as the enslaver of their country. Mahomed Akbar, the favourite son of Dost Mahomed, and chief of the insurgents, proposed a meeting to discuss terms. Macnaghten, with a slender escort, went out of the English lines. Snow had already fallen; and a carpet was thrown, on which Sir William and the Affghan chiefs reclined. Suddenly Mahomed Akbar called out, 'Begeer! begeer!' (Seize! seize!) and fiercely grasped the Envoy's left hand. Sir William had only time to exclaim, 'Az barae Khooda! (For God's sake!) when he was dragged away. Mahomed Akbar, drawing from his girdle a double-barrelled pistol (one of the pair lately presented to him by Sir William) shot the unfortunate Envoy through the body. The Ghazees, or fanatics, finished the bloody work with their knives, and then carried the mutilated corpse in triumph to the ramparts of Cābool.

The last act in this horrible drama was now soon to

* Captain Mackenzie's letter to Lieutenant Eyre.

come off. It was on December 23 that Sir William Macnaghten fell. On the 26th Major Pottinger, who had succeeded to the Envoy's place, urged the military authorities to cut their way to the Balla Hissar, or fort, in which Shah Soojah dwelt, or to force a retreat to Jellalabad. His opinions were overruled by a so-called council of war. Under the pretence of negotiation, the English were persuaded to give up hostages, money, guns, waggons, small arms, and ammunition. Every possible insult was heaped on them by the fanatic Mahomedans, who prowled around the cantonment. But it was not to be hoped that, when the Envoy had been butchered almost under the eyes of the army unavenged, any smaller insults would be regarded. At last, on January 6, 1842, the Englishmen, their Sepoys, and camp-followers, moved sadly out of the lines; and the retreat from Cābool had begun.

I now return to Havelock. We left him at the side of General Sale's sick bed at Tezeen, and preparing to assist in the passage of the Ghilzye defiles *en route* to Jellalabad. This passage, by dint of hard fighting, was accomplished. But before they reached Jellalabad came a summons from the Envoy, desiring Sale 'at all risks' to bring his brigade back to Cābool. There was a council of war. Havelock had no vote, but his advice was weighty, and he urged an immediate move to Jellalabad. It is a question whether Sale ought to have moved back to Cābool or not. But there is no question that he did rightly, when, a few days later, on January 9, he positively refused to give up the fort to an Affghan governor, bearing credentials from Pottinger and Elphinstone. On the contrary, Sale's brigade went to work right manfully to repair their defences and fortify their walls. Captain Broadfoot, an officer of the

very highest ability, was made garrison engineer, and laboured night and day to strengthen the English position. Captain Macgregor (now Sir George), who represented the political authorities, brought all his valuable qualities and influence to aid the commissariat department; whilst Havelock, with his rare knowledge of strategy and great military accomplishment, gave constant aid to his general. Here, then, all went on well, because there was a good sturdy military chief, well supported by an excellent civil officer. At Cābool, where there was discord between the authorities, and an inefficient general, all was disaster and dismay.

How great the disaster—how utter the dismay—I now go on to tell.

CHAPTER XXII.

HENRY HAVELOCK IN AFFGHANISTAN.

Soon after mid-day on January 13, 1842, the Englishmen on the walls of Jellalabad espied a single horseman slowly riding towards the Cābool gate. In return to their signals, the stranger faintly waved a private soldier's forage-cap over his head. It was clearly an Englishman, and his countrymen rushed out to welcome the refugee. With difficulty they were able to recognise Dr. Brydon, the first and the last fugitive of our ill-fated countrymen from Cābool. He was covered with wounds, and dreadfully exhausted. But he had strength in a few words to tell the story of the Cābool retreat.

It was a tale of disaster, a tale of woe, a tale of death. The Englishmen, as we have seen, had left their lines at Cābool on January 6th. Through frost and snow they began their sad retreat. Without food, fuel, or shelter, they were exposed to the rigours of an icy climate, and to the attacks of a relentless enemy, who hung on their flank, thirsty for blood, and ravenous for plunder. The English soldier, accustomed in better days to full and regular diet, to warm clothing, to snug quarters, was now so starved that his arm lacked force to drive back the enemy. A few of the chief officers, and those who had wives and children, were taken as hostages by Akbar Khan, the murderer of Macnaghten. The bulk of the force,

entangled in a mass of wretched camp-followers, strove to fight their retreat towards Jellalabad, but fell slowly, yet surely, by the wayside, a prey to hunger, cold, and a pitiless enemy. Such being the fate of the English soldiers, their comrades, the native Sepoys of Hindostan, for whom the frost and snow alone were certain destruction, fell around them by hundreds. The British army, which carried some 5,000 bayonets* out of Cābool on January 6, 1842, was by the 12th a mere line of mangled bodies, stretched lifeless on the snow. Like Job's messenger, Brydon might exclaim, 'I only am escaped alone to tell thee!'

The handful of English in Jellalabad heard the sad tale with horror. The assembly was sounded, the cavalry stood ready to mount, the walls and batteries were manned, and every eye strained to see the enemy advancing.† In the hope of recovering other fugitives, the cavalry patrolled on the Cābool road, a large light was shown at night near the Cābool gate, and the bugle every half hour sounded the signal to advance. But, says Marshman, 'The sound which had so often awakened the animation of the soldier now fell with a melancholy cadence on the ear. It was sounded to the dead.'

In the meantime, the garrison prepared vigorously for defence. The camp-followers, to the number of one thousand, were mustered, and armed with muskets, swords, spears, and even stones. It was determined to defend the battlements to the last. Havelock, on the Sunday after Dr. Brydon's arrival, stood up in the midst of the force to read the Church Service. Instead of the Psalms for the day he chose the forty-sixth Psalm,

* The camp-followers, natives of Hindostan, were about 12,000, most of whom perished.

† Marshman's Life of Havelock.

which seemed to suit the solemn occasion. How often, since the days of our disasters at Cābool, have Englishmen in India found comfort in this inspired strain—how often have they gratefully cried, 'God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble!' For all this, it is impossible to forget, when we read the present tale, that the invasion of Affghanistan was not only an error, but a crime, and that our soldiers perished the victims of a cause on which the blessing of God could hardly be expected to descend.

To this day we taste the bitter fruit of an unrighteous policy; and as we had planted briars, so we reap thorns.

Faint hearts there were none in Jellalabad, but weak heads were not wanting. At the critical moment which I have been describing, much was due to the firmness of Havelock and Broadfoot, who vigorously opposed all appearance of negotiation with a treacherous enemy. And so, whilst the Cābool chiefs were quarrelling over their booty, the Englishmen in Jellalabad were vigorously preparing for an attack. On February 15th the tents of Akbar Khan were descried from the battlements; but so complete were the defences, so hardy and vigorous the garrison, that the enemy's approach was regarded without fear.

On February 19th, Havelock was with Sir Robert Sale, writing a despatch. Broadfoot was on the ramparts, giving the last touch to his work. With secret joy his eye ran over the parapets, bastions, and guard-houses, which seemed to have sprung up by magic during the last few weeks. Suddenly there was a sound as of distant thunder. In a moment, like the vision of a dreamer, Broadfoot saw the walls of his stronghold toppling into dust. The earth heaved, the heaven was darkened, and Jellalabad was thrown open to the be-

siegers. 'Now,' cried Broadfoot, 'is the time for Akbar Khan!' But Akbar Khan never came. The earthquake, which for the moment had ruined the defences of Jellalabad, had also swept away whole villages along the route to Cābool, and the followers of Akbar were distracted by the fate of their own homes. But a new enemy was at hand. No sooner had the walls been built up, and the ditch cleared, than provisions began to fail. A vigorous sally on March 10th had driven the enemy from under the fort, but they were able to establish a blockade, and to threaten the English with famine. Havelock urged General Sale to attack Akbar Khan in the open field, and thus raise the siege. His advice was taken. At early dawn, on April 7th, the troops fell silently into their ranks, and marched out of Jellalabad, the right column, under Havelock, leading the attack. A severe fight came on, in which the English, who for five long months had been at bay, gallantly drove their enemies from the field, and achieved a complete victory. From that day Sale had full command of the valley; there was no lack of food for man or beast, nor of warlike stores, and the stout English hearts in Jellalabad could await without impatience the efforts made for their relief.

To go back for a moment. In the autumn of 1841, the Governor-General, Lord Auckland, was in Calcutta, preparing to resign his office. The great event of his reign had been the occupation of Cābool by our army. The fatal policy which brought about this event had been approved, nay suggested, by the Whig ministers, (Sir John Hobhouse being specially responsible, as the President of the Board of Control,) and Baron Auckland had received an earldom as the reward of his success. It was not to be expected that a line of

policy so open to criticism would escape the censure of the political party opposed to the Whigs. Above all others of the Tory leaders, Lord Ellenborough had distinguished himself by the violence of his denunciations. When his party came into power, Lord Ellenborough had succeeded to the office of President of the Board of Control. And now he was nominated to succeed to the office of Governor-General.

At this moment, and whilst Lord Auckland was earnestly hoping to hand over his government in good order to his successor, came the startling intelligence of the Cābool disasters. The Governor-General was alarmed, stunned, almost crushed to the very dust, by the news. For the first time he had to read the history of his own doings in plain English. Day after day he paced the marble halls of Government House in sorrow and despair, as each day revealed some fresh horror, some new disaster. The effect on his mind was simply this. He longed to get every English soul back across the Indus, *coûte qui coûte*, and to wash his hands of Affghanistan for ever. How to accomplish this without risk of further dishonour was the question.

When, on the 28th of February, 1842, Lord Ellenborough took charge of the Indian Empire, his first impulse was much the same. Eventually, after much vacillation, a tardy permission was given to General Nott, who had, during the Cābool disasters, stoutly maintained his position at Candahar, to retire *by way of Cābool*, if he pleased.

In the meantime, a force had been sent to relieve the illustrious garrison, under command of a sagacious and excellent commander, General Pollock. However anxious the Sepoys may have been to avenge the slaughter of their comrades, it was only by the per-

sonal influence of Pollock that they were at last persuaded to enter the dreaded Khyber Pass, between Peshawur and Jellalabad. After a severe fight, the General forced his way through those frightful defiles. There was a happy meeting between the illustrious garrison and the relieving column. The band of the 13th came out from Jellalabad to welcome Pollock with the tune, 'Oh, but ye've been lang o' coming!' and all was joy and thankfulness. The healthy manly appearance of the young soldiers of the 13th regiment caused great astonishment to some of the relieving column, who had hitherto supposed that a soldier could not exist without his grog. One of the secrets of their admirable conduct in Jellalabad had already been placed on record in an official paper by Havelock.

'They,' the English soldiers, 'worked like men struggling for their existence, but with as much cheerfulness and good-humour as industry and perseverance. *They had no rum to paralyse their nerves, sour their tempers, or predispose them to idleness and sullen discontent.* A long course of sobriety and labour has made men of mere boys of recruits, and brought the almost raw levy which formed two-thirds of the array of the 13th to the firm standard of the Roman discipline.'

The Commander-in-Chief, Sir Jasper Nicolls, now appointed Havelock Deputy Adjutant-General of the infantry division; and Pollock was told to advance to Cãbool, and co-operate with General Nott. Here again there was more fighting. The English soldiers, maddened at the sight of the mangled bodies of their comrades strewed along the route, fell savagely upon the army which Akbar Khan had brought to oppose them. Havelock had his share, as usual, where hard blows

were passing, and after a few days witnessed the triumphant occupation of Cābool by the army of retribution. His brave old commandant, General Sale, had the happiness to welcome both wife and daughter, who, with the surviving prisoners,* found their way in safety to Cābool, on September 21st. A week later, Havelock, under General M'Caskill, planned and carried out an attack upon the remnant of the Affghan troops, who had been collected by one of their leaders in the hill country north of the capital. George Broadfoot brought his noble sappers, and the two friends went in at the enemy. The victory was complete. A distinguished officer, Major Pottinger, who had observed the skill with which Havelock disposed and handled his troops, came up to him after the action,† and said, 'Oh, if we had only had you with us at Cābool, things would have worn a very different aspect!' The modest answer was, 'George Broadfoot could have saved Cābool.'

Havelock, having thus seen a just retribution inflicted on the Affghans, turned his back on Cābool. Lord Ellenborough came to the banks of the Sutlej to welcome the victorious army. On December 17th the illustrious garrison of Jellalabad reached the bridge. 'I crossed it,' wrote Havelock, 'in the suite of Sir Robert Sale, borrowed for the hour as a part of the triumphant pageant with which India's ruler greeted him, who was truly regarded as, under Providence, its preserver. Thus auspiciously terminated my four years' connection with Affghanistan.'

The close of the campaign brought honours and rewards to many brave men. The generals, whose de-

* General Elphinstone had died in captivity.

† Marshman's Memoirs of Sir H. Havelock.

spatches Havelock had penned, whose battles Havelock had fought, whose strategy Havelock had inspired, were covered with well-merited honours, and appointed to lucrative stations. Havelock, less fortunate, was, on the breaking up of the army, deprived of his staff appointment, and remanded, to starve and 'look after the shirts and stockings of No. 4 Company' in his old regiment.

NOTE.

Whilst the remnant of our army was thus withdrawn from Affghanistan, the Governor-General and Sir Charles Napier were preparing to attack the Ameers (chiefs) of Scinde. These unfortunate princes were defeated in the battles of Meeanee and Hyderabad, and their territories confiscated by Sir Charles Napier. Of the military genius of the victorious general no one can doubt; but the policy dictated by the Governor-General on this occasion, and carried out by Napier, was harsh and unjustifiable.

CHAPTER XXIII.

HAVELOCK.—THE SIKHS AND THE PUNJAB.

HAVELOCK, finding himself once again in cantonments, with only a life of regimental routine before him, set to work as in former days to teach the private soldiers of his regiment. His friends hinted to him that it was impossible to be both saint and soldier at once, and that he would never obtain any worldly distinction so long as he would persist in preaching to his men. His answer was modest but firm. 'I humbly trust that I should not change my opinions and practice, though it rained garters and coronets as the rewards of apostasy.'

About this time he made an attempt to obtain the rank of major by purchase. This attempt failed, and he worked on at his regimental duty until Sir Hugh Gough, coming out as Commander-in-Chief, placed Havelock on his staff as Persian Interpreter.* He now had his usual good fortune in the matter of fighting, and soon found himself once again in the battle-field, taking an active part in a campaign against the Mahrattas. After the victory of Maharajpoor,† head-

* This appointment, be it remarked, was after all due, not to Havelock's long and eminent services, but to the solicitations of an influential friend.

† 29th December, 1843. A weak Government at Gwalior, menaced by a powerful army of 30,000 men, who threatened our own frontier, gave Lord Ellenborough an excuse for attacking and overthrowing the Mahrattas.

quarters retired to the cool mountain-tops at Simla, and Havelock had a little rest.

In June 1844, Lord Ellenborough was recalled. His successor, Sir Henry Hardinge, a Peninsular veteran, came out determined on a career of peace. But Broadfoot, who had been wisely chosen by the late Governor-General to take charge of our frontier on the north-west, bid him prepare for war; and Broadfoot was right, for war was inevitable, and such a war as British India had never seen before.

Here I must stay the thread of Havelock's history for a time, whilst I describe in few words the people with whom we were now about to strive for the mastery of India, and the country which they inhabit.

I remember, about the time when Broadfoot warned the Governor-General of impending war, whilst presiding at a rent audit dinner on behalf of an absent relation, I described a certain wonderful double shot that I had once made at antelopes.

'Antelopes!' said the farmer I was addressing. 'Antelopes! never heard tell of them birds in this county!'

Now, if instead of this veritable romance about antelopes I had told my friend that I had just come from the Punjab, and he had said, 'Never heard tell of the Punjab before,' nobody would have wondered. The people of England had seldom heard of the great country of the five rivers, or of the bold race of Sikhs who held sway therein.

Since 1845, however, the Punjab has left its mark plainly enough upon the history of our nation. Every well-instructed Englishman has heard of the great victories of Sobraon and Gujerat, of the great capitals

of Amritsur and Lahore, and of the great monarch, Runjeet Singh. In some families the word Punjab calls up the flush of honest pride, as they point to honours fairly won in that distant field. In many English homes it is written over with mourning, lamentation, and woe, as the grave of husband, son, or brother.

The Punjab is so named from the Persian words, *Punj* (five), and *Ab* (water). It is the country of the five rivers, which, rising amidst the snows of Chinese Tartary, or cleaving the glaciers of the Himaleyeh mountain chain on the north-east, between the parallels of North Lat. 30° and 35°,* sooner or later join their streams near Mithunkote with a sixth river, the Indus, as it flows boldly through Scinde to the Indian Ocean. These five,† or rather six rivers, then, form the boundaries of five large tracts of country; each tract being bounded by two rivers, and called Doab, or two waters.

The traveller from Hindostan, say from Delhi, following the great line of rail and high road from Calcutta to Peshawur, would enter the Punjab on crossing the Sutlej River (at Philour), and pass into the rich Julundur Doab. Thence, after leaving the Julundur cantonments, he would cross the Beas into the Doab formed by that river and the Ravee (Baree Doab), the home of the Manjha, or mid-country Sikhs. Between the Beas and the Ravee he would pass first Amritsur, the commercial capital of the Punjab, with its population of some hundred thousand of souls, and

* 71° and 76° East Long., the centre being about the same as Cairo or New Orleans.

† Sutlej—Hesudrus of Pliny. Beas—Hyphasis. Ravee—Hydraotes. Chenab—Acesines. Jhelum—Hydaspes.

then Lahore, the political capital, with almost as many inhabitants as Amritsur.

On leaving Lahore, still with his face to the north-western frontier, the traveller at once crosses the Revee and enters the Rechnab (Ravee and Chenab) Doab. Crossing this tract, he comes through Goojeranwalla; and leaving the large cantonment of Sealkote on the right, reaches Wuzeerabad, and passes on to cross the bridge of boats over the Chenab river into the Chuch (Chenab and Jhelum) Doab.

Then passing through Jhelum, and crossing the river of that name, he comes to the Doab called Sinde-Sagur, and finds his course at last arrested on the left bank of the mighty Indus, where, near Attock, a tunnel is being made under that river to carry the traveller onwards to Peshawur. At Peshawur there is a commanding force stationed to guard the frontier of the British Empire from the rough tribes of Affghanistan.

It was by a journey the reverse of that which I have just been tracing that Alexander invaded India. And it is worthy of note, that the self-same policy which enabled him to fight his way down has enabled us to fight our way up to the Punjab. He was the first to lead a compact European army across this tract of country, and to train the men of Asia to conquer their own country and people. Alexander the Great was, in short, the first Sepoy General, and the Punjab was one of the scenes of his greatest success.

Such being the geographical features of the country, I must say a few words as to the climate. English people generally picture their cousins in India at all seasons sitting in white jackets, or no jackets at all, under the punkah, with their feet on the table, sipping *brandy pawnee*, and perspiring at every pore. This

sketch may suit the latitude of Calcutta, Madras, or Bombay, but will not do for Lahore. A stout overcoat and a blazing fire is as much wanted from November to March in the Punjab as in England. My house at Lahore, built by Sir John Lawrence, had two fire-places in drawing and dining-room. I have seen a shepherd in the month of March asleep on the ground, his black blanket covered with hoar-frost. In short, from October to May the climate of the Punjab is charming; to use my own words:*—

We allow the physical privations and sufferings of cutcherry work, in the hot season, to be severe; but when the sun gives some respite, there are many enjoyments in store for the man of simple tastes and contented mind. Then is the time to sally out into the fields amongst the people. Amidst their villages, under the shade of the tent or mango grove, the wanderer may almost forget that he is in a strange land. India need not, and cannot rival England in our affections. We miss the hill and dale, the steaming pasture, the clear trout-stream, of our native land; still we may rejoice in the rural beauties of a less-favoured scene. The freshness of an Indian morning in the cold season may charm us, if only by contrast. 'Tis true we wake not to the carol of the thrush, nor to the voice of newly-wakened herds 'lowing across the meadow;' our morning dreams are not mixed up with the sound of the gardener's early scythe under our window. But, none the less, we wake to a glorious morn. The air is clear and frosty; the dew glistens on the broad fields of springing wheat and barley; all nature seems instinct with life and joy. A mixed sound—the shouts of the villagers watching their crops, or driving their cattle

* Notes on the North-Western Provinces of India.

to the field, the barking of their dogs, the shrill cries of their children—come sweeping down the morning breeze; nearer still is the chorus of birds, amidst which, the plaintive silvery note of the dove rises ever clear and long. Man and horse seem alike inspirited by the fresh breath of the morning as we gallop along, throwing care to the winds. Mornings so passed, in exercise or rural sport, days under the trees or in the cheerful tent, the village people crowding round, to claim our care and protection—time thus spent flies fast and well! Each day to see some old feud reconciled, some village strife composed, some benefit conferred upon a grateful people—yes; life in Upper India may be pleasant enough; at least from October to May, if not from May to October.

However, from the end of May to September, the plains of the Punjab are furnace-like. The rains, which in other parts of India cool the air, are scanty and uncertain, and the atmosphere insufferably hot, the very crows holding their beaks open in the vain hope of getting a little fresh air.*

The soil of the Punjab well repays the labour of the Jat peasant, who with the aid of well-irrigation grows cotton, indigo, flax, wheat, and barley. In the dry season, the creaking sound of the Persian water-wheel may be heard all through the night. The salt mines of the Sind-Sagur Doab are famous throughout Hindostan. The manufactures are not extensive; but the wrought silks of Mooltan, and the iron inlaid with gold of Seal-

* I have still my Indian Thermometer marked at 87°. If my drawing-room was kept at this temperature in the North-West Provinces by dint of wet mats of grass and machines called thermantidotes, I was content. But when I went to the Punjab, I was obliged to accept 90° as the hot weather standard.

kote, display both the taste and industry of the people. The strong cotton cloths of the Punjab are cheaper and more durable than those of Manchester. The noble plain which I have been describing, with an area of fifty-nine thousand square miles, and a population of some ten millions, is bounded on the north and east by mountain-ranges, which rise two and three miles into the air, and possess every variety of climate, and every kind of natural produce. Of these mountains I may say more hereafter. Now for a few words about the Sikhs.

In the early part of the fifth century the Scythian Getes (the Jāts or Juts of modern India) invaded the Punjab. From the banks of the Oxus and Jaxartes, from the regions west of the Indus, down came these military colonists, the most conspicuous tribe of ancient Asia from the days of Cyrus, and the most stalwart men of India at the present hour. These Jāts form the bulk of the agricultural peasantry of the Punjab. Many have become nominally Mahomedan; and they are to be found, some as Hindoos, and some as followers of Mahomed, on both sides of the Sutlej.

About A.D. 685, the Mahomedan invasions of India began, and the Punjab became for centuries the battle-field of Hindoos and Mahomedans, or the pathway for Caliphs, Turks, Persians, Affghans, and Mongul Tartars, on their way to Delhi, intent upon proselytism and plunder.

Amidst this tumult of arms, and from the very flame of persecution, arose the gentle voice of a poor Hindoo, calling upon both Hindoos and Mahomedans to forget their strife, and to adore the one Supreme Being.

Nanuk, the son of a Hindoo trader, was born in 1469 on the banks of the Beas. Leaving early the petty shop

of his father, he led for some years a wandering or ascetic life. At length he returned home to preach alike to all the Lord of lords, the One God, the Almighty. Declaring that he had failed to find the Deity in the sacred books of either Hindoo or Mahomedan, he solemnly called upon all men to seek after the true God, to practise good works, and to seek the favour of the Almighty.

The earnest voice of the reformer was not without effect. Many followers, calling themselves Sikhs or Disciples, attached themselves to Nanuk and his simple habit of life. The sect thus founded by a Hindoo devotee was increased by masses of the agricultural Jāts. Guroo Gobind, a successor of Nanuk, set to work to found a kingdom of Jāts, devoted to arms, ever wearing steel, from Sikhs or Disciples, converted into Singhs or Lions, with flowing hair, and with the inspiring war-cry, '*Wah Guru jee he Khalsa!*' or, 'Success to the State of the Guru!' ever on their lips.

In the eighteenth century, two hundred years after the death of Nanuk, we find the Sikhs as soldier-robbers, swarming in the country round Lahore and Amritsur. During the invasion of Nadir Shah, these rough Singhs played just the same part round Lahore which the Goojur and other robber tribes enacted round Delhi during the late mutiny. Gathering into small bands, they *looted* stragglers from the Persian army, and the wealthy citizens who fled from Nadir's approach, just as the Goojurs about Delhi, in 1857, plundered Englishman and Sepoy alike.

When the officers of the Mogul and the Affghans had abandoned the Sirhind and Lahore provinces, the Sikhs remained undisputed masters of the Punjab. Like the Saxons over England, like the Franks under Clovis over

Gaul, so spread the Lion Warrior Sikh tribe over the country of the five rivers. The Sirdars or chiefs gradually ranged themselves under twelve banners, and when not preying on their neighbours, fought amongst themselves. This state of things could not last long. A master-spirit soon arose in the person of Runjeet Singh, who conquered not only the twelve tribes of free-booters, but also the country, hill and plain, from the Sutlej to Peshawur. It was only the armed protest of the English that stopped this Lion King from seizing also the entire territory between the Sutlej and the Jumna.

Early in the present century, the English government of India, alarmed at the grasping spirit of Runjeet, deputed to his court Mr. Metcalfe, whose negotiations, backed by a strong column of troops under the veteran Ochterlony, were successful.*

One incident, which came under the eye of Runjeet during Metcalfe's visit to his court, made a signal impression. It was the season when the followers of Mahomed celebrate with funeral pomp and procession, with beating of the breast and noisy lamentation, the Martyrdom of Husun and Hosein, the sons of Ali. Amongst the Sepoys who formed the escort of young Metcalfe were several Mahomedans, and they proceeded to enact the ceremonies of their religion with the usual noise and display. This was more than the Akalis, or Sikh fanatics, who always followed Runjeet, could bear. Hastily summoning a mob of their fellows, who swarmed round the sacred lake at Amritsur, where the camp happened to be, these sturdy fanatics fell sword in hand upon the handful of Sepoys. In a moment the trained native soldiers stood to their arms, and fired a volley

* See page 231.

into the Akalis, which sent them howling away. It is said that the Sikh King, who happened to witness this affair, then and there made up his mind,—first, never to come to blows with the British; secondly, to drill his own troops after the European method. For the remaining thirty years of his life Runjeet stood firmly to the resolutions thus hastily formed. And more than this; not only did he submit to the restraint which the English placed upon him, but was ever looking forward to their advancing power and influence.

'What,' said he to an English officer who opened out a map in durbar, (court,) 'what means this red line?'

'The red line, Maharajah, shows the English boundary.'

'Ah,' said the monarch, with a sigh and an expressive nod, '*Sub lal hojaga!*'—It will all be red one day!

Considering that Runjeet was brought up merely as a rough soldier, and could neither read nor write, his power as an administrator was remarkable. By the force of his iron will, gentle manners, and natural genius for governing, he kept the most warlike people in awe, heaping up wealth, and enforcing submission in a state of society which had never been settled before. With few personal advantages—deeply scarred with the small-pox, small of stature, one-eyed—he yet presided with dignity over the most brilliant court in Asia. Dressed in a simple robe of white muslin, it was ever his delight to be surrounded by glittering retainers.* His durbar

* I add a few remarks on Runjeet. Like all of the Sikh race, no razor ever touched his head; and his appearance, in other respects mean, was rescued from insignificance by a noble beard, which reached his waist. Like other Sikhs, he eschewed tobacco, but made up for this privation, which is positively commanded, by a free use of opium and ardent spirits. Of cherry-brandy he was very fond, and his intemperance

was crowded by noble-looking men, splendid in silks, satins, jewels, or armour, flanked by bands of Amazons, troops of Cashmerian dancers, and an imposing military staff. Judge of the power of Runjeet Singh in his prime, from his declining hours, when cherry-brandy, *hukeem*, (doctor,) alms, all failing alike, he sinks towards the grave; speechless, almost without motion, see the dying monarch still rule the Punjab by signs to his courtiers. A turn of his finger to the south to ask news from the British frontier, to the west for news from Cābool. At last the old Lion is dead, but his influence is as strong as ever.*

Observe his funeral obsequies. To the sound of wild melancholy music a procession advances across the plain of Lahore. The dead body of the king is borne along in a car like a ship, with sails of gold brocade. Four of his queens, in sumptuous apparel, with all the insignia of royalty, follow; behind them a troop of female slaves, some of them famous for their beauty. They form a *tableau* on the funeral pile and round the body, which reposes in their arms. There is a pause—the heir to the throne steps forward with a torch in his hand. A blaze of fire-works, a crash of tomtoms, a scream, a shout, and all is over. In one sea of flame both the living and the dead are consumed.

A feeble prince ascended the throne; and in a few months the empire which Runjeet had so carefully built

shortened his life. He was a regular merchant of shawls and salt, and although unlettered, could check long and complicated accounts. His passion for horses led him into more than one war; and at his death, thirteen hundred bridles were found in his treasure-house, ornamented with gold, silver, and even diamonds. Steinbach, an officer then at Lahore, computed the treasure left by Runjeet at eight millions of pounds sterling!

* Runjeet died 27th June, 1839.

up began to crumble away. Princes, queens, generals, statesmen, one after the other, fell victims to the blind rage of the army. Nothing remained but a military despotism. The unwieldy mass, fit only for mischief, and incapable of control, rushed blindly to its own destruction. Like some terrible engine, whose motive power remains after the guiding hand has been removed, this vast machinery threatened ruin all around. Specially dangerous was the force to those who attempted to restrain it. The surviving leaders had no choice, and were only too happy to launch this terrible power across the Sutlej. And so the Sikh myriads flung themselves on the British soil, and invaded our hitherto peaceful territory.

It was to meet this danger that Broadfoot now summoned the English chiefs. Hardinge and Gough hurried to the frontier, and Havelock found himself once again hastening to the battle-field.

CHAPTER XXIV.

HAVELOCK AT MOODKEE AND FEROZ-SHUHR.

It was on the 11th of December, 1845, that the Sikh troops crossed the Sutlej river, and flung themselves on the British territory. Grave historians tell us how the Khalsa,* or Sikh Government, had been driven to this move by the appointment of George Broadfoot to the political charge of the provinces on their frontier, by his hostility to their nation, by the speeches of Sir Charles Napier, and by the upward movements of the Governor-General and the Commander-in-Chief. But we need not go so far to seek a reason for the Sikh invasion.—The army of the old Lion of the Punjab, so carefully drilled, and so powerfully equipped, had taken affairs into its own keeping. These rough bold soldiers, revelling in the blood and treasure of one chief after another, and mistaking, naturally enough, the forbearance and mild demeanour of the English for fear, raised the cry of a British foray, and a march on Delhi. If they chose to cross the river to crush the small advanced post at Feroz-poor, and to rush down to plunder and occupy the rich provinces of Hindostan, who, they asked, was to

* Khalsa is of Arabic derivation, and has such original or secondary meanings as pure, special, free, &c. It is commonly used in India to denote the immediate territories of any chief or state, as distinguished from the lands of tributaries and feudal followers. It may mean either the saved or liberated, or the chosen people.—See *Cunningham's Sikhs.*

stop them? Treaties and agreements had expired with old Runjeet. The day had come for the Khalsa to enjoy its own, to ravage the protected states, and to drive the Feringees out of the country. The Affghans had beaten the English, and the Khalsa had beaten the Affghans.—So *Wah goorooji ka Futteh*! Hurrah for the Gooroo! (Sikh teacher;) Victory and Delhi! was the cry.

And now, at last, the English chiefs accepted the Sikh challenge, and came boldly forward to drive back the invaders. From the pleasant hill cantonment of Subathoo, from the shady mountain tops of Kussowlie, from the forests of cedars and rhododendron around Simlah, down came the sturdy English soldiers and the hardy little Goorkas,* to join their comrades in the plains, horse, foot, and artillery, who, through clouds of dust, were hastening to the battle-field. From the cantonment of Umballa to the frontier station at Feroz-poor is a distance of one hundred and eighty miles. The army had marched one hundred and fifty of these in six days, through sand, across rivers and jungles; and the advanced force had, on the 18th of December, reached Moodkee, about twenty miles from Feroz-poor. The soldiers foot-sore, thirsty, and fasting, had marked out their camp, and were preparing their food, when in galloped a horseman with a hasty note from Broadfoot. The enemy was at hand, and the Sikh horsemen were moving on towards the English camp.

'The news,' said Havelock, 'produced the electric effect which it is apt to cause even in the breast of old

* The Goorka belongs to the ruling and military tribe in Nepaul. Short of stature, with high cheek-bones and merry twinkling little eyes, the Goorka soldier is invaluable. Hardy, active, brave, fond of shooting and fishing, he is a sort of miniature edition of the best style of Scotch Highlander. And in one respect he is superior, inasmuch as he is not so fond of strong drink.

soldiers at the opening of a campaign. How thrilling then the sensation in the hearts of novices! The ideas are wonderfully concentrated, and visions of glory and of slaughter, of distant home and its endearments, of duty sternly performed and nobly rewarded, of wounds, death, and—of judgment, pass rapidly through the brain.'

The moment had come when all these grave considerations must merge in the one simple idea of duty. The soldiers spring to their arms. The brave old chief, and Havelock, leaving their late breakfast, mount their chargers and ride to the front. And then came the first conflict between the English and the Sikhs. The cavalry and horse-artillery, advancing on either flank, began the engagement. The enemy's horse were driven back, but the well-trained artillery of Runjeet stood, and replied steadily to the British fire. The Sikh infantry, disciplined under such men as Allard, Court, and Ventura, proved, in one instance at least, superior to the English-trained Sepoy, and Havelock was sent by the Commander-in-Chief to bring back a native regiment which had turned to the rear. He succeeded in his attempt, after plying the Sepoys with the grim joke that the Sikhs were in their front, and not behind them. Havelock had two horses shot under him, and his friend Major Broadfoot, on giving him a second remount, observed, 'It is not much use to give you horses, for you are sure to lose them.'

As the shades of evening drew on, the Sikh infantry battalions sullenly withdrew. Their cavalry had already been driven into the jungle in disorder. The English had gained the field of Moodkee,* had driven back the enemy, and captured several pieces of artillery.

* The English took about 11,000 men into the field, and lost 215 killed, and 657 wounded. Among the slain was Sir Robert Sale,

But the eyes of Hardinge and Gough were already opened to the fact, that, for the first time in their Indian career, the English had to contend with a foe equal to themselves in courage, and superior to most of their native soldiers in stability. Some sixty thousand of these stout Sikhs had crossed the river, and it was plain enough that it would require a heavy blow to drive them back. Sir Henry Hardinge was equal to the occasion. Waiving his rank as Governor-General, he gallantly placed himself under the military command of Sir Hugh Gough, and the two veterans took council how best to drive back the invader.

I have no taste for the mere description of battles. But the struggle between the English and Sikh army at this hour was remarkable, because it was mortal. If the Khalsa could overpower the small English army, if they could even cut through that thin red line, Hindostan was at their feet, and there was nothing to stop them from Delhi to Calcutta. On the events of the next few days hung the fate of India. On one side was ranged order, civilisation, I may almost say, Christianity itself; on the other, anarchy and rapine. To the God of battles was the appeal, and unless He stretched out His hand to save and defend, the days of the English in India were numbered.

The situation of the rival forces was thus. The English, with their backs turned on Hindostan, were

familiarly known as Fighting Bob, and in these pages as the Hero of Jellalabad. The guns taken from the enemy were at least seventeen in number. The enemy numbered, according to the writer in the *Calcutta Review* (the late Sir Henry Lawrence, I believe), above 30,000 men. Amongst the regiments in action were the 3rd Dragoons, and the 31st and 50th Foot. On the day after the fight, the 29th Foot and Company's 1st European Light Infantry came up.

halting on the field of Moodkee for a day, to allow regiments one march in the rear time to join the main force. Before them, ten miles towards the right, was the camp, enclosing the village of Feroz-shuhr, in which the Sikhs, under Lall Singh, had strongly entrenched themselves. Towards the left, at a distance of some ten miles from the Sikh entrenchment, was the English post of Feroz-poor, with 5,000 men under Sir John Littler. It was determined that the English forces should march out from their respective positions on the 21st of December, and make a combined attack on the Sikh entrenchment.

The junction of the two armies was happily accomplished. Time was precious. The English forces moved forward to the attack, Sir Hugh Gough commanding the right wing, Sir Henry Hardinge the left. It soon became evident that the light field-guns of the English were as playthings when compared with the heavy siege-cannon, which poured a storm of fire from the Sikh entrenchment. To silence, or even to check, the enemy's fire was hopeless. It remained for the devoted brigades under Gough and Hardinge to carry the batteries at the bayonet's point. The 62nd regiment, after losing seven officers and seventy-six men within fifty paces of the entrenchment, was beaten back —'beaten, but not in the eye of candour disgraced.' On every side of the Sikh position the storm raged until night set in. At some points the English had made good their entrance, at others they still wrestled with their foe. Even amidst the darkness, the Sikh artillerymen watched for a gleam which might serve to discover their hated enemy. Explosions and partial cannonades went on all night. Sir Henry Hardinge passed from group to group, with a cheery word for each. But he

saw the gravity of the situation. 'Another such action,' said he to Havelock, 'will shake the empire.'*

In a private letter to Sir Robert Peel, the Governor-General called this night 'the most extraordinary of his life.' During the long hours of darkness, no man could say with whom the victory lay. One bruised, battered, and exhausted division of the army rallied round Gough and Hardinge as the morning dawned. Well might the Governor-General call that night extraordinary; but still more extraordinary was the day which followed it.

The Sikhs, in their entrenched camp, had inflicted immense loss on the English. But they had suffered heavily themselves. The position, which they supposed to be impregnable, had been in part stormed; the river was not far in their rear; and, worse than all, they had in Lall Singh a leader whom they despised. Insubordination was their usual state, and insubordination during the long hours of that night grew into mutiny, plunder, and desertion. So it required but a small effort for the English, on the morning of the 22nd, to sweep the Sikh camp, whilst the enemy were in full run before them.† The line then halted as if on a day of manœuvre, receiving its two leaders as they rode

* The loss of the English army in this tremendous struggle was as follows:—

Killed . . .	694
Wounded . .	1721

Amongst the slain were fifty-four officers. George Broadfoot, after being severely wounded, and entreated by the Governor-General to retire, was shot down at Hardinge's side, who sorrowfully recorded, 'He was second to none in this accomplished service. . . . . I never can replace him.' Havelock thought him, both as a soldier and statesman, the ablest man in India; and in his death deplored also the loss of his dearest friend.

† *Calcutta Review.*

along its front with a gratifying cheer, and displaying the captured standards of the Khalsa army.*

So far all seemed well with the English. But the day was not yet won. They had gone through perils almost too great for human endurance—they had hurled flesh and blood against fire and steel; but a still more severe trial was imminent.

When Sir John Littler marched out of Feroz-poor, to join the Governor-General in the attack upon Feroz-shuhr, he had left behind him Sirdar Tej Singh, the generalissimo of the Sikh forces, with a powerful army encamped opposite to the British cantonments. The Sikhs, as we have already seen, would fight like tigers to defend a fortified place. They would act brilliantly as irregulars in the open plain. But to march, as Gough and Hardinge had done, against walls bristling with cannon, was not their custom. Therefore Tej Singh, leaving Feroz-poor unmolested, moved on the morning of the 22nd towards Feroz-shuhr, to share, as he supposed, in the glories of a victory over the *Feringees*. No sooner had the English scattered divisions united on the morning of the 22nd of December—no sooner had they swept the enemy from the entrenched post of Feroz-shuhr, than a cloud of dust from the direction of Feroz-poor announced the approach of another army. It was soon known that Sirdar Tej Singh, with a fresh and powerful force, outnumbering the English as three to one, was moving down to begin a fresh encounter. Our countrymen could have forgotten the toil of the preceding day, the bivouac on the cold sand, the two days' fast, the havoc of the late battle. They could have struggled on through all this with the spirit of their nation. But when seventy or eighty well-served cannon

* See Official Dispatches.

were brought to bear upon their ranks, whilst their own artillery was *silent*, their position was desperate indeed. Yet such was their situation. One single round, out of three hundred rounds for each gun taken into action at Moodkee—one single round of ammunition was not on the tumbrils. All had been expended in the deadly struggles of the last few days; and the guns were, for all warlike purposes, as useless as so many hackney-coaches. Tej Singh began a heavy fire on the left flank of the British; but, 'our artillery ammunition being completely expended in these protracted combats, we were unable to answer him with a single shot.'* Such then was the crisis.

The Governor-General, the Commander-in-Chief, the army of England, stood in that field, if not like lambs to be slaughtered, like corn to be cut down at the pleasure of the reaper. The word was passed to prepare for the worst; they would sell their lives dearly, but no intelligent man could doubt that their last hour was come. Here, almost visibly, the God of battles intervened. All at once, nobody knows why, the Sikh host turned their backs on the English, and marched slowly off the field.

Thirty thousand fresh troops, with from seventy to eighty cannon and fifty camel-guns, retreat before thirteen thousand hungry weary soldiers without one serviceable cannon! To those who know the power of old Runjeet's guns, and the importance which Asiatic soldiers justly attach to artillery, the whole affair is only to be resolved by adopting Havelock's words, 'India has been again saved by a miracle!'

* See Official Despatch by Sir Hugh Gough.

CHAPTER XXV.

LIFE OF HAVELOCK—*continued.*

I HAVE already said that amongst the brave Englishmen who fell in these battles was Sir Robert Sale, one of Havelock's most intimate friends. Another old friend and commander, Sir Harry Smith, now came prominently to the front. The Sikh soldiers, who after the Battle of Feroz-shuhr had hurried back to their own side of the Sutlej, began to recross that river, and to threaten once again the English communications. Sir Harry Smith was sent to drive them back. After a damaging rencontre with the enemy on January 20, 1846, at Buddiwal, a fair and open fight took place a few days later. The Battle of Aliwal came off on January 28, and was a complete success for the British. The Sikhs were hurled back and driven into the River Sutlej, which, unfortunately for them, flowed in their rear. Their dead bodies floated down the stream, and choked up the bridge which their comrades had thrown across the river a few miles lower, at Sobraon. Fifty-six guns were taken by the English, and the victory was in every sense complete. The wily Cashmere prince, Golab Singh—who, on hearing of the failure of the English at Bhuddowal, had almost decided to join his fortunes to those of the Khalsa—paused when he heard of Sir Harry's victory, and began to negotiate with the conquerors.

It remained for the English with one tremendous blow to drive the Sikhs from the left bank of the Sutlej. These proud invaders had dared our power now for some two months. Hardinge and Gough had set their faces towards Lahore; but the Khalsa army still stood in their front at Sobraon, and disputed the passage of the river. The English must break and disperse this force before they could make one step in advance. Havelock was once again to take his part in a critical battle—in a battle on which the fate of British India would once again depend.

On the morning of February 10 the English army advanced. The Sikhs had fortified positions on either side of the river, and had joined these posts by a floating bridge of boats. After a short but mortal struggle, they were sent flying across the river; the bridge was broken, and thousands were driven pell-mell into the Sutlej. The stream had risen seven inches in the night, and the fort was flooded. Hundreds fell under a furious cannonade, as they struggled vainly to reach the farther bank. Thousands were swept away in the torrents of the river. In a few hours not a living Sikh remained on the British side of the Sutlej.

Thus, with bitter discomfiture and heavy loss to the invaders, ended the Sikh invasion of British India.

Havelock had been, as usual, in the thick of the fight. A ball struck the saddle-cloth within an inch of his leg; his charger fell dead, but his own life was preserved for deeds and dangers still far ahead.

The Country of the Five Rivers was now at the mercy of the English, who, with 22,000 soldiers and 100 pieces of cannon, marched proudly to Lahore, and on February 20 encamped on the plain of Meean Meer.

There are times in the history of Great Britain, as well as in the history of British India, when, amidst the luxury of the rich and the intemperance of the poor, we are tempted to ask, after all, How far has Christianity done its work amongst us? How far are we Englishmen, whether in India or England—how far are we all from the spirit of moderation, justice, and temperance, which the Sermon on the Mount would teach? But there is a scene now before us, as Sir Henry Hardinge and Sir Hugh Gough pitch their tents by the gardens of the Emperors within sight of Lahore, which even the Christian moralist may approve.

The Governor-General had every temptation to seize the country, which he had so dearly and so desperately won. The face of nature, as he passed through rich grassy plains, through fields of sugar-cane, wheat, and barley, looked bright and smiling in the early spring, and seemed almost to tempt the conqueror. The flush of victory was on his brow—the most warlike race of India at his feet. The page of history lay blank before him, and he could write thereupon: 'The Sikhs invaded British India, but Hardinge beat them back and took their country.' The memory of the dead seemed to call for retribution, and the offenders were prostrate, and at the mercy of their conqueror. But all this, the promptings of ambition, of policy, or of a just revenge, were as nothing to Hardinge. His strength lay in his moderation. Without a rival as a soldier, he was careless of military glory; without an equal in power, he was in love only with justice. When even men like Havelock suggested 'annexation,' he refused to seize the Punjab.

I shall reserve the details of the arrangements now made for future remark. But glancing at a Govern-

ment Order to the Army of the Sutlej, of February 20, forbidding soldier or camp-follower even to enter the city of Lahore, let me ask, what would have been the case if, instead of the English taking Lahore, the Sikhs had taken Delhi? Not a doubt but the time of Nadir Shah would have come again, when the city for days and nights was kneedeep in blood.

A treaty was made; and here is Havelock's account of its ratification:—

'The treaty was ratified in full Durbar on Monday, March 9, under a salute of siege ordnance. Commonly field-artillery suffices for such purposes, but this compact may be esteemed one of the great-guns of the Company Bahadoor; and 24-pounders and 32-pounders have risen in estimation since first we felt the force of such arguments in conflict with the Sikhs at Ferozshuhr. Maharaja Golab Singh was present at this Durbar; and as he is no more to be seen but as an independent sovereign, I may as well describe to you the Ruler of Jummoo, now lord of the mountains from Mundee to Cashmere. He is neither so handsome as either Dhyan Singh, the pink of Lahore courtiers, or his brother Soochet, or his nephew Heera Singh; but he is like both brothers. His dress is remarkably plain, even slovenly; but the chequered volume of his life is to be read in his astute and glozing countenance. If a painter sought to embody all the smooth cunning of Asiatic intrigue in one face, he would throw away his sketches as soon as he saw that of Golab Singh, cease to draw on his imagination, and limn the countenance of the Rae Sahib, as the people of Lahore call him, with minute fidelity. He would feel that he never could surpass the mock humility, the insinuating smile, the pride subdued by cunning, of the physiog-

nomy before him. On the morning of the 10th, the troops were a second time reviewed. This time all the Sikh Sirdars of distinction attended, and saw the 22,000 soldiers and the 101 pieces of cannon of their victors pass them by in gallant yet grim array.

'The centre of attraction was the Rae Sahib in his plain suit of yellow, and his unadorned (but no doubt carefully loaded and capped) pistol stuck in his belt. . . . . Sir Charles Napier returns to Scinde the day after to-morrow. I paid my respects to him, finally, on Monday morning. He was very courteous, and chatted about my brother Will, whom all Peninsular officers know, and dear old Sir Robert Sale, and the volunteers of the 13th, who fought so gallantly in Beloochistan. It is impossible to conceive, without seeing it, a frame so attenuated and shattered, and yet tenanted by a living soul, as this old soldier's. He speaks readily and fluently, and will, if spared and again actively employed, shine more and more in, I think, the second rank of commanders. Of Sir Henry Hardinge, it was remarked to me by George Broadfoot, before his heroic death, "I am myself only a learner in war, but here we have a fine and finished soldier. He is saving India."'

To return to our personal history. Sir Henry (by this time Lord) Hardinge applied to the Duke of Wellington on behalf of Havelock, and in due time the appointment of Deputy Adjutant-General of Queen's troops at Bombay was conferred upon him. With this ease and prosperity, Havelock passed, under the strict injunctions of the doctors, from his usual ascetic habits —from cold water and three fasts in the week—to 'iced delicacies, washed down with champagne and golden sherry.' What with this sudden change of diet,

and the effects of twenty-four years' Indian life, he became seriously ill, and but for his poverty would have left the country. But it too often happens that the poor Englishman, however much his health may require a change of climate, must be content to lay his bones in India. This had nearly been the lot of Havelock at Bombay. At the last, in October 1849, after having been at death's door, he contrived to scrape together a sum sufficient for his voyage to England. 'I have returned,' he wrote to his old friend Gardner, 'from India as poor, the increased claims on me considered, as I went to it; but as full of hope, for time and eternity, as in the year in which our acquaintance first commenced.'

Havelock, though silent, reserved, and abstracted from the ordinary society of men of the world, had a heart made for friendship. A kindly letter from an old Charter-house friend brought tears of joy into his eyes. The boys, who had been used at school to creep away to the dormitories 'to read a sermon by stealth,' were becoming, each in their way, distinguished men—Thirlwall and Grote as historians; Norris as a judge; and last, not least, the excellent Pindar as a pillar of the Church in the diocese of Bath and Wells.

Archdeacon Hare, in his enthusiastic manner, wrote: 'My dear Phlos, what a joy it is to know that you are in England, and that I may really hope to see you again, after a separation of nearly thirty-eight years, for so long is it since we parted at the Charter-house!' And so it was granted to Havelock for a time to enjoy the society of old friends, and to inhale a certain amount of health and vigour in a temperate climate. He found his name more familiar to the East India Directors than to the 'martinets and aristocratic soldiers of the Horse Guards;' and, after much anxiety and trouble,

he obtained an Indian cadetship for Joshua, his second son. About the same time he was so utterly disgusted when a young officer bought the regimental lieutenant-colonelcy over his head, that he declared, but for the necessities of his family, he would not serve one hour longer. His health was somewhat improved, though by no means robust; and he felt that a week's Indian sun might 'tip him over again.' The time, however, had come when, leaving his wife and children, Havelock must rejoin his appointment in India. For some reasons he was not sorry to turn his back on England. 'Remember,' he wrote to a friend about to return from India to England—'Remember, England is as coxcombical as ever. Nobody knows anybody without an introduction; and the first thing is the purse, the second the tailor, and the third the address on your card.' Declaring that England was only fit for millionaires, and that all others lose caste the moment they touch its shores, he carried his family to Bonn, and looked forward to end his days in some cottage in Switzerland or the Tyrol. England, he declared, was beyond him. And so with a sad heart, in December 1851, he landed once again in Bombay. Before following him thither, I am tempted to ask why a man of such simple tastes, such self-denying habits, as Havelock, should have determined that he must give up England, and end his days in Germany or Switzerland as soon as he could return from India? Why did he complain so bitterly and so constantly of the purse-proud and exclusive habits of his own countrymen? There are thousands of families in England who would have welcomed a man of so much intelligence, such varied experience, and sterling worth. To the clergy, for instance, a character so devout and yet so practical would have been a treasure. If he had

not, unhappily, taken up prejudices against the Church in which he was brought up, I cannot doubt but that Havelock would have found in that society men of cultivated minds and simple tastes, who, caring little for money or rank, would have loved him for his own sake. Unhappily, he seems not to have sought for friends amongst the very men who could best have appreciated his worth. Hence his preference for the isolated and aimless life of an Englishman in Germany or Switzerland —a life for which his active mind quite unfitted him. However, as I have said before, after leaving wife and children at Bonn, Havelock landed once again in Bombay. In 1854 he was made Quarter-master-General of the Queen's troops in India—an appointment of little work, with a salary of nearly 3,000*l.* a year. The more important post of Adjutant-General was before long vacant, and Lord Hardinge, with a supreme regard for merit, at once selected Havelock to fill it. The old soldier, who had been in twenty-two Indian fights, including four of Gough's smashing combats, was at last, in his sixtieth year, placed in a post of honour and emolument.

On November 1,1856, the Governor-General in India declared war against Persia. Havelock, as usual, was wanted wherever there was a chance of a fight. With his friend Sir James Outram he led a division against the Persians, under the command of their Shah-zada or Prince. Never was he more cheery. 'The work,' he wrote, 'inspires and animates me, and God is with me.' When this campaign had been crowned with success, and peace concluded, Havelock returned to India. On reaching Bombay, at the end of May, he was astounded to hear that the Bengal native army had at many points broken into open mutiny, and that the fortress of Delhi

was in the hands of the mutineers. Havelock, at a glance, perceived the gravity of the situation, and declaring, 'This is the most tremendous convulsion I have ever witnessed,' set off at once, to place himself at the disposal of the Governor-General in Calcutta.

NOTE.

From 1846 to 1856 I may record the following brief abstract of events which will be narrated at greater length hereafter in a future volume.

1847.—Lord Hardinge resigned the office of Governor-General, and was succeeded by Lord Dalhousie.

1848.—The Sikhs rebel, murder the British agent at Mooltan. Early in 1849, the strong fort at Mooltan is stormed by the English under General Whish. Lord Gough takes the field, fights the Sikhs with indifferent success at Chillianwala, and finally overthrows them at Goojerat, between the Chenab and Jhelum rivers, on July 21. In the following month Lord Dalhousie annexed the Punjab. In 1850, the settlement of the new territory was carried on with vigour by the Lawrences, and many others of the best men in India. In 1852–3, the second Burmese war raged. In November 1855, the Court of Directors ordered the annexation of Oude. Lord Dalhousie carried out the order early in 1856, and then handed the portfolio of government to Lord Canning.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE INDIAN MUTINY AND REVOLT.—HAVELOCK FIGHTS HIS WAY TO LUCKNOW, AND DIES.

VOLUMES have already been written about the great convulsion through which British India passed in 1857 and the following year. It has thus happened that an affair, which, though momentous and dire, was not mysterious, has become overlaid with doubts and controversies. The simple action of the most ordinary human emotions may well explain all that terrible history. It is needless to beat about for remote causes, when the proximate influences are so near the surface.

The English had raised and equipped, in the North-western Provinces and in Oude, a powerful army of native Indian soldiers. The sepoy had been clothed, armed, and drilled, as much as possible, on the model of the English soldier. Forts, arsenals, treasuries, above all artillery, had been confided to his care. A mere handful of Europeans had been left to control this powerful Indian army. Whilst our territories had increased, our English soldiers had become fewer in number and more scattered. Our early *prestige* had been lost at Cabool. The Asiatics had seen the English beaten and all but destroyed in Affghanistan, and began to ask themselves and one another, why the white men should not be driven with equal ignominy out of

Hindostan. The native soldier, year after year, had been feeling his own power greater, and his master's authority less. He had been fondled, petted, and spoiled. Like a lion's cub, he was ready to spring upon the hand that had fed him so long. One regiment after another became disaffected. The minds of the soldiery were ready for mutiny. An excuse was not long wanting. The mutinous leaders pretended that an attempt had been made by the English to destroy the caste and overthrow the religion of the troops. The new rifle-cartridge had been greased, said they, with the fat of swine and of oxen, on purpose to defile the Mahomedan or Hindoo who handled it, or put it to his lips. Mutinous regiments, instead of being coerced, were paid up and discharged. The forbearance of the English was, as a matter of course, construed into fear. Early in 1857, the Sepoys mutinied right and left, burned down the British cantonments, plundered the treasuries, murdered every defenceless white man, woman, and child, threw open the jails, marched to Delhi, and proclaimed the old Mahomedan king, who lived there as the pensioner of the English, Emperor of Hindostan. All this was very sad for the English to witness or to endure. But there was no mystery about it. We Englishmen had put arms into the hands of the natives, and when their day came they had turned these arms against us. We had trusted men who were unworthy of trust, and we reaped the fruit of our own credulity. In like manner the natives of the North-western Provinces and of Oude, seeing their own brethren masters of the position, and their English rulers driven out of the open country, naturally enough sided with the native army. The arm of the magistrate had been paralysed; the magistrate himself had been murdered or driven

away; and anarchy prevailed all over Upper India, as a necessary consequence, when authority disappeared. Here, again, there is no mystery. At the first blush of the matter, men were glad enough to throw off authority. They had no passion for paying land-revenue and keeping up police-stations. But before many months of misrule had passed, the mass of the people were praying for the return of the magistrate, even though the tax-gatherer followed in his train.*

When Havelock arrived in Calcutta, he found that the provinces to the north-west of Bengal were in the state of revolt, and the army in the state of mutiny, which I have shortly described. Above, all round the English garrison at Lucknow, in the centre of the Oude province—a territory which had but lately passed under our yoke—insurgents armed with artillery, with muskets, with matchlocks, and even with bows and arrows, raged and swarmed in countless numbers. Our brave countrymen and countrywomen still held their position, against the myriads who clamoured for their blood.

At Cawnpoor our garrison was still more closely beset. To relieve these noble souls in the hour of their extreme peril, was a task worthy of such a man as Havelock. Already the gallant Colonel Neill with his blue-caps (1st Fusiliers from Madras) had gone before, reaching Allahabad only just in time to save that all-important station and fortress for our countrymen. Havelock landed in Calcutta on June 7, and on the evening of

* In January 1858 I passed from Agra, through the district of Mynpoorie, on my way to join Sir Colin Campbell in the field as Civil Commissioner. I had in former years been well known to the people as magistrate of the Mynpoorie district. When they heard of my arrival, they turned out in crowds along the roadside, and thanked God that the English had come back again. 'For,' said they, 'the last six months every man has been knocking his nearest neighbour on the head.'

the 25th set out for the North-Western Provinces. He was to lead a moveable column against the insurgents. Soon after he had reached Allahabad came the sad news of the fall of Cawnpoor, and of the imprisonment of the women and children by the miscreant Nana. Havelock—determining, as soon as he could muster 1,400 British infantry and a battery of six guns, to retake Cawnpoor and relieve Lucknow—at once marched out of Allahabad. On July 12 he came upon the enemy at Futtehpoor, a dreary sandy plain some forty-five miles from Allahabad, on the Grand Trunk Road leading to Cawnpoor.* The Enfield rifles in the hands of the English soldiers carried swift destruction amongst the mutineers. The artillery, under Captain Maude, completed the rout. In four hours, eleven of the enemy's guns were in the hands of the English, and the rebel force in full flight. Havelock thanked God that he had lived to command in a successful action, and that his son Harry had come unhurt and with high credit through the fight. Here is the order of the day addressed to his brave companions in arms :—

'General Havelock thanks his soldiers for their arduous exertions of yesterday, which produced, in four hours, the strange result of a rebel army driven from a strong position, eleven guns captured, and their whole force scattered to the winds, without the loss of a single British soldier. To what is this astounding effect to be attributed? To the fire of British artillery, exceeding in rapidity and precision all that the Brigadier has ever witnessed in his not short career; to the power of

* The little army which Havelock led out of Allahabad consisted of about 1,000 bayonets, from four European regiments, 130 Sikhs, 18 volunteer cavalry, and 6 guns. Before the Battle of Futtehpoor he overtook Major Renaud, who had gone on with 700 men and 2 guns.

the Enfield rifle in British hands; to British pluck, that great quality which has survived the vicissitudes of the hour, and gained intensity from the crisis; and to the blessing of Almighty God on a most righteous cause—the cause of justice, humanity, truth, and good government in India.'

On the 15th Havelock, pursuing his march, came again upon the mutineer force. There was hard fighting all the way to Cawnpoor. On the 16th, after a series of brilliant and successful combats, the cantonment, still reeking with the blood of English women and children, came again into English hands. It is impossible to describe the emotion with which Havelock's soldiers ascertained that on their approach the Nana had killed his captives, and saw the marks of the bloody deeds so lately enacted there. Men who had grown old amidst dangers and toils, and who had grown hard amidst the trials of a soldier's life, wept when they saw the blood-stained relics of their countrywomen. It is told of the Highlanders, that on finding the body of a lady left on that fatal spot, they cut off her tresses, and vowed to have a rebel's life for every hair.*

So far, Havelock's march from Allahabad to Cawnpoor had been one series of victories. The bloodstained Nana, after treacherously murdering the Englishwomen who had been entrusted to his care, and proclaiming himself as Peishwa or King of the Mahrattas, had run away from his palace on the approach of the English general. The town of Cawnpoor had been abandoned by the rebel sepoys. It was now time to succour Lucknow. By extreme and continued exertion, the English column was ferried across the Ganges, at this season a torrent 1,600 yards wide. By July 27, the

* Marshman's Memoirs.

onward march towards Lucknow was begun. Again the enemy surged around the advancing force—again the English fought their way onward, driving all before them. But daily their column was becoming weaker. It was not only the loss in killed and wounded men which was telling upon their scanty numbers, but cholera also was ravaging the ranks. With a heavy heart Havelock was compelled to turn his back on Lucknow, and to retrace his steps to Cawnpoor. Out of a force of 1,500 men, more than 300 were disabled by sickness and wounds. On August 13 the little army, with gloomy brows, recrossed the Ganges. The medical officers begged for rest for the troops, who, at the existing rate of casualties, would, they declared, be annihilated in six weeks. But it was no time for rest. The mutineers had taken up a strong position at Bithoor, round the palace of the Nana, from which they threatened Cawnpoor. On the 16th Havelock marched down upon the enemy, and, after a hard fight of an hour's duration, put them to confusion, with a loss to them of 250 sepoys killed and wounded. And thus General Havelock's first campaign for the relief of Lucknow was ended. In less than forty days he had marched from Allahabad to Cawnpoor, crossed and recrossed the river, beaten the insurgents on both sides of the stream, and at every step in his route. He had fought nine actions against enormous odds, and on every occasion had been victorious. During this brief but trying campaign, his men had been exposed to burning sun and tropical rain, and to a continual bivouac at a season when Europeans in the best houses languish and die from mere exhaustion. Nothing in the history of war could be more grand. And yet, when this campaign had terminated in the slashing defeat of the mutineers

at Bithoor, the General was more anxious and restless than ever. For, in spite of all this success, the main object of his march had so far failed. Lucknow had not been relieved. Myriads, thirsty for the blood of our countrymen, still clamoured round that devoted garrison. Every day seemed a year until succour could be afforded.

The day after the action at Bithoor, Havelock penned the following order of the day, which gives an appropriate finish to this part of the campaign:—

'The Brigadier-General congratulates the troops on the result of their exertions in the combat of yesterday. The enemy were driven, with the loss of 250 killed and wounded, from one of the strongest positions in India, which they obdurately defended. They were the flower of the mutinous soldiery, flushed with the successful defection at Saugor and Fyzabad; yet they stood only one short hour against a handful of soldiers of the State, whose ranks had been thinned by sickness and the sword. May the hopes of treachery and rebellion be ever thus blasted! And if conquest can now be achieved under the most trying circumstances, what will be the triumph and retribution of the time when the armies from China, from the Cape, and from England, shall sweep through the land? Soldiers! in that moment, your labours, your privations, your sufferings, and your valour will not be forgotten by a grateful country. You will be acknowledged to have been the stay and prop of British India in the time of her severest trial.'

A few days before the Battle of Bithoor, Sir Colin Campbell had arrived in Calcutta, and taken command of the Indian Army. He hastened to express his admiration of the high courage and endurance of the British soldiers under Havelock, and of the energy,

promptitude, and skill of the General himself. In the meantime the Governor-General, Lord Canning, had early in August superseded Havelock, by the appointment of Sir James Outram to the military command in Cawnpoor. A more gallant soldier than Outram the world could not produce, but, after the feats which Havelock had performed, it was galling to him to have even Outram placed over his head. On September 15, Outram, with reinforcements amounting to some 1,500 bayonets, reached Cawnpoor. The two Generals, who a few months before had been comrades on the banks of the Euphrates, were now to take part in a sterner conflict on the Ganges. Outram, who long ago had won the title of the Indian Bayard, after cordially receiving Havelock, retired to his tent to pen the following Division Order :—

'The important duty of first relieving the garrison of Lucknow has been entrusted to Brigadier-General Havelock, C.B.; and Major-General Outram feels that it is due to this distinguished officer, and the strenuous and noble exertions which he has already made to effect that object, that to him should accrue the honour of the achievement. Major-General Outram is confident that the great end for which General Havelock and his brave troops have so long and so gloriously fought, will now, under the blessing of Providence, be accomplished.

'The Major-General, therefore, in gratitude for and admiration of the brilliant deeds in arms achieved by General Havelock and his gallant troops, will cheerfully waive his rank on the occasion; and will accompany the force to Lucknow in his civil capacity as Chief Commissioner of Oude, tendering his military services to General Havelock as a volunteer.

'On the relief of Lucknow, the Major-General will resume his position at the head of the force.'

Sir James, having thus waived his rank in favour of Havelock, joined the column as a cavalry volunteer. After reciting this rare act of self-denial, one wonders less at the enthusiasm with which Outram inspired his comrades.

Once again, on September 19, Havelock crossed the Ganges and marched on Lucknow. Once again a series of stern conflicts began. On the morning of the 23rd the Englishmen in Lucknow heard the sound of artillery. Each report proved that the relieving force was advancing. On the 25th the rebels were descried in full flight, and English soldiers marching forward to the rescue. Then came the moment of supreme delight, when the two Generals, with their staff and the stream of soldiers, heated, worn, and dusty, arrived at the beleaguered garrison. To use the words of one of the noblest of the noble band who had defended that post so long and so bravely,—

'The Highlanders stopped every one they met, and with repeated questions and exclamations of "Are you one of them? God bless you! we thought to have found only your bones," bore them back towards Dr. Fayrer's house, into which the General had entered. Here a scene of thrilling interest presented itself. The ladies of that garrison with their children had assembled, in the most intense anxiety and excitement, under the porch outside, when the Highlanders approached. Rushing forward, the rough and bearded warriors shook the ladies by the hand, amidst loud and repeated congratulations. They took the children up in their arms, and fondly caressing them, passed them from one to another, to be caressed in turn; and then, when the first burst of enthusiasm and excitement was over, they mournfully

turned, to speak amongst themselves of the heavy loss which they had suffered, and to enquire the names of the numerous comrades who had fallen on the way.'*

I pause here one moment, to pay my humble tribute of respect to the memory of the writer of these touching words. Mr. Martin Gubbins was one of the many civil officers who took a full share in the dangers and toils of the defence of Lucknow. Havelock speaks truly of 'the noble conduct of Martin Gubbins;' and it is sad to reflect, how both parties in these great events, the relievers and the relieved of Lucknow—Havelock, Outram, Inglis, and Gubbins—have passed away, worn out prematurely by the labours and anxieties of those stirring days!

The losses of the Englishmen who thus manfully forced their way through miles of buildings, each building a fortress in itself, were severe. Amongst others, the brave General Neill was shot dead in the streets of Lucknow. Young Henry Havelock was badly wounded, and General Outram shot through the arm, early in the day. Between the 19th and 20th of September ten officers and more than a hundred men had been killed, and three times as many had been wounded. When others were rejoicing at the relief of the garrison, Havelock was distracted by anxiety for the fate of his brave son Henry, who however was brought in, severely wounded, on the following day. Outram declared that the conduct of this young officer, in leading the men across the canal into Lucknow, was as 'gallant as anything at the Bridge of Lodi,' and at once sent up his name for the Victoria Cross.†

* Gubbins's Mutinies in Oudh, p. 301.

† Young Havelock got the V.C. on his father's recommendation, for his gallantry in one of the battles before the capture of Cawnpoor—not on this occasion.

And thus the illustrious garrison of Lucknow was relieved. The great work on which Havelock had been so long and so earnestly bent had been accomplished. The stimulus of constant labour and pressing responsibility was over. The frame, hitherto subjected to extreme tension, when that stress was withdrawn seemed almost to collapse. To fight against odds, to overcome all sorts of obstacles, this was, to a spirit such as Havelock's, happiness supreme. But to wait for weeks in a state of comparative idleness, to be compelled to share the inaction of a beleaguered force—this was hard to bear. Such, however, was the fortune of war. The tide of revolt closed round the brave English as soon as they had forced their way to Lucknow, and they must await the approach of Sir Colin Campbell to set them free in their turn. The dangers and the excitement of the early siege were wanting, and the time passsed heavily.

At last, in mid-November, the Commander-in-Chief marched sternly into Lucknow, and withdrew every living soul—man, woman, and child—from the stronghold which had sheltered them so long, and had been at once their prison and their asylum. The news of Havelock's earliest exploits had reached England. The honour of Knight Commander of the Bath and a baronetcy had been conferred upon him. But the latter honour * was conferred when this world's honours were of little avail. On November 20, Havelock, already weakened and exhausted, became seriously ill. The hand of death, he felt, was upon him. When Outram came, on the 23rd, to visit his dying comrade, Havelock thus spoke: 'I have for forty years so ruled my life, that when death

* Havelock died a K.C.B., but the baronetcy was gazetted in England after he was actually dead in India, and had therefore to be renewed in his son.

came I might face it without fear.' On the next morning, as the troops marched out of Lucknow, Havelock died, and was carried in his hospital litter to the English encampment at Alumbagh, just outside the city.

He was a man of rare moral earnestness, of high self-reliance, tempered only by the higher trust of a Christian. His natural abilities were great, and they had been improved by constant study, and matured by the widest observation. If on common occasions he was silent and abstracted in his demeanour, in the hour of battle he was happy as a lover. He never lost either head or heart, and was the very pattern of a good soldier. From the day he landed as a subaltern until he went down to his grave in Lucknow, the life of Havelock was one lesson of supreme regard for conscience, for duty, and for honour. Just as his countrymen had learned his worth, he was snatched from their admiring gaze. His death was bemoaned in England as a national loss. Far across the Atlantic, the Anglo-Saxon family, who had heard of his wonderful advance from Allahabad to Lucknow, grieved over Havelock. At New York, at Boston, at Baltimore, the flags of the shipping were lowered, and the people sorrowed as though a national hero had passed away. In India we had known him better, and prized him longer. To many of us he had been as the type of order and power in a period of anarchy and weakness, and all declared that, whether as a man or a general, we had lost one of the bravest and best of the Englishmen in India.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The following extracts from my Note-book,* when I was Magistrate and Collector of Mynpoorie, may serve to illustrate the working life of the ordinary 'Englishman in India:'—

BIJAYEE SINGH OF MULLOWLIE.

Camp, Dec. 18. . .—Before I forget a day's work I lately had, let me try to make some note of it. To begin at the beginning. It was, I well remember, a burning day last July, when Jumaloodeen, my Deputy-collector, first came to me about the Mullowlie case. The rain kept off, and the sky was clouded with dust, which obscured the sun like the ashes from a volcano. We used just then to have cutcherry open from before six in the morning till eleven; but, even at that early hour, the poorer of the omlahs and suitors who had to walk home, were occasionally struck down by *coup-de-soleil* on their way. I had left the court, and was sitting down to my midday breakfast, when the Deputy was announced. I felt disinclined at the moment to receive a visitor, but, knowing that he was a man of business, who would not come a mile out of his way (when the thermometer was standing at 120°) without some good reason, I ordered him to be shown in at once. Jumaloodeen is a fine-looking man, like most Rohilla gentlemen, stout and broad-made, with a clear

* Notes of the North-Western Provinces.

calm eye, aquiline nose, and pleasing *contour* of face. He had worked his way up from the place of an ordinary scribe to be Serishtadar, or headman of the revenue court in the district; and when the orders for creating deputy-collectors came out, he was one of the first natives raised to that honourable office. He proved himself well deserving of the promotion. Just, experienced, and of good ability, he was beloved and respected by the native population, who looked upon him as a father and a friend. The pergunneh of Moostufabad (which, since the time of the famine, had been out of order) was under his charge; and a revision of the settlement having been made, that part of the country was beginning to prosper again about the time my story begins. After the usual salutations,—

Deputy.—'I have come to speak to you, Sir, about the Mullowlie estate. You remember Mullowlie—it is old Holasi's village, in which you ordered me to make a partition of the land. Well, I have completed the matter so far as the land is concerned, but the family cannot agree amongst themselves about the division of their dwelling-house.' [Here Jumaloodeen dropped his voice, and glanced around. I ordered the servants to leave the room,—when he proceeded]:—'In the house treasure is secreted to a large amount, nobody knows *where*, except the old man Holasi; but all the family know that money is buried *somewhere*. Now, Sir, what I am afraid of is, that as the old man and his nephew have quarrelled about their land, they will go on disputing about the house and the treasure; an attempt will be made to dig for the coin, when there will be a fight, and some of the Thakoors will be killed; or, what is almost as bad, they will commence proceedings the one against the other in the civil

courts. In either case the family will be ruined, and that will be a pity, as they are as fine a set as any in the pergunneh.'

Collector (smiling).—'I wonder, Mr. Deputy, if Providence had made you a *Moonsiff*, instead of a *Deputy-Collector*, whether you would have been more lenient in your strictures upon our system of civil justice?'

Deputy.—'Ask our Sudder Ameen, Sir, who is a zemindar himself, as well as a civil judge, whether any family of landholders, who once get a taste for going to law, ever stop whilst a pice is left them? Heaven protect us from civil law! A taste for it is just like a taste for opium-eating or gambling. But, Sir, excuse me; I was going to say that the Mullowlie people have all solemnly promised me to put off further dispute, and all division of their property (such as houses, grain, stacks, &c.) till the cold weather: *then* I want you to go to the village for a few hours, when you can have the money dug up and divided; and I know you will be glad to save the family from either broils or litigation.'

Collector.—'If the people apply to me, I shall be glad to do what I can to settle their disputes; in the meantime, the less said about this treasure the better. But how much is there?'

Deputy.—'From ten to twenty thousand rupees, if report is to be trusted.'

I had forgotten all about this conversation when, lately, I came to spend a few days in the Moostufabad pergunneh. Jumaloodeen came out there to meet me, and our camp was pitched, as it happened, within seven or eight miles of Mullowlie.

I had made my usual march one morning, and was hearing my police reports after breakfast; old

Sheikh Kulloo was opening them in a corner of my tent, and reading, spectacle on nose, in the regular orthodox sing-song tone, interlarding his recitative with an occasional remark—generally complimentary to me, or the reverse of complimentary to any police official who might not happen to be in his good books.

Sheikh 'Kulloo loquitur (very rapidly, and in the Oordoo-Persic jargon of the Foujdaree courts).—'No events of any importance noted from thanah Junglepoor —two old women tumbled into wells—one man gored by a bullock—one attempt at burglary—one little boy lost at the Dèvee mèlah—one burkundaz wants leave of absence;'—(sing-song ends—the Sheikh speaks in his blandest natural tones)—'The prosperity of your Honour is so great, that to open these daily thanah reports is now almost superfluous. I remember the time when we used to have gang-robberies every month; and highway robberies, attended with wounding, every fortnight: but now, owing to the great fortune' . . . . . Here the Naib Nazir was interrupted by the entrance of a very important personage (in his own opinion), Rung Lal, acting tehsildar of Moostufabad, who stated that he had just received an express from the neighbouring police-officer of Junglepoor, to the effect that a robbery of four thousand rupees had taken place at Mullowlie. Rung Lal expressed his desire to go at once to the spot, and to assist in the investigation. 'Four thousand rupees!' said I; 'impossible; I don't believe it!' 'Four thousand rupees!' groaned Sheikh Kulloo: 'this is the end of the year, and here comes a case of four thousand rupees! The criminal statements are utterly spoilt. Well, there is no struggling against destiny; what is to be, surely comes to pass; but, Sir, your slave always told you that the thanadar of Jungle-

poor was a *kum-bukt*—a man born under an evil omen—and you, with your usual sagacity. . . .' 'Now, Sheikh,' I interrupted, 'put up your papers; reach me my spurs, and go over to give my compliments to the Deputy Sahib; he must go with me.' In five minutes we were on our horses, and proceeding at a hand-gallop towards Mullowlie. *En route*, let me describe my companion, the tehsildar Rung Lal. This man had been for thirty years in Government employ in the district, and for the last ten as serishtadar of the collector's office. Formerly he used to take bribes, and to intrigue as much as other Kayeths generally do; but of late years (possibly with an eye to official promotion), he had been very guarded and correct in his conduct. He was a large heavy-looking man, of great capacity for business, and much experience. But his late promotion to the office of tehsildar had turned his head a little; and as we rode along he delivered himself of a constant stream of self-gratulation.

Rung Lal.—'It was high time for you to send me out to Moostufabad; what do you think I found there at the tahseely? Seven burkundaz—yes, Sir, *seven*—too old to walk, and riding about on ponies to collect the revenue; no regular office hours, and two hundred and seventeen bats—yes, live bats—in the Government Treasury! Then, Sir, there were . . . .' (Here Rung Lal stopped short, observing perhaps a cloud on my brow, and almost a tear in the eye of his predecessor—a fine old man, who having grown grey in the service, and expecting a pension, was on a smart pony close behind us, listening to our conversation.)

Collector.—'Well, Rung Lal, we will talk about that another day. You have had a good harvest, and the spring-crops look well?'

Rung Lal.—'By your good fortune, Sir, since I came here there has been a wonderful crop; and as for the revenue, which used always to be behind, it is paid up to the day.'

Collector.—'Good! How do you like the people? I hope you get on well with them?'

Rung Lal.—'Well with them! Indeed I do; they are *shureer* (rebellious), very *shureer*, but they are afraid of me; besides which, I put them to no expense; when I go to the villages I wont even take a drink of water from them; in short, I . . . .'

Collector (getting tired of Rung Lal and his puffs)—'What is the name of this village?'

Rung Lal.—'Mobarikpoor. I have been in this pergunneh four months and ten days only, but I know the name of every village in it. Mobarikpoor is a famous place for tobacco.'

Collector.—'What are those blackened earthen pots stuck upon sticks in the tobacco? They look like scarecrows, but surely neither bird nor beast will touch the tobacco!'

Rung Lal (with a subdued chuckle).—'No, Sir; those are not scarecrows, but charms. The crop, you see, is good, and those pots are put up to catch the envious (or evil) eye of the passer-by. By the goodness of Providence I am versed in all rural customs, though I have lived so many years in a city. . . .'

Just here we met the owners of the village, who, on hearing that a *hākim* was passing by, had hurried out to make their salaams. 'What!' cries Rung Lal, 'come out without your turban to see the Collector! For shame!'

Collector.—'Never mind.' (To the zemindars, who were looking rather abashed): 'Well, my men, you

have some nice land here, and a fine village. Have you a school for your sons?'

Zemindars.—'We are poor men, my Lord; are we to eat, or to send our boys to school? The tehsildar Sahib knows. . . .'

Rung Lal.—'I know you to be a pack of ill-fated asses. Although I attend punctually to every part of the duties of the Companee Bahadoor, if there is one thing I pay more attention to than another, it is the promotion of education. But these men and such as these, who prefer food to knowledge, oppose me. However, I could get on well enough but for the old women and the putwarries, who are always putting some new idea into people's heads. When I first came here, nothing would please them but that the Government would make *Feringees* of all the little boys. When the people gave up this notion, a new fancy was brought out: sixteen schools, out of four-and-twenty in the jurisdiction of your humble servant, were stopped—yes, absolutely closed; and what, Sir, do you suppose was the reason? The old women spread a report that the Ganges Canal, which has been so long cutting, would not *chul*, that the water would not run in it, and that the boys were not really wanted for *education*, but for *sacrifice*, to propitiate Gunga-jee! The schools, as I say, were deserted, until I went round to the villages, and swore upon the Ganges water that there was no real cause for alarm.'

But enough of Rung Lal and his prosing. To do him justice, he has made a very good tehsildar so far, and will do well, I doubt not.

It was noontide when we rode into Mullowlie. At the entrance of the village, a well-dressed young man, with a very dejected look, met us, and made a salaam.

Supposing him, rightly, to be one of the zemindars of the place, I enquired whether any theft had taken place, to the amount of four thousand rupees. He said, 'Yes, Sir, and *I* am the thief.' 'That is just what I told you, Sir,' said the Deputy; 'the family feuds are breaking out again, and you have come in time to settle them. Depend on it, no theft has happened at all.' By this time we had reached the fort, in which the Thakoor chiefs lived. Riding under the spacious doorway into the outer court, which surrounded the house, I observed an old man sitting, sunning himself on a sort of bench, who made a salaam to me, and called out that he had lost the use of his legs, or he would have got up to welcome me. This was Holasi, the head of the family, whose tale I may here tell, as shortly as I can. Holasi is a Chowhan Thakoor, the elder of two brothers, who, unlike the generality of their tribe, were celebrated twenty years ago for their economy, prudence, and untiring industry. They had amassed a considerable sum of money, and owned the large Mullowlie estate, as well as other distant villages. The fame of their wealth having got abroad, a party of dacoits determined to attack Mullowlie. In the dead of night Holasi was roused up, found his brother engaged hand-to-hand with the robbers; and arrived, with others of the family, only in time to save the life of his infant nephews, and to avenge the death of his brother, who fell covered with wounds. Holasi took paternal charge of his nephews, and a little niece, who, with the widow of his brother, lived with his own family in the Mullowlie fort. Some eight years after this domestic tragedy, the settlement of the land revenue of Mullowlie came on, and Holasi very honestly entered in the village papers the names

of his nephews as joint-proprietors with himself in the Mullowlie estate. No Rajpootnee damsel in the district had a better dower or a gayer wedding than Holasi's niece. The nephews were brought up with their cousin, Bijayee Singh, the only son of Holasi. In due time the elder nephew, Ewuz Singh—who, notwithstanding his uncle's kindness to him, was of a jealous, suspicious temper—was married to the daughter of a Khuteyar Thakoor, and from that time there was an end to peace and harmony in the Mullowlie family. As soon as Ewuz was settled with his wife, and with every comfort around him which a Rajpoot could desire, he found out that he was an ill-used man. Forgetful of the many benefits he had received from his uncle, he determined upon a step which was most distasteful to the old chief. This was, to sue in the collector's court for a separation of the landed estate, so that he might take the management of his ancestral share of the land out of Holasi's hands into his own. Ewuz Singh was put up to this course by his wife's family, who wished to get the Mullowlie estate into their own clutches, if possible. They were encouraged to this the more that old Holasi had lately had an attack of palsy, and (as natives often do when they become infirm) had made over his own right and interest in his landed estates to his son, Bijayee Singh, who, being an easy, open-hearted man, was supposed not to inherit his father's talent for business.

You might go a long way without finding a finer fellow than this Bijayee Singh. With a noble, manly look, with all the innate courage and spirit of the Rajpoot, he was yet as gentle as a lamb. There was not a better shot, a more dashing rider, nor a more dexterous swordsman in the country side; yet he

nursed and watched over his old father with the devotion of a woman. I have above hinted, that old Holasi was hurt when his nephew, Ewuz Singh, demanded his own share of the estate, and refused any longer to be satisfied with the abundant provision which he had hitherto enjoyed, in common with the rest of the family. Now, it may seem very natural to the English mind, and very right, for Ewuz Singh thus to insist upon his claiming his separate share, and *setting up*, as we call it, for himself; but, knowing how much happier the native families are, living in patriarchal form together, I was very sorry when he came to the collector's court to claim his separate rights. Still, I could offer no opposition to his demand for a division of the land, according to the terms of the village settlement.

Old Holasi opposed him, disputed my authority to divide the land; and when other means failed, appealed to the Commissioner, declaring that his nephew was under age, and not entitled to any division. The *Junm-puttr** was produced, and, like the parish register, there was no appealing from its testimony; so the division (or *butwarra*, as it is called in official parlance) proceeded, under the superintendence of the native Deputy-collector. Eventually, equal lots being made, the land measured and mapped, the Mullowlie estate was divided. One *turuf* or side was given to Bijayee Singh, as the representative of Holasi, and the other to Ewuz Singh and his brother. The Deputy has often told me, that during this transaction the only one of the parties who behaved with uniform temper and honest purpose was Bijayee Singh. True, under the

* This is a paper drawn out by the family Brahmin, showing the moment at which a child is born.

influence of his father's authority, he at first opposed the division; but when he saw that Ewuz Singh had the law clearly on his side, he put no further impediment in the way, and behaved fairly and honourably.

This, then, was the trio that assembled round me, with their numerous followers, as I got off my horse and sat down in the shade of the porch. In this very spot, twenty years ago, Holasi had driven off the dacoits from the dead body of his brother. There he was now, almost unable to move, carried about by two men, or propped up in a corner with pillows—helpless in body, yet full of spirit and indignation. 'Look, Sir,' he said, pointing to Ewuz, who stood with his head down in silent dejection—'look at that boy, who has brought ruin upon Holasi's house. Ask him who saved him from the dacoits?—who nursed and fed him? Ask him whether in this pergunneh any Rajpoot's daughter had such a wedding as his sister? Ask him who gave her dower, yes, from an elephant downwards,—who furnished her with such jewels as Agra alone can supply?' 'Stop, father,' said Ewuz; '*kusoor hooa*, I have erred; now be pleased to ask the *hākim* to punish me. I have ill-treated you, I have robbed you.' 'Come,' said I, 'let us hear the thanadar. I can believe that Ewuz Singh has given you pain and annoyance, old man; but can the son of a Chowhan Thakoor rob his own relations?' Hereupon Bijayee Singh stepped forward. 'Sir,' said he, 'yesterday I quarrelled with Ewuz Singh; in my rage I went to the thana, and accused him of theft. I lied, Ewuz is no thief: we have a dispute about our dwelling, but we are not thieves. I am the one to blame; punish me.'

I called up the thanadar, got pen and paper, held a

short proceeding after taking one or two depositions, and inflicted a small fine on Bijayee Singh, for having given false information to the police, advising him to keep his temper better in future. I then asked to be shown the disputed abode. Leaving the old man under the porch, we walked on. I never go over one of these fine old Rajpoot forts, without half envying the occupiers the quiet country life they lead :—there is such a rude abundance of farm-produce, such sleek cattle and horses, such quiet shady spots and corners. Mullowlie was as nice a place of the sort as I had ever seen. Passing through a large open court, surrounded with roomy, well-built stables and store-rooms, we came to a square two-storied house. I observed the Deputy send on a man to order the females out of the way. The dwelling-house was built with blind high walls outside, but opening within into a quadrangular court, which was overlooked by the flat-terraced roofs and open verandahs, from which the women saw their little share of the world. The walls, where not painted with grotesque figures, sparkled with the fine white silver-sand of the Doab, which was carefully plastered over them ; implements for spinning, cleaning grain, and cooking, were strewed about; everything looked comfortable and home-like. The fact was, as I afterwards heard, the good folk of Mullowlie had quarrelled so violently amongst themselves the day before my visit, that no dinner had been cooked or eaten. To make up for lost time, on the morning when I peeped into their house, an abundant meal was preparing; though, as we shall see presently, a second fast-day was in store for the family party.

Looking round at the rooms, terraces, galleries, verandahs, and endless mud walls, I thought to myself, what

a hopeless search the family might have for old Holasi's rupees, if he died without disclosing their secret hiding-place! I was willing to test the truth of the story about this treasure; so, turning to the young men, I said, 'Why do you not divide your property? Thus, one party take this dwelling-house, which is highly finished and very snug, no doubt, but somewhat confined; and the other party take that fine range of houses outside, with the large court attached?' They shook their heads, and I saw that the small dwelling-house, in which both had rooms at present, was the object of their desire.

I did not choose to allude to the treasure unless they mentioned it to me, and we returned to the outer gateway, where old Holasi was seated. After some conversation with the young men and the thanadar, it was settled that the division of the disputed dwellings should be decided by a *punchayet*, or jury composed of three neighbouring landholders, whose arbitration was agreed to by both the son and nephew of the old man. But he himself was not satisfied with this arrangement, and just as I was getting on my horse to return to my camp, I heard his voice. 'Sir, sir, you must stop; I want to speak to you.' When I came up to him he seized me by the legs, and, pressing his old head as well as he could towards my feet, he said, addressing me by my name, 'You must not go yet; you must do Holasi justice, or these lads will fight and destroy themselves, and me also. There is *treasure* buried in Mullowlie fort, and you must come and dig it up: I will show it to nobody living, save in your presence or the Deputy's. Lift me up, quick, my lads, and carry me to the inner house.'

Once again the women were scared away from their

pursuits, as old Holasi, carried by his son and another stout fellow, pushed into the quadrangle. 'Let me down *there*,' screamed Holasi;—'*there*.' The old man took his post in a room on the left side as we came in, where Ewuz Singh's wife had a moment before been cooking her husband's ample meal. Fires were blazing, and large vessels sending forth a savoury steam. 'Away with all that—out with the fire—scrape away the ashes,' said Holasi: 'and now, my boys, dig.' Ewuz Singh said, 'Sir, this is my house; you may dig here, but you will allow me afterwards to dig in Bijayee Singh's house opposite: *there* is the treasure, not *here*.' To this stipulation all assented. 'The money is in a *khulsa*' (large brass vessel), said Holasi, 'and there are 10,000 rupees, more or less.' Two sturdy dependents of Holasi were soon working away, with that peculiar zeal which animates a native when he is digging down his neighbour's wall, whilst at every stroke of the spade Ewuz seemed to flinch, as if it hurt him. The digging went on fast and furious, until at last the heads only of the diggers were visible. The natives with me began to exchange looks, and to hint to one another their doubts; my patience, too, was fast oozing away, when suddenly a spade struck upon an earthen pot, which breaking to shivers, left a heap of coin mixed with the earth. The rupees were soon handed up, cleaned, and counted. They were old Furruckabad rupees, and numbered 2,318.

'There are more,' cried Holasi; 'search for the *khulsa*: you may blow me out of a gun if it is not close at hand.' After some half-hour of hard work, the spade of one of the diggers struck against a metal vessel, and the '*khulsa*' was found. 'Pull it out,' cried I. 'I can't,' said the voice below; 'it is brimful of rupees, and

so heavy, it cannot be moved.' A rope was thrown over a beam in the roof, then let down into the pit where the diggers were, and fastened to the neck of the *khulsa*. A strong pull, off flew the head of the vessel, and down went the pullers into the dust. In due time the coin was picked out, and we all set to work—some washing, some counting, the village bunyan weighing, and two tailors in a corner stitching large double bags of cotton cloth, each big enough to hold two thousand rupees. The contents of the brass vessel turned out to amount to 6,392 fine old Furruckabad rupees, which are now at a premium in the market, owing to the purity of the silver.

Ewuz Singh now urged me to push the search further, into the private rooms of his cousin Bijayee, on the opposite side of the quadrangle, assuring me that he could point out treasure there. The rooms were long and dark; a torch was sent for, but from the rambling manner of Ewuz, I could see that he did not know where to look. At last he came to a place where the earth had newly been turned up. 'Look, sir,' he cried; 'the villains! they have carried away the money.' At last, getting desperate, he said, 'I'll go and bring the old woman, my mother; she knows all about it.' Away he rushed, and returned presently, supporting what looked like a bundle of clothes in his arms. The old lady, emerging from the folds, looked around, seemingly in a doting, scared manner, and then suddenly stretched out her arm, and, with a withered forefinger, pointed to a distant wall. She was carried to the spot, and the digging commenced. About a foot below the surface Ewuz hit upon an earthen vessel. 'Here—here are the rupees which my mother buried!' he cried with delight. 'Stop,' said I: 'when did your mother bury

her treasure?' 'Twenty years ago.' 'Then this is not hers; for see, here is the head of Queen Victoria—whom may Heaven long preserve!' In short, the rupees were some 1,811 in number, which Bijayee Singh had buried at the end of the last harvest. Instead of putting his savings in an old stocking, as an English countryman might have done, or into a hole in the thatch like an Irishman,* he had, in the Indian fashion, buried them in the earth. All eyes were now turned upon the old woman, and surmises passed round as to the manner in which she, bedridden in a remote part of the house, had become acquainted with Bijayee Singh's treasure.

There she sat, with her shrivelled arm and skinny finger, still pointing to the ground. Ewuz Singh went again to work, with two or three helpers. I came out into the court, and was turning over in my mind how I should best dispose of the money, until the jury could be summoned to apportion it amongst the claimants, when a shout from within announced further discoveries. Ewuz Singh was up to his knees in rupees; he had come upon a large earthen *mone*, or urn, out of which we, in due time, counted and weighed 11,283 rupees. They were the same old-fashioned coinage as those which had come out of the *khulsa*. We had now altogether 21,804 rupees, which were being washed,

* Many of our readers may remember the story of the merchant at Delhi. On his father's death, this man was looking over the family account-books, when he found this entry:—'When six *ghurrees* of the day were remaining on the first day of the month Phagoon, I buried one lac of gold-mohurs in the dome of the Jumma Musjid.' The merchant, sorely puzzled, consulted the family physician, who, on being promised a share of the treasure, undertook to point it out. On the month and hour indicated he searched for the exact spot in the merchant's premises where the shadow of the dome fell, and there, sure enough, was the money.

piled, and weighed. I sat watching the work whilst the Deputy went out, as he said, to say his afternoon prayers, taking old Holasi with him. To tell the truth, I felt a little perplexed. Evening was coming on; it was a wild corner of my district; what was I to do with all this money? The *punchayet* of neighbours were the best people to divide it, no doubt; but it was too late to send for them at that hour. Should I seal up the coin and send it to the tehsildar's cutcherry, until the arbitrators came to divide it, or ——? Here the Deputy came in, and addressed me in an undertone. 'I have been talking,' said he, 'to the old man, who will not make any opposition if you propose to divide the money at once, and to make over to each party what came out of their own house.' I asked whether Bijayee Singh would agree. The Deputy answered—'Bijayee Singh cares nothing about the money, but I have had much trouble in persuading old Holasi, who says that all belongs to him, though he did not deny that his brother had been privy to its concealment.' The sun had just gone down below the walls of the old fort, and there was little time for debate.

I addressed the cousins, reminding them that my only object was their common good, and asking them whether they chose to abide by my decision. They both assented eagerly. I turned to Ewuz Singh and said, 'I propose to give you all the money that came out of your kitchen, being 8,710 rupees; but,' I added, 'you must both *agree*, or I'll do nothing. Say, are you satisfied?' 'Yes, I am content.' 'Write it down,' said I, 'and sign your approval. In such a case I will use no authority of my own; all I wish is to see you both satisfied and reconciled.'

All eyes were now turned on Bijayee Singh. The

scene was a curious one. The women, unable to restrain their curiosity, had crept on to the roof close above us, forming, with their crimson veils and deep blue dresses, a picturesque group. Bags of money were piled around the court amidst a medley of pots, pans, wooden bowls, spades, and pickaxes; in one corner two cats, who had contrived to upset a vessel of milk, were helping themselves, watching as intently their flowing treasure as their biped neighbours were eyeing the silver heaps. A group of stout Rajpoots pressed round Bijayee Singh, whilst apart from them stood the Deputy, in his riding-boots, green cloth mantle, and handsome belt, in a careless attitude, but fully awake to all around him. On the opposite side sat I, pen in hand, noting down Ewuz Singh's agreement to the terms proposed. The friends of Bijayee Singh began to urge him not to give his money or his father's to the intruder who had brought discord into the family. He had stooped down over the coin, which had been brought out of his house, and lay there in a monstrous pile, enough to tempt the virtue of most men. Every breath was hushed as I asked again, in a loud voice, whether Bijayee Singh agreed to the terms proposed? The pen was waiting to take down his words, and it was just the moment when a man might be expected to make the best terms for himself. Bijayee Singh covered his face with his hands, and for a moment seemed in doubt; then, pushing far from him the silver pile, he said 'Take the money, sir—I have plenty; take it all—give it to Ewuz; only ask him'—and here a tear trickled down his manly face—'ask him to love Holasi and me, and not to bring dissension into our home: other money I can get, but where shall I find another brother?' *

* *Bhai* was the word used, which means brother or cousin.

Ewuz melted, and fell at his cousin's feet. They embraced, and their voices trembled as they vowed to forget their strife, and to smooth with filial kindness the declining years of old Holasi. I felt proud of my Rajpoot friends. 'Come,—come,' I said, 'let us not forget the feelings of this moment. Imitate the example of your fathers—stick to one another, for better or for worse, in life or in death, as they did. Money you may get, or land, but Bijayee Singh has well said, Where can you find another brother?'

It was late. Taking up, as a trophy, my share of the plunder, the rim which we had pulled off the brass pot, I told the thanadar and his attendent *burkundaz* to leave the fort. They obeyed, the latter taking off his shoes and shaking them, to show that none of the rupees had found their way in. Next went the tailors: when a gratuity was wanted for them, a member of the family tossed them one of the rupees from the treasure-heap. This was observed by the others, who forthwith took back the coin, and gave a common rupee from their purse instead.

The Deputy smiled and shook his head. 'Ah,' said he, 'they will never touch these rupees, unless it be to save their land or to buy more.'

The moon shone as we trotted home to our camp, and that night I dreamed of Bijayee Singh and his rupees.*

* I have since learned that the two cousins and the old man are living now on good terms, and talking of investing their spare cash in Company's paper. A further amicable division of the property has been made, the upshot of which was, that all grain, live-stock, arms, and utensils were equally divided between the cousins, whilst for the head of the family the following articles were reserved:—A tent, a wedding palkee, five carpets, one shawl, and a pair of camel-drums.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

CUTCHERRY ON HORSEBACK.

In the year 1835 I was an assistant to the magistrate of Paneeput, and was stationed at the then flourishing cantonment of Kurnal. I had charge of that place, and of two or three of the thanas near it. My master, John Lawrence, loved then, as now, to encourage a spirit of action and energy in his subordinates; and his name was as much respected then amongst the Jats, Goojurs, and Ranghurs of the Jumna, as it now is amongst the Bunnoochees, Wuzeerees, or other wild tribes on the Indus. One morning in November, I was sitting in my tent, doing cutcherry, as the phrase goes, when two travel-stained men pushed in, and asked to speak to me in private. No sooner was the tent cleared than one of my visitors, after glancing around, unloosed his waist-band, and pulled out of its folds a note from the '*burra sahib*,' as he said. It was from George Clerk,* the political agent at Umballah in those days; and from its contents I learned, that certain freebooters of my district, with the help of some of the men of Khytul (a protected Sikh state), had made a raid upon the village of Asynduh, near Umballah, and had carried off a large herd of cattle at the point of the spear, killing or wounding whoever opposed them. The messengers

* Now Sir George Clerk, K.C.B., and member of the Council of India.

were the Jat headmen of Asynduh, owners of the lost cattle, and the killed and wounded villagers were their relations and dependents.

I fancy now I can see the dusky faces of these injured men, burning with rage and revenge; and feel their hot breath as they whispered to me how, where, and when I was to help them to recover, at all events, their property, if not more fully to avenge their wrongs. Above a whisper I could not persuade them to speak, though nobody was within a stone's throw of the tent. From their story it seemed that the men of my district, who had helped the Khytul marauders, were afraid to keep any of the harried cattle in the Paneeput villages, and that the greater part of the buffaloes were at a village called Ooblana, in the Khytul state, some twenty odd miles from Kurnal. From fear of detection, the herds were kept day and night in the dense jungles near the village, and only brought morning and evening to a tank under the village walls to be milked. The Jats urged me, on a fixed day, to bring out a party of horsemen, when they promised to meet me at daybreak near Ooblana, and point out, if not the thieves, at all events the lost cattle. Above all things, I was to give no hint of my intentions to any living man, or the expedition would be a failure.

On the night preceding the day fixed for my '*dour*,' on going to bed I told my bearer to wake me about midnight. I then rode off with the thanadar of Kurnal and as many sowars * as I could muster (about eleven in all), taking the road to Ooblana. I ordered the vakeel of Khytul to attend me,—a fat jolly little man, called Dewan Singh, who rode a capital Tangun pony. The animal—overfed, underworked, and excited by the

* Horsemen.

number of horses about him—jumped and kicked more than was agreeable to his master, to the great amusement of the sowars, who kept cutting their jokes at the expense of the sleek Dewan. 'Wah, wah!' '*keisa buboola ghora*!—what a fly-away steed!' they cried; 'bravo, vukeel sahib! You'll catch all the dacoits before we can come up if you go on at that pace.'

Somewhat incautiously, I mentioned to the vakeel that his services would be required at Ooblana, to make an impression upon the headmen of the place, who had been cattle-lifting. He promised to do his best, but doubted if the people would listen to him; though, he added, possibly the thanadar might, who lived in the town. About a mile from Ooblana I met one of the Jat headmen, who ran on to show the way. My horse, glad to move faster through the chilly morning air, broke into a hand-gallop; and when I pulled up to let the guide come on, the fat vakeel was reported missing. His horse had last been seen running off towards home with him, through the grass jungle, at a pace which the sowars declared it was no wish of the rider to encourage. From this I understood that Dewan Singh had no taste for a controversy with the men of Ooblana, and, when I knew more of them, I thought him quite right.

The sun was just rising over the broad leaves of the Dhāk jungle-bushes, when my guide pointed to a mango-tree, from which came down two of his party, and informed us that the buffalo herd was close by. We pushed on, the tall wiry Jats running like antelopes as we got near the milking-place. From a rising knoll I could see some hundred buffaloes standing quietly round one of the sedgy pools, which in those parts are found here and there amongst the bush-jungle. Three or four men, armed only with light hatchets, were

watching them. And now we came in sight of the village, or town rather, of red brick, with a wall round it, and strong gateway—the land near being cultivated as far as a matchlock could carry from the wall, and no farther. Beyond, all was thick grass and bush-jungle. The Jats, rushing in amongst the cattle, soon tied the arms of the astonished herdsmen, and joyfully recognised several of their lost buffaloes.

A few minutes had passed in counting and examining the animals, which seemed to know the voice of their owners, when all at once a cry came sweeping down the west wind, so loud and so shrill as to make the old woods round us ring again. 'Hark!' said my men; 'there is the *Rooka*: we shall soon have the villagers down upon us.' Hastily ordering the sowars to keep the buffaloes well together, I pushed on towards the town. A chuprassey, mounted on a horse of mine, and the Kurnal thanadar, both of whom I knew to be courageous men, followed me. 'Look, sir,' said the thanadar,—'look at the rascals coming down like ants out of that fort, and then, perhaps, you will understand why I do not fancy coming on these *dours* alone. If your honour were not here, do you suppose those cutthroats would let one of us escape alive?' Whilst he yet spoke the enemy were upon us: lines of rough-looking fellows—armed, some with spears, some with matchlocks, blowing away at their matches, some with big clubs only—came sallying out of the town-gate; whilst the walls above and around were crowded with old men, women, and children, all screeching like so many jackals. Conceive the cry of a pack of foxhounds joined to a chorus of Indian watchmen and pariah-dogs, and you will have only some faint idea of what the '*Rooka*' (or war-cry) of a Ranghur village is. My

chuprassey, riding up to the foremost man, called out, 'Stop, rascal! Don't you see the Sahib Bahadoor?' He might as well have spoken to the wind. I tried to stop the next man by pulling a pistol out of my holsters, and pointing it in his face. He coolly said, 'Shoot away, if you like, but you won't get our buffaloes,' and then ran off after the next towards the pool. At this moment I recollected what the fat vakeel had told me about there being a thana at Ooblana, and pushed through the gate, determined to call the Sikh thanadar to account. I did not know then, what I afterwards learned, that this worthy official was the very man who had plotted the raid on Asyndub, and was to have netted the biggest share of the booty, if I had not come to disturb his arrangements. I had some difficulty in getting by the crowds of armed men in the narrow street, but, sticking the spurs into my horse, forced my way on as well as I could. Before I had reached the thana I met the thanadar, with two other horsemen—fine, handsome, well-armed Sikhs, all three were, and ready for mischief they looked—charging down the street, whilst the people *salaamed* to them right and left. On seeing my white face, the thanadar's jaw fell, as, putting my hand into my pocket, I exclaimed, 'Here is Mr. Clerk's letter: I am his friend; if one of *my* buffaloes is carried away by these vagabonds, Mr. Clerk will hang you over your own gate.'

I turned my horse's head, and then, calling on the thanadar to follow, proceeded towards the buffalo pool. The men of Ooblana had been too many for my troopers, and had carried the cattle off into the jungles, out of sight or hearing. Here and there a straggling horseman came sneaking out of the thicket, looking foolish and disconcerted. I vowed to the thanadar that

I would never leave the place without my buffaloes, and that he should be held responsible for the consequences if they were not restored to me. We galloped off in the direction from which our sowars were returning, and, after a two miles' ride, I heard the shouts of the villagers and the cracking of the bushes under the heavy tramp of the cattle. My sowars now showed a very bold front, but there was little need for their help; for when the Ooblana men saw me riding, with the thanadar at my heels, they ran off towards their stronghold, and we drove the buffaloes off towards my boundary.

On reaching the Dachour thana we counted our cattle, and found we had seventy-nine head of fine buffaloes. Those which were fairly proved to belong to Asynduh were restored to their owners, and the thieves were made over eventually to Mr. Clerk for punishment. I got back to Kurnal, after a forty miles' ride, well pleased with my day's work. When I twitted the sowars upon being outdone by a set of cow-drivers, they declared that they were not attacked according to the rules of warfare, but that their opponents got amongst them and set up a screech, on which every buffalo cocked its tail and ran off like mad to the jungles. The vakeel, when he next came to make his *salaam*, execrated his bad luck and his pony, which had run, he said, till the saddle-girths burst. 'But, sir,' he ended, 'I have got rid of the beast, and will ride in a palanquin for the rest of my days.'

CHAPTER XXIX.

BEERBUL THE BHOORJEE.

I HAVE never been able to make up my mind whether it is right and proper for the head of a district to make over a part of his police-reports to a joint or assistant-magistrate for orders: if he do not give the younger officers in the service some separate police charge, they will have little opportunity for learning how to manage a district, and will take less interest in their duties than when they are entrusted with a distinct responsibility. On the other hand, such evils arise from a slight apparent error, from a seemingly trifling inconsideration, that one trembles to place the powerful lever of police authority in the hands of an inexperienced workman. An incautious nod of the head in the cutcherry may cause the ruin of whole families in the Mofussil. A careless dissent to the proposition of a subordinate may involve an entire village in riot and bloodshed. Here is an instance of the evil resulting from an inconsiderate though well-intentioned order.

I was, in 184—, walking through the ward of my gaol in which prisoners under trial were kept. Here were assembled, not only men committed by me to take their trial at the sessions-court, but also the prisoners from a neighbouring district, whose cases were pending before the same tribunal. Men awaiting

their trial generally have a good deal to say, to very little purpose, to the magistrate, when he comes to inspect their ward. Amongst others who addressed me was a middle-aged man, with small, red-looking, wild eyes, grizzled hair, and a peculiar forehead, which ran back into a point, so that one could fancy it moulded in the form of an equilateral triangle, with the eyebrows for the base-line. The manner of this prisoner was as singular as his appearance, whilst he kept reiterating, 'They killed my child!—they killed my child! I brought him up from so high' (stooping down, and holding the flat of his hand a few inches from the ground): 'I watched him and cherished him, but they killed him, without any fault or crime.' On inquiry, the gaol darogah informed me that the prisoner was on his trial for murder, committed in the neighbouring district, and that the child which he kept lamenting was a pet tree, which had been cut down by the police. My curiosity was so far excited, that when a native visitor, a few days later, asked me whether I had heard of the murder which had been perpetrated in the —— district, owing to the cutting down of a tree, I at once begged to hear the particulars. My informant had, I suspect, been on an unsuccessful expedition to the said district in quest of employment, which may account for a certain degree of bitterness pervading his narrative; but the facts related by him are, as I have reason to know, not far from the truth:—

'Beerbul, who is now in your Honour's gaol, and about to take his trial for murder before the sessions-judge, is a bhoorjee, or parcher of grain, by profession. He was always considered a quiet decent man. Next door to him lived a Marwarrie money-lender, named Putnee Mul, a bunyan by trade, but with a heart like

a butcher; and so famous for avarice, that if by mishap any man took his name in the morning on an empty stomach, he would get no dinner that day unless he beat his shoes five times on the ground, crying "God forgive me!" each time. Putnee Mul grudged to spend an anna, even in the funeral ceremonies of his own father, but could always find a few rupees to bribe the police to worry his neighbours. Well, as I said, he lived next door to the bhoorjee, and, as a matter of course, they hated each other. The bhoorjee had no children; he was an odd, reserved sort of man, and cared for nobody except his old wife, and for nothing except one pet tree, which he had planted when a boy, and married, after his own marriage, to a well in his courtyard. Every morning he and his wife, after their daily ablutions, poured water over the tree, which, in short, they looked upon as their child. As bad luck would have it, a branch of this tree grew gradually over a part of the Marwarrie money-lender's roof. When the water dropped from this branch in the rainy season, it washed away a small portion of the mud plaster, and the repairs cost Putnee Mul two pice. This was ruinous; so he went to the bhoorjee, and told him to cut the offending branch of his tree off. The bhoorjee got angry at the idea of mutilating his beloved tree, and gave Putnee Mul a cross answer.

'Off went the money-dealer to the thanadar, and, putting five rupees into his hand, begged him to report to the magistrate that the bhoorjee's tree opened a road for thieves to his house, and ought to be cut down. The report went before the junt sahib (joint-magistrate, whose experience, be it said with respect, is limited), and the order came for cutting down the tree. Two burkundazes were sent to the village, who laid hold of

a couple of labourers, and cut down the tree, whilst Putnee Mul looked on with a satisfied grin from the roof of his house. In the evening the bhoorjee came home, with a basket of leaves for his oven on his head, found his wife crying and beating her breast, and his doorway blocked up with the fallen tree. Putnee Mul called out to him, "Well, Beerbul, will you do as I bid you in future, or not?" Beerbul was silent; but murder was in his heart.

'Next morning, as Putnee Mul came out in the early dawn with his *lotah* in his hand, he saw what looked like three lights under the wall of the bhoorjee's house; two of these were the blood-red eyes of the bhoorjee, the third was his match. The next moment the Marwarrie was on the ground, with four bullets from Beerbul's matchlock in his heart.

'With a yell of triumph the bhoorjee sprang on his prey, and, ere yet the death-struggles were over, drew his rusty sword, and, hacking off the arms and then the head of his victim, stuck them on the mutilated trunk and branches of his darling tree. He then bent down over the dead body, and drank, out of the hollow of his hand, three mouthfuls of his enemy's blood. This done, he reloaded his matchlock, and armed with it, with sword, dagger, and bow and arrows, took his post on the roof of his house.. "Now," he cried, "let the thanadar come who dared to rob me of my child, my only child, and I'll serve him as I served this cursed Marwarrie!"

'Hours passed on, but none were found bold enough to seize the bhoorjee, whose matchlock was pointed at any human being who came near. Towards evening a dog came to smell at the body of the Marwarrie, but Beerbul pinned him to the ground with an arrow.

'The police surrounded the place, and the thanadar

had a charpoy put for him under a tree beyond the range of Beerbul's matchlock. All Putnee Mul's money-bags would not have tempted him within the bhoorjee's reach. So passed the day, and so the night. Next day the voice of the woman could be heard, encouraging her husband, as she handed him up a pitcher of water and a cake of bread: "Well done, rajah! Die like a man, and *never* let them tie your hands." Well, sir, to make a long story short, the bhoorjee was caught at last, but not by fair means.

'When the news of his resistance reached the magistrate's station, various expedients for taking Beerbul alive were discussed. Everybody had a plan, but nobody's plan was approved. At last a little Mahometan writer, named Jan Ali, belonging to the collector's office, stepped forward and said, "If the junt magistrate sahib will order his slave to go to the aid of the police, the bhoorjee shall, by the good fortune of the Kumpanee Buhadoor, be captured." The junt sahib assented, and the bystanders applauded Jan Ali for his devotion. "Here is my sword," said one; "here is my pony," said another. "I want no sword," said Jan Ali; "but give me that old book of medicine belonging to the dufturee: I want nothing else."

'"He is going to work some sort of spell," said the bystanders: "well, contrivance is better than force, especially when one has to do with such a *kafir* as this bhoorjee." Such were the criticisms passing round as Jan Ali set off, with his thin legs sticking far out of his broad white trousers, whilst he kicked his heels into the Nazir's pony—one hand on the mane, the other clasping the medicine-book.

'When he arrived at the scene of Putnee Mul's murder, the shades of evening were closing in. The

bhoorjee had been two days and a night watching his enemy's corpse, and began to get rather tired. A villager was sent to scream out to him that a message had come from the magistrate. The bhoorjee put down his matchlock, and invited the messenger to a parley. Jan Ali came, book in hand, and, saluting Beerbul, informed him that the magistrate, admiring his courage, had offered him a pardon, if he would come quietly down from the roof of his house. (This, I need not inform you, sir, was a device of Jan Ali, and not any order of the magistrate.) "Who are you?" said Beerbul. "They call me Syed Jan Ali," was the reply, "and I am the chief Kazi of ——." "A Syed are you?" replied Beerbul; "will you swear that my hands shall not be tied if I come down?" "On the Koran!" said Jan Ali, producing the medicine-book, and reverently holding it out on the palms of his hands, with his eyes turned up to heaven. The bhoorjee came down, when four burkundazes pounced upon him, kicked him, and, tying his arms with a strong rope, led him away like a wild beast. "Oh!" said he, "Kazi jee, I thought my arms were not to be tied." Jan Ali replied, with a smile, "That is the way we catch murderers;" and so the bhoorjee was carried off, the policemen looking very big, with drawn swords and lighted matches all round him.'

Here ended my informant's story.

I watched the progress of Beerbul's case with interest. The civil surgeon of —— pronounced him mad, and another medical man, on seeing him, and hearing his history, hinted that all was accounted for by the shape of his head; 'for in the whole course of his life he had never seen such a development of the organ of firmness.' It was, however, proved that the man had never

been mad, nor suspected of madness, till he killed the Marwarrie; and was then, and at the time of trial, quite capable of distinguishing between right and wrong; so it ended in Beerbul's being sent to the *kala-panee*, or black water, as transportation is termed up the country. Now here, owing to a single inconsiderate though by no means ill-intentioned order, one man lost his life, another his liberty, and two families were plunged into ruin and misery.

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